

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

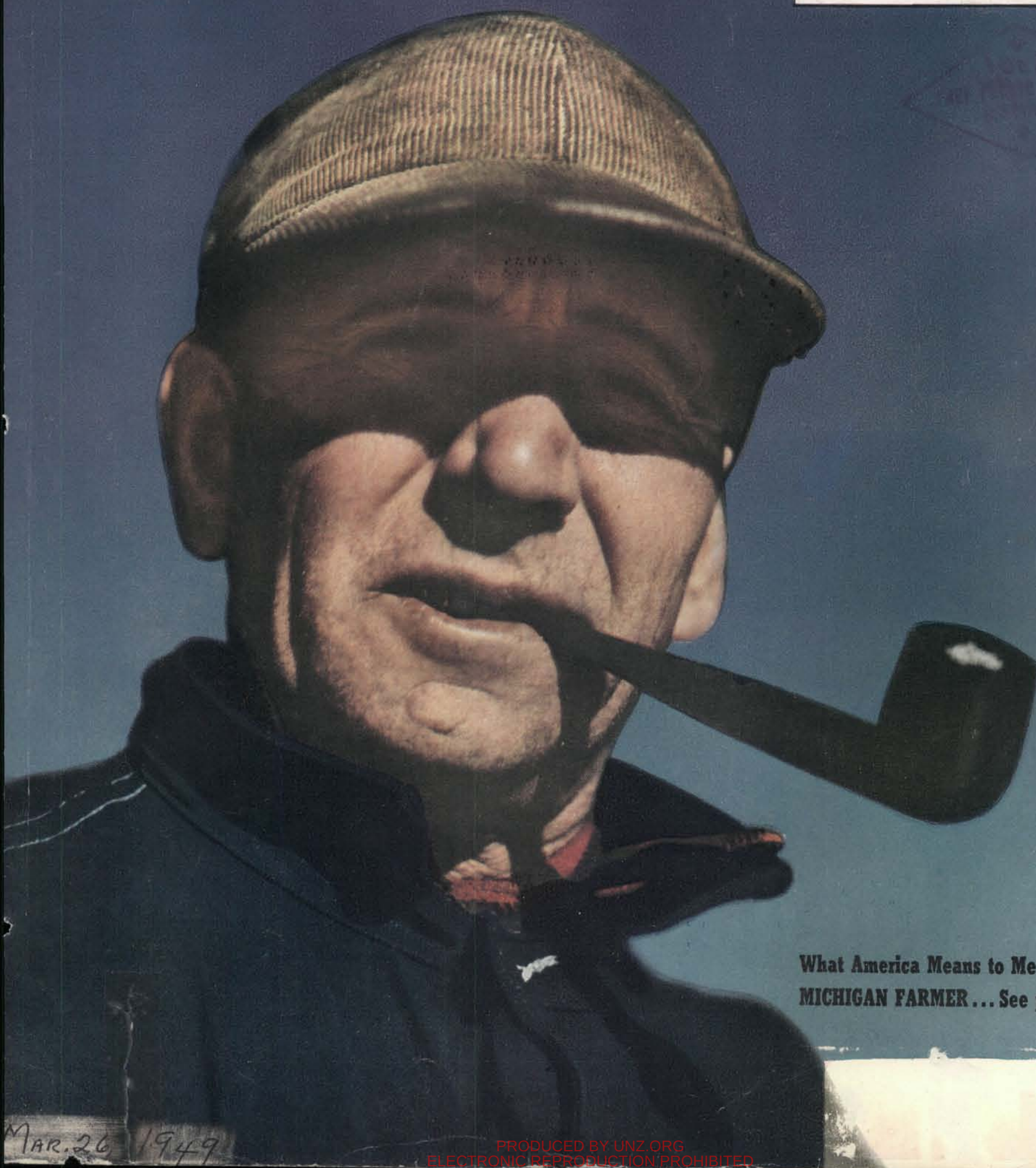
Collier's

MARCH 26, 1949

15¢

**CHURCHILL'S
NEW BATTLE
FOR BRITAIN**

LINCOLN HIGHWAY
—The Glory Road



What America Means to Me
MICHIGAN FARMER... See page 10

MAR. 26 1949

You mix 'em ...
but *Old Thompson*
makes them



Smoother because it's...

WED·IN·THE·WOOD means that fine Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but gives you a richer, smoother whiskey.

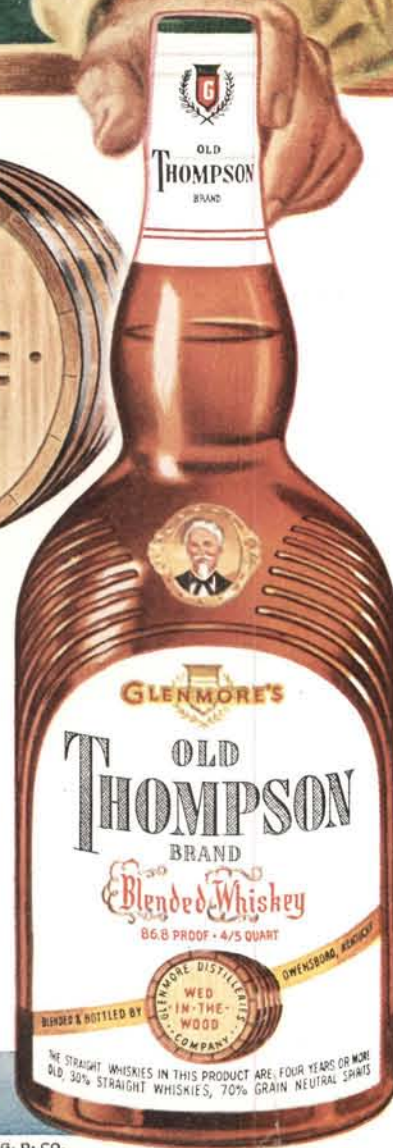


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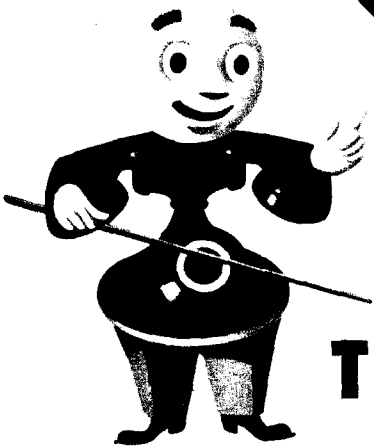
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COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

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THOMPSON**
BRAND

A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY



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THE VALUE'S BIG...THE COST IS SMALL

Few things give you so much real value at such low cost as the telephone. Sometimes, as in emergencies, the value is beyond price.

The telephone is indispensable in the smooth running of a household. It saves countless steps and time.

Helps with the shopping. Runs down town. Calls a doctor. Makes home a safer place. Provides unlimited capacity for friendship, success

and good times. Enables every business to do more business and do it better.

Your telephone is more valuable than ever today because there are 40% more telephones than there were three years ago. This means you can call more people and more can call you.

And the cost is still low. Increases in telephone rates are much less than the increases in most other things you buy. They average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



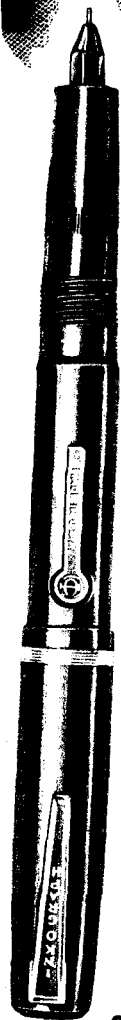
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Contents for March 26, 1949

Articles

- CHURCHILL'S NEW BATTLE FOR BRITAIN.....Lester Velie 13
THE GLORY ROAD.....John Kord Lagemann 16
(Part 1 of a two-part article)
BARRYMORE, THE LIONHEARTED.....Kyle Crichton 20
IT PAYS TO BE OLD—IN CALIFORNIA.....Jim Marshall 28
"ARE YOU HAPPY, SON?".....Delbert Willis 48
"GOD, MAKE US FORGET".....Quentin Reynolds 50
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE SOUTH.....
John C. Stennis, U.S. Senator from Mississippi 57

Short Stories

- * THE INSPECTOR HAD A HABIT (The Star Story).....Charles B. Child 14
THE GREEN FIELDS BEYOND.....Manning Long 18
MOVE OVER, PLEASE.....Eustace L. Adams 22
DEAD GIVEAWAY (The Short Short Story).....Irving Gaynor Neiman 30

Serial

- PRIDE'S CASTLE.....Frank Yerby 26
(Part 2 of eight parts)

Features

- THE WEEK'S MAIL.....from our readers 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD.....Freling Foster 8
THE WEEK'S WORK.....Ted Shane 10
TURN OF THE SEASONS—SPRING IN WYOMING.....24
CLANCY.....John Ruge 34
NEW BORN.....Don Tobin 38
VIEWPOINT.....Dave Gerard 41
INSIDE SPORTS.....Bill Fay 75
EATING—IN OR OUT.....Charlotte Adams 80
VERSE.....67, 78
CARTOONS.....37, 41, 43, 46, 47, 61, 64, 65, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71, 79, 84
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: The Militia Belongs to the States.....86
COVER.....John Calkins

The Week's Mail



DOPE ON DOPES

DEAR EDITOR: I don't believe many mo-
rons will ever read your article in their
defense, It's Smart to Be Stupid (Feb.
5th). Those who read it will hardly admit
they are stupid enough to be classed as
morons. (I ain't admittin'.)

Which reminds me of a little rhyme
that appeared anonymously in the Eugen-
ics Review for July, 1929. It follows:

See the happy moron;
He doesn't give a damn;
I wish I were a moron . . .
My God, perhaps I am!
WILLIAM LINCOLN, Cullman, Ala.

. . . I was reminded immediately of the
chap who was studying to be a moron. . .
PHIL PHILIPPE, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Which expert shall we take most seri-
ously? February 5th, page 21: "... bore-
dom . . . contributes . . . (to) . . . major
and minor crimes and assorted delin-
quencies"—the inference being that the
higher the I.Q., the more often your man
is so involved. But—page 68, same issue:
". . . According to Detective Sergeant
Colin C. Forbes of the Los Angeles Po-
lice Department, most crooks, regardless
of age, have stacks of comic books in
their rooms."

Is Shakespeare now passé among the
intelligentsia?

Well, at any rate, Mr. Gibson's caveat
will make a lot of us regular Collier's
readers mighty contented.

BOB ARENTZ, Salt Lake City, Utah

. . . You failed to print the piece early
enough. The day it went on sale, this
community voted a bond issue for school
expansion. Now the kids are stuck with

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LOOK!
A letter
from State Farm
reducing our auto
insurance costs!

4 out of 5 State Farm Mutual policyholders benefit at next renewal . . . savings total more than \$10,000,000 in 1949!

Do you drive a car? Are you concerned with the costs of living? Then the world's largest automobile insurance company may have wonderful news for you . . .

State Farm Mutual is able to offer drastic reductions in the cost of auto insurance to most of its policyholders. Some families will save as much as 37% on their next renewal payment.

Rate reductions vary in different parts of the country because they are based on the driving record of State Farm policyholders in each community. And since policyholders are selected so carefully, they will save more than \$10,000,000 in premiums this year.

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For your protection, State Farm provides twice as much public liability protection and five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your licensed State Farm agent will give you full details. He will be glad to advise you on *all* your insurance problems. Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

**He helped lower
insurance costs**

This is Sherman Jarrett, Kanorado, Kansas. He is one of State Farm Mutual's 7,500 licensed agents from coast to coast in the U. S. and Canada. Part of Jarrett's responsibility is to make sure his company insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had fewer accidents last year, State Farm is able to announce drastically reduced costs for auto insurance in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm agent who lives near you and learn about these new rates.



*Get details today. Look up
"State Farm" in your
telephone book.*



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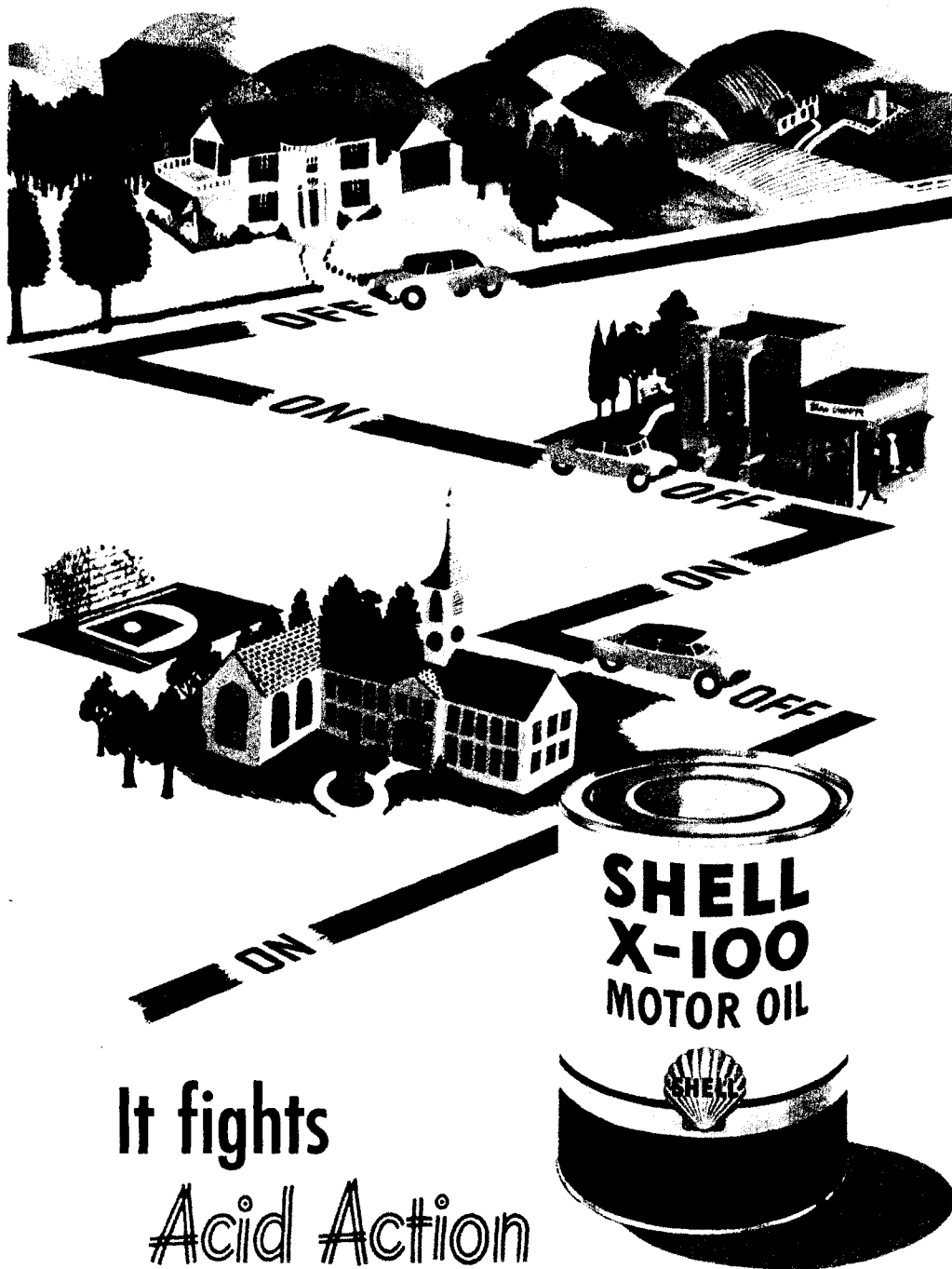
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Change now to Shell X-100



It fights
Acid Action
of "On and Off" driving!
Major cause of engine wear

You may have thought it's friction that causes the most engine wear.

But it's Acid Action—chemical etching of engine parts that takes place in the low operating temperatures of today's "On and Off" driving!

In your short trips about town, to the bank, the school, the station—your engine is intermittently "On and Off" . . . runs for brief periods of time only. Hence it seldom warms up to efficient operating temperatures. It runs "cold." In these short "On" periods, combustion may be incomplete and partially burned fuel gases and moisture attack the smoothly polished metal surfaces *chemically*. It's this biting Acid Action that accounts for up to 90% of your engine's wear!

Shell Research developed a unique "X" safety factor to combat Acid Action. Now, 2½ million miles of road testing—and millions of miles of use by motorists—have proved conclusively that with this "X" safety factor Acid Action is effectively counteracted—engine life is prolonged.

Shell X-100 Motor Oil, long famous for its ability to protect your engine under the stresses of sustained high speeds and extreme driving conditions, now has this added protection for every mile you drive. It is unequalled by any other motor oil!

Let your Shell Dealer drain, flush and refill your crankcase with Shell X-100 Motor Oil today.

It's incomparable!

6

more years of getting ulcers and insomnia, becoming chronic, incompetent, nervous wrecks. And all the time we were so proud of our schools!

According to this Gibson guy, it takes an imbecile to sleep good, work hard, drive a car, have friends, make money and be happy. What does this make President Truman who sleeps soundly, works hard, loves to drive, has lots of friends (since Nov. 2d), got a new raise in pay and is grinning all over like a mule eating cockle-burs?
JOHN M. KELLY, El Cajon, Cal.

. . . All of us geniuses have found out why we have been having so many difficulties in our pursuit of health, wealth and happiness. We're all just too darn' smart!

FELICE C. MILLER, Bellflower, Cal.

EDITORS ARE THE CWAZIEST ANIMALS

DEAR SIR: How anyone who writes so authoritatively on Animals Are the Craziest People (Jan. 29th) could make the mistake of calling the not-so-cute little creature illustrated a monkey is beyond me.

Stick around with the little fellow for a year or so and see what you will have—not a monkey, baboon, orangutang or even a chimpanzee, but a full-fledged gorilla.

ROSS SCHRAMM, Corpus Christi, Texas

SO SOLLY, PREASE!

GENTLEMEN: Re The Star Story, Another Land, Another Love by Howard La Fay (Jan. 15th): For years we were propagandized by some who were innocent, and others not so innocent, as to the sterling qualities and good intentions of the Japanese. The myth was effectually exploded by the infamy of Pearl Harbor.

The author attempts to picture the Japanese girl as the paragon of sweetness and charm, using the American girl as a foil, outwardly attractive but inwardly besmirched with a callous sophistication, and then, the crowning naïveté—renunciation by the hero of the joys of miscegenation solely because of his cowardice—ugh!

W. G. OEHMIG, JR., Chattanooga, Tenn.

ALAMEDA COUNTY'S RECORD

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: The Shame of Our Local Health Departments (Jan. 22d), states in part: "It took a typhoid epidemic in Alameda County, California, last year to secure funds for the elimination of a known polluted creek."

As a member of the board of supervisors of the County of Alameda, I immediately investigated. I was advised by the health authorities there never was an epidemic as mentioned in your publication. . . .

GEORGE A. JANSSEN, Oakland, Cal.

The epidemic mentioned in the article was in the city of Almaden, Santa Clara County, not in Alameda County.

. . . Alameda County's water is from the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Numerous controls are used daily and the county can be proud of the quality and purity of its water supply.

The communities of the east San Francisco Bay area voted a bond issue of \$23,500,000 in 1946 to construct an adequate intercepting sewer and sewage treatment plant. There is the probability that the pollution of the bay water will clear within the next two to three years.

DAVID FROST, M.D., Health Officer,
City of Alameda, Cal.

. . . I have enjoyed and greatly profited by reading your splendid article. It will help public health in this country a great deal.

FELIX J. UNDERWOOD, M.D.,
Mississippi State Board of Health

. . . The lack of adequate health coverage for this nation is one problem which has been of deep concern to the Federal Security Agency for many years. Mr. Pollack's fine presentation of the facts will undoubtedly go a long way toward bringing this problem to national attention.

OSCAR EWING, Administrator,
Federal Security Agency, Washington, D. C.

GREATEST DRUG SINCE PENICILLIN?

DEAR SIR: As the wife of a Lederle Laboratories medical representative, I feel that I must enter a protest against The Greatest Drug Since Penicillin, by J. D. Ratcliff (Feb. 5th).

May I call your attention to Lederle's Aureomycin, which is effective against all the diseases named, has passed clinical tests, has been released, and has been in actual use by physicians since December 11th?

ELIZABETH M. LITTLE, Omaha, Neb.

CHINA, U.S.S.R.

EDITOR COLLIER'S: Re the paragraph in your wonderful editorial (Jan. 29th) which reads: "or will the Chinese absorb the Russians as they have so many other conquerors in the long past?"

Great military hordes are not invading the land. The present is not a physical conquest by a foreign power, but an idealistic conquest carried on by the Chinese themselves. Surely the author does not visualize Russians migrating to China. The only Russians going to China will be a few high-ranking military officers and some technicians to direct Chinese quislings in governing the country. This is not to say China will not fall to Communism. Under Russian tutelage, Communist forces will no doubt take over section after section, until the whole country is directed from Moscow, just as other Russian satellites.

S. M. MANN, M.D., National City, Cal.

MAIN STREET AFLOAT

GENTLEMEN: I cannot understand several readers' contention that it would be expensive to flood foreign countries with copies of our mail-order catalogues. To get all the catalogues you wanted absolutely free, you would only have to say so in your magazine. If this doesn't bring in a sufficient supply, Sears Roebuck would be glad to post a note of their new issue asking the recipient to deliver his old catalogue to his post office for transshipment abroad.

You would get these catalogues free and probably realize enough from salvaging the excess to pay for the transportation.

N. TULLY SEMEL, Amston, Conn.

THOMAS E. TRUMAN



SIRS: Don't you think Harry looks better with a mustache? I do. How about a drive to get him to raise one?

H. COOPER,
Cedarhurst, L. I.

JUDY

DEAR SIR: Here is Harry Haenigsen who turned from an electrical engineering career to draw Penny and here am I, an electrical engineer with, I swear, the original Penny in my family, only her name is Judy.

His description of his turning from an E.E. to a C.E. (Cartoon Expert) reminds me of that old wheeze about the original settlers in the Southwest. At the fork in the road there was a sign, "This way to Arkansas." All those who could read went to Arkansas, the rest to Texas.

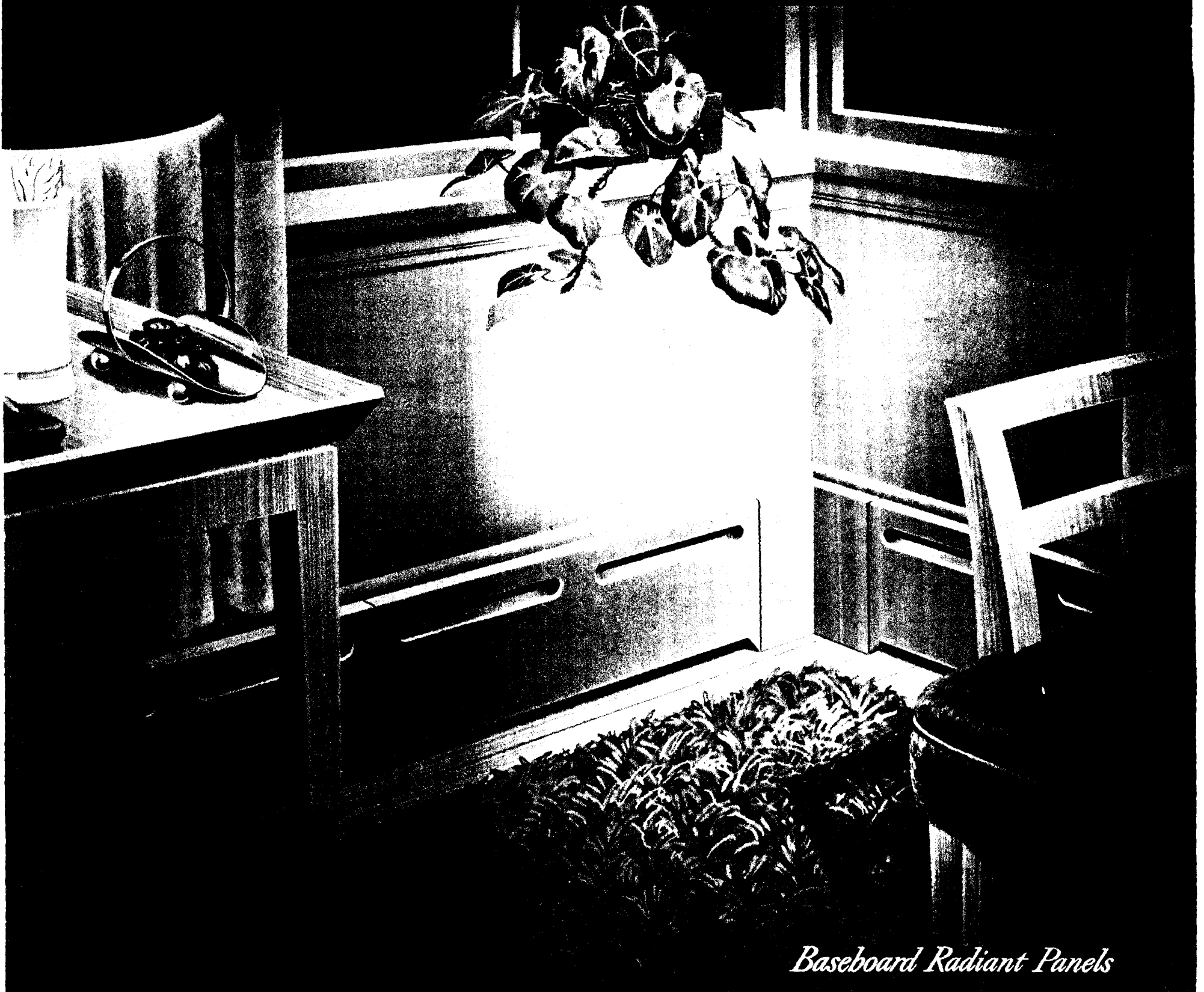
I can think of nothing that excites greater admiration from my family than my feeble attempt to fix a blown fuse, a faulty switch or to install a convenience outlet.

C. H. LEVEE, Providence, R. I.

Collier's for March 26, 1949

AMERICAN-Standard

First in heating...first in plumbing

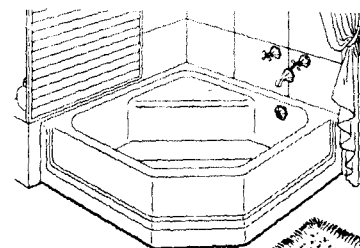


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Economical, efficient . . . and good looking, too

Buy American-Standard—and you can count on getting heating equipment that's as long on looks as it is on efficiency! And that's true whether you want the new baseboard radiant heating, radiator heating, winter air conditioning, or warm air heating . . . and whether you use coal, oil or gas. These products are sold through selected Wholesale Distributors to your Heating and Plumbing Contractor. Easy time payments for remodeling. Our free HOME BOOK gives detailed information about heating and plumbing products by American-Standard. Write for a copy to **American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corp.**, Dept. K93, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.



THE NEO-ANGLE BATH, wonderful for both tub and shower bathing, is just one of the many smart American-Standard Plumbing Fixtures made for bathroom, kitchen and laundry.

Look for this



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Serving home and industry: AMERICAN-STANDARD • AMERICAN BLOWER • CHURCH SEATS • DETROIT LUBRICATOR • KEWANEE BOILER • ROSS HEATER • TONAWANDA IRON

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... JOE THINKS he's so smart! But what he doesn't know about Dry Scalp! Look at that straggly hair and the loose dandruff on his coat! How can anybody with Dry Scalp look well-groomed! I ought to tip him off about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*

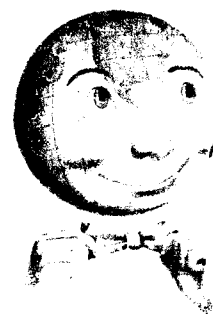


IT'S A GREAT IDEA FOR YOU, too! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is just the thing to check Dry Scalp. Try a few drops a day... and you'll see an amazing improvement in the good looks of your hair. Supplements scalp oils... contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It gives double care... to both scalp and hair. And it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: DR. CHRISTIAN, STARRING JEAN HERSHOLT, ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS; LITTLE HERMAN, NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.



Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

THE most sensational grave robbery to occur in this country was the removal of the body of A. T. Stewart from the churchyard of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in New York shortly before dawn on November 7, 1878. As Stewart had been a multi-millionaire, the ghouls asked \$200,000 for the return of the body, carrying on their correspondence with a representative of the family through the personal columns of a newspaper. After negotiations lasting two years, the thieves agreed to accept \$20,000 if the messenger would meet them alone on a certain country road at three o'clock on a certain morning. At the brief meeting, the messenger silently handed over the bag of money and received the bag of bones from three masked men whose identities were never learned.

Not long ago, some 20,000 persons were asked to write down a brief description of several men who were shown to them one at a time for a moment. A summary of their answers was wanted in order to gauge the accuracy of similar descriptions given by witnesses. Final results showed that, on the average, those tested overestimated height by five inches and age by eight years.

When an American silver coin is dropped on a hard surface, the presence or absence of a ringing sound is not conclusive proof that it is either genuine or counterfeit. Some genuine coins have actually sounded like lead pieces, owing to a slight imperfection in minting. Conversely, some counterfeit coins have been so made that they rang perfectly. A notable example was a United States half dollar, thousands of which were put in circulation on the East Coast before their counterfeiters were finally captured in 1942.

An odd murder trial was that of Liu Fook, a Chinese houseboy, who was accused of strangling Rosetta Baker in San Francisco shortly before dawn on December 8, 1930. Both Fook and the wealthy widow were in their sixties. He had worked for her for nine years and was the one who discovered her body. Among the many persons who had known the victim, Fook alone was suspected of the crime. At his trial, which began on February 24th and closed on March 18, 1931, testimony disclosed that he and his "boss-missy" had often

quarreled, that his face was scratched and a finger injured (as though bitten) on the morning of the murder, and that a shirt button and a broken heel, found on the floor beside the body, had belonged to him. Despite this and other strong circumstantial evidence, the jury quickly acquitted him. The jurors believed his lawyer, who swore Fook could not be guilty because, traditionally, no Chinese who had worked in the United States had ever murdered his employer. Right after the trial Liu Fook took a fast boat for Hong Kong and never returned.

At the first trial of "Boss" Tweed of New York in 1871, the jury disagreed, despite evidence that Tweed and a few friends had stolen about \$200,000,000 from the city treasury during the previous three years. It was found that the jury had been bribed. Tweed was convicted at his second trial because the prosecutor took an unprecedented precaution. He had each juror watched by a plain-clothes man, each of the plain-clothes men watched by another city detective, and each of the city detectives watched by a private detective. And all 48 had to make a daily report.

The word "shall" is rarely used today as an auxiliary verb in spoken English in this country, having been supplanted by "will." Long surmised, the fact was proved, a short time ago, by a study of the words in 1,900 telephone talks which showed that "shall" was employed only six times in six conversations, while "will" was employed 1,305 times in 402 conversations.

A death in a novel, that of the famous Soames Forsyte, astonished England when it occurred in Swan Song, the eighth Galsworthy book in which the imaginary character appeared. In fact, the passing of Soames in 1928 so shocked several London newspaper editors that they published it as front-page news.

Anything may be reproduced in a miniature model—except the universe. The impossibility of making such a model accurately is shown by the fact that, if the earth were represented by a ball only one inch in diameter, the nearest star—Alpha Centauri—would have to be placed nearly 51,000 miles away.—By Elizabeth Finley, New York City.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for March 26, 1949

Only ZENITH TELEVISION

BRINGS YOU

The Giant Circle Screen

This sensational Zenith* development makes possible the use of the entire screen surface to provide a picture amazingly larger than on ordinary receivers. And your Zenith picture is sharper, clearer, brighter—a real delight to watch.

*and Bull's Eye
Automatic Tuning*

One knob, one twist—there's your station! . . . there's your picture! . . . there's your sound! It's a bulls eye every time! Your Zenith is PRE-TUNED! PRE-STABILIZED! No fussing . . . no fiddling . . . no repeated readjusting!

Features Found in No Other Television Sets

You must see and operate Zenith Television yourself to know how sensationally different it really is. Now at your Zenith dealer's in limited quantities.



Above, the Zenith WARWICK. Period design console, finished in genuine Honduras mahogany veneers. "Big B" size GIANT CIRCLE SCREEN.

At left, the Zenith WALDORF. Modern console of imported Afara veneers, hand-rubbed to lustrous blonde finish. "Big B" size GIANT CIRCLE SCREEN.

and long distance **RADIO**

• THE ROYALTY OF RADIO •

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION • CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS



Want to get
Good Gas Mileage?

Drive in for a check-up
at your friendly, local
**UNITED MOTORS
SERVICE STATION**

**Automobile
Service
is his business**



Your neighborhood United Motors man is an independent merchant. His product is automotive service, and he goes all-out to make sure it pleases you. That's how he stays in business. So, if you're not getting the gas mileage you should, see him. He has the facilities—experienced mechanics, original equipment parts and latest methods—to handle your service needs promptly and competently. You'll like the job he does for you.

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The Week's Work

THE great concern of the moment in the mind of Winston Churchill apparently is to see that England doesn't become a modest little country with much to be modest about (see Churchill's *New Battle for Britain*, p. 13). Lester Velie reports Britain as full of cracks about Attlee and other Labor ministers, many of them rightly or wrongly attributed to the blunt-tongued ex-Prime Minister. For like our Mr. Goldwyn, Mr. Churchill gets credit for what he didn't say as well as for what he did.

For instance, re the austere and righteous Cripps, Mr. Churchill is said to have remarked: "There but for the grace of God goes God." Re Health Minister Bevan: "He should have been his own first patient and gotten a psychiatric test." Re Attlee: "He's a modest little man, but then he has so much to be modest about. This wouldn't have happened if Attlee were alive."

THE illustrator of that intrepid Baghdadian Hawkshaw, Chafik J. Chafik (p. 14), is a Dayton, Ohio, boy—middle of a family of nine. His dad was a traveling salesman in footwear.

"We always had shoes," says Mr. Dwyer, "and food. I am now six foot and weigh merely 225."

Jim could draw before he could talk. At two, he copied the works of F. Opper from the Sunday comics, and after finishing high school, he loitered for a time around the Dayton Herald art department. One day he chucked it, and headed for Paris,

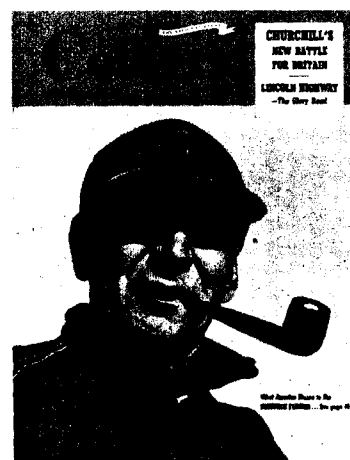
tarrying for a time at the New York Art Students League and at the Provincetown art colony, painting the local scenery and still life in water colors. Thanks to the stock market crash, he never did get to Paris.

To support that 225 pounds, Jim went in for illustrating for money, instead of painting for love. A gigantic ulcer kept him out of the war (he's now in his forties). He's been eminently successful.

"Paris? I like New York better," he says. "I can cut the mustard easier here—make a ripple. But if I have to starve again, it'll be Paris. It's cheaper to starve there."

BLUSHING painfully, Manning Long admits that *The Green Fields Beyond* (p. 18) is 90 per cent autobiography, courtesy an old diary. "There is even, in this diary," she says, "a pen drawing of the pink dress in the story, if I had chanced to forget how it looked—an unlikely contingency. Of course, I had to make my Melissa more attractive and a great deal quicker in grasping the potentialities of her—er—womanly gifts. Smarter, too: She didn't fall in love with Alex. I did. The fur coat was an out and out fiction."

Miss Long, who has had seven whodunits, seven short stories, and seven years of small-town newspaper columns published, is a native Virginian who moved to New York to make enough money to move back to Virginia. She and her husband, Peter Williams, ceramist, are right now restoring an old farmhouse near Amherst, Virginia, where they hope to live to eternity. . . . **TED SHANE**



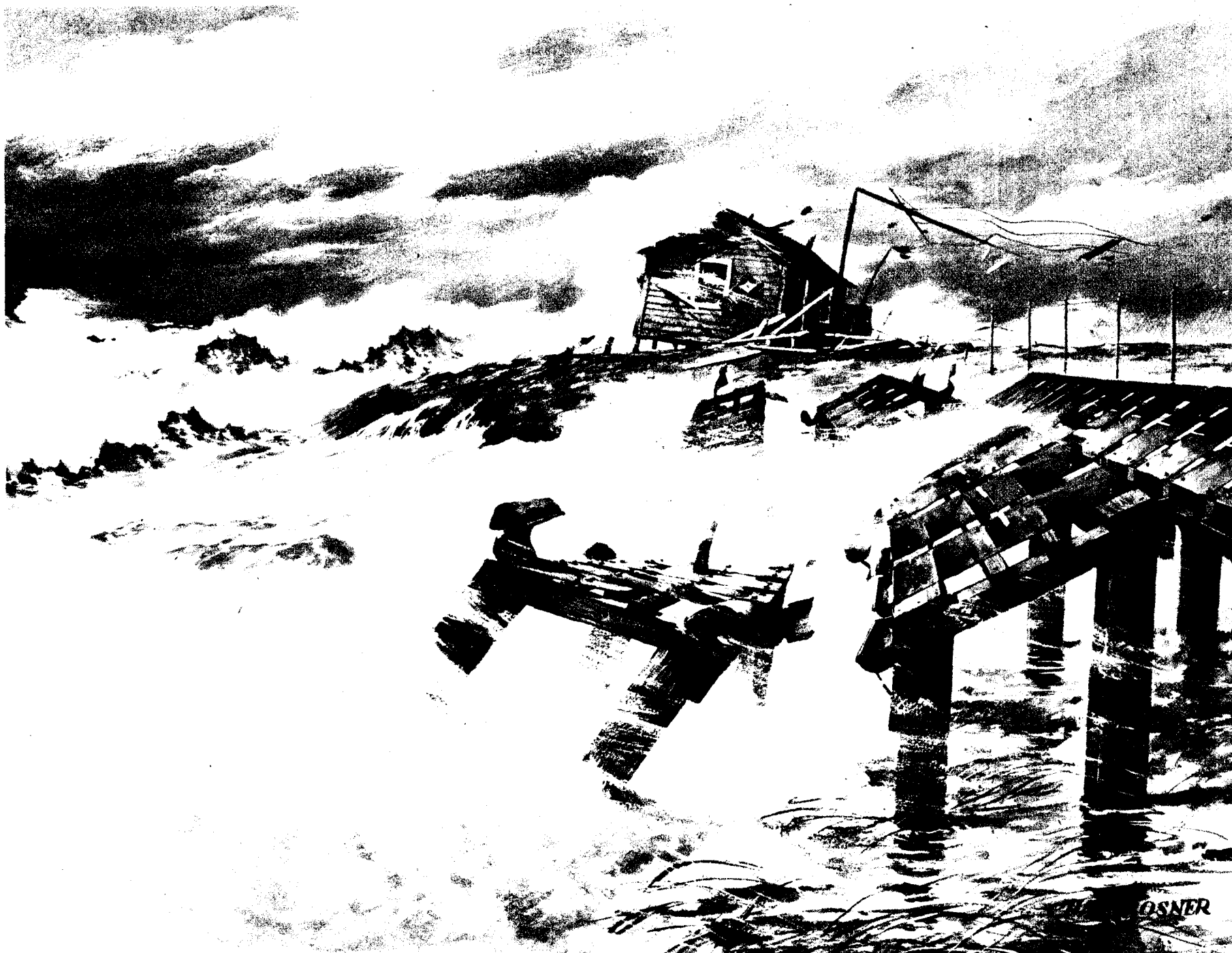
This week's cover: Farmer, U.S.A. John Calkins took this picture of his father, Russell (Russ) Calkins, one Sunday morning while Russ was puttering between barn and coop. Because he is typical of the Middle Western farmers who have done such a magnificent job of helping to feed the world, we asked Russ Calkins what America meant to him. This is what he had to say:

"Lots of places in the world, I suppose, you'd have to hide be-

hind a door to express an opinion about your own country. Or you'd have to praise some royalty or rascal you never got a chance to vote for or perhaps never even heard open his mouth over the radio. But in America, you say what you want and you've got a chance to do what you want.

"Take me, for instance, I was born here in South Lyon, Michigan. My folks got here when it was just woods. When I was twenty I clerked in a store, but I wanted a farm. Nobody gave me that farm, I worked for it—and I got it. Got it yet, and I'm going on sixty. I've cut it down some since the boys grew up—15 acres of apple and peach orchard, couple of cows, few hundred chickens—that's all I'm farming now, but that's enough to fill up my time as the years get along.

"But I'm supposed to be saying what America means to me. Well, I guess it means my whole life—Mother and the four children and me, and the chance we've had to make our own peace and comfort. We've lived as we pleased and we aim to keep on that way—that's America, that's Uncle Sam's way, and, well, that's our way."



The Whole Island Swept Away

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* *

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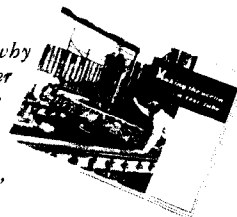
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A legend in his own lifetime, Churchill—still the most potent crowd collector in Britain—addresses members of his Conservative party at Central Hall, London

Churchill's New Battle for Britain

By LESTER VELIE

IN a two-week period recently, Winston Churchill, who will be seventy-five in November, startled and delighted fellow Englishmen with this burst of un-septuagenarian energy: He made two major speeches. He dictated several thousand words of his memoirs, using up a relay of five secretaries and the small hours of the night to do so. He painted, and he published a book on painting-as-a-pastime. A best seller, it started a rush for oils, brushes and canvases. Mr. Churchill laid bricks at his country home, Chartwell in Kent, prowled around his 360-acre farm in his jeep, presided over the weekly meetings of the Tory Shadow Cabinet, and framed political strategy at a conference of Conservative party workers. Then he donned boots, jodhpurs and derby, clambered on a horse and went fox hunting—a humpty-dumpty huntsman with a fat cigar in his mouth. (Churchill

Scowling fiercely and emerging from his corner in bulldog tradition, the mighty Churchill makes a new bid for power. With his blazing phrase and explosive word, he is the Conservative party's biggest gun in the battle to end Socialism's control of the government

spent an hour and a half in the saddle, his flabbergasted doctor told this writer.)

In the midst of this full and good life, Mr. Churchill roared his alarm at the latest threat to his beloved England, playing Cassandra again as he had done against Hitler.

For a new battle for Britain is raging, this time

between Englishmen. On one side are the Socialists who, say their antagonists, would turn the state into a super factory boss. On the other side are the Conservatives who want the citizen, not the state, to do the owning. The issue, to be decided in the 1950 elections, could be a turning point in English history. Until recently the major parties have broadly agreed on the rules of the game by which the English order their lives—rules that call for a free or even regulated capitalism. Now, one party wants a new set of rules, Socialism.

Into this struggle, as leader of the Conservatives, charges Churchill, raising the standard against "collectivism" in resounding Churchill idiom, famed as the most robust prose since Shakespeare. A sample: "We shall be voting (in 1950) not only for freedom from stifling and paralyzing Socialism, but also for bare survival. Another Socialist Parliament would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)



Dyer

THE INSPECTOR HAD A HABIT

By CHARLES B. CHILD

If Chafik solved the murder he knew that a devoted father would be separated from his little daughter. But Chafik did his duty as a policeman—and as an executioner

BAGHDAD had sweltered all day in a south wind, and the night brought little relief or quiet. The numerous outdoor cinemas challenge one another with a cacophony of voices, and were in turn defied by the phonographs of the cafés. At the Oasis Hotel on Al-Rashid Street, although the hour was late, a local quartet interpreted Western dance music with lusty brass and drums.

Inspector Chafik J. Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department, who had an appointment with a body on the second floor of the hotel, announced as he entered the room where his assistants were at work, "The dead should be respected. Let the band stop, and Baghdad will be grateful to this man for dying. Or to the one who killed him."

He noticed his reflection in a mirror, fastidiously adjusted his tie, smoothed his sleek black hair, and then glanced at the corpse slumped over a desk near the window. A bullet had been fired point-blank into the back of the head, and the Inspector wrinkled his thin nose with disgust.

"What have you, Abdullah?" he asked his senior assistant.

The tall gaunt sergeant immediately began to read from a notebook in monotone, "Sir, the deceased was a Greek from Smyrna, named Spiros. He was known to us—"

"He has used many names. We will be content with the label Spiros. May I be forgiven, but this man is better dead." The dun-colored eyes of the little Inspector were flat and fixed as he quoted from very comprehensive records: "Spiros. Details of birth unknown. Agent for an international firm of importers and exporters. His visits to Baghdad appeared legitimate. But the firm is suspect. They may export military secrets."

Abdullah continued, "The Smyrniot sat at the desk. There is a typewriter on it. The killer entered by the window which opens on a balcony extending the length of the hotel. Spiros was taken by sur-

Chafik ran, gun in hand. He saw little Nadhilla skipping toward him, her face turned up. Habib walked with his eyes down, unaware of danger

prise. The slumped position of the body shows he had no chance to turn before the shot was fired."

The Inspector nodded approval. "Was the shot heard?"

"No, sir. The band specializes in explosive sounds, so this one passed unnoticed. Furthermore, the rooms were empty; guests and staff sought the coolness of the terrace to escape the heat. Also, it was dance night and there were many strangers. So the unknown had perfect opportunity to visit this floor, reach the balcony by another room, destroy his enemy, and walk out unnoticed."

Chafik nodded again. "And the last movements of Spiros?"

Sergeant Abdullah consulted his notebook. "He returned to the hotel at 17:00 hours, drank four *araks* in the bar, then took dinner. During the meat course he was called to the telephone, afterward left the hotel."

"Was it man or woman who called?"

"Sir, the operator is stupid and does not remember. To conclude, Spiros returned five hours later and retired to his room. His movements in *absentia* are being investigated."

The Inspector said, "Now we shall begin." He hitched up his sleeves and went to examine the body.

Spiros had stripped to drawers and shirt before sitting at the desk. He had a big fleshy body and, like his head, there was little hair on it. The blow of the bullet had flung him forward. The body was twisted at an odd angle.

"A man does not leave his bridgework in the keys of a typewriter unless his face has met it with force," Inspector Chafik said. "The machine interests me, Abdullah. What do you observe?"

"It is a portable of Swiss manufacture—"

Chafik said impatiently, "Apart from the teeth of Spiros, what is in it?"

"Sir, nothing. And there are no typed papers on the desk."

"Not a scrap of anything. Yet Spiros was so absorbed he failed to sense the entrance of the killer. And why was he moved?"

With careful consideration for his immaculate clothes, the Inspector forced the body of the Smyrniot back into the chair. Death was too recent for *rigor mortis*, and the fleshy hairless arms swung

free. Chafik exclaimed, then lifted the right arm.

On the underside, just below the elbow, were markings, faint yet clear, like old tattooing. The bluish stenciling crossed the forearm obliquely, in four irregular lines.

"A fragment of typewriter print. The characters are Roman, but reversed."

The sergeant said, "My deduction is: This man rested his arm, which was damp with sweat, on something freshly typed. The print was transferred. It is a common occurrence."

"Yet there is no typing here."

The wooden face of the sergeant found mobility. "Permit me to suggest it was taken by the killer—"

"Give me a mirror," Chafik said briefly.

He was given one from the dressing table and held it at an angle against the arm. The reflected lines were clear enough for reading. The words were English. The first line began with a small "I" and continued, "*Rahdi. The loyalty of this . . .*" The second line, beginning and ending with broken words, read: "*. . . itical insecurity of the Kurdi . . .*" The third line added: "*. . . been inflamed by sponsor . . .*" And the final fragment: "*. . . refore recommended the brigad . . .*"

Inspector Chafik, whose English was excellent, copied the lines into a small notebook. He said, "It begins with the name Rahdi. I know a Colonel Rahdi. He commands a mountain brigade, and the last word in this fragment is obviously brigade. Spiros was copying a highly confidential report."

"How do you know he was copying, not composing, sir?"

"This is the cautious language of a soldier. 'Therefore recommended the brigade . . .' No, this is not language of a Spiros. We must continue our investigation with the military authorities."

THE general was old and gray and wore heavy mustaches brushed up in the Turkish style. Chafik remembered his distinguished history. When an officer of the sultan's army, he had secretly supported the revolutionary nationalist society, Al-Ahd. This was one of the revered founders of the kingdom of Iraq, and the Inspector declined a chair and stood respectfully.

"Forgive the intrusion, Excellency," he ventured, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

The Glory Road

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

To bring you this continent-spanning trip, the author traveled from coast to coast in trailer trucks, cross-country busses, his own car, and even in an airplane. Everywhere he went, he gathered stories. This article is more than a history of a transcontinental road—it's an unposed picture of America

PART I OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

LOOK at the palm of your hand and you'll get a rough idea of the country's transcontinental road system. The Lincoln Highway between New York and San Francisco is the heart line across the broad palm of America.

There are three other main highways from ocean to ocean: one north, two south, each of them unfurling a different image of the country's vastness. But U.S. history, much of it no older than you are, has left its deepest crease along the braided trails of the fur traders, the Mormons, and the forty-niners.

Today, by automobile as by ox team and prairie schooner, this crossing of the 42d parallel through three hour zones, over mountains, plains and desert, past countless changes of accent and outlook, remains one of the greatest of all American experiences.

With your dashboard radio tuned to a network station, a list of recommended hotels and restaurants in the glove compartment, and a pair of dark glasses over your eyes, you can turn the trip into a five-day session of sofa-sitting with the countryside whipping by your windows. Sight-seeing from a speeding car is like jumping off the Empire State Building and trying to peek in all the windows on the way down.

Yet it's done every day and somehow the sights and sounds of America do come through, ever more vividly as you drive westward.

Across New Jersey, the Lincoln Highway roughly parallels George Washington's retreat from New York to the Delaware. Suppose General Washington sat beside you on the front seat. You wonder how many landmarks he'd recognize as your car is sucked into the crowd roar of the Lincoln Tunnel, pumped under pressure across the Pulaski Highway, swirled around the edges of Newark

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32)

Straighter, wider, smoother, the modern Lincoln Highway bisects farms near Valparaiso, Indiana

FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC.

BIRTH PANGS OF THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY



Old Pacific, a 12-cylinder Packard, began a cross-country trip in San Francisco on June 20, 1903



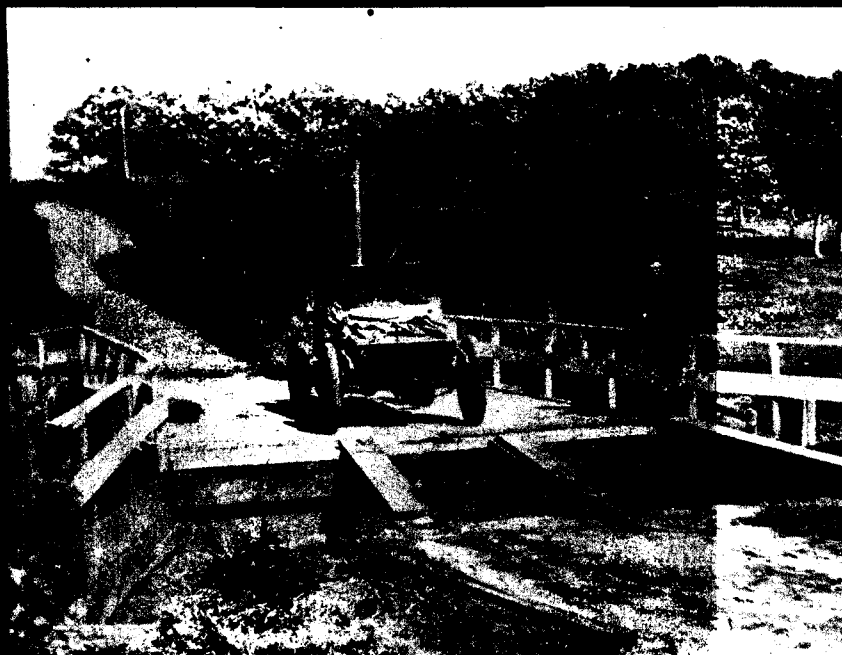
Seven days later, Old Pacific was in Nevada and using canvas strips to get traction on the sand



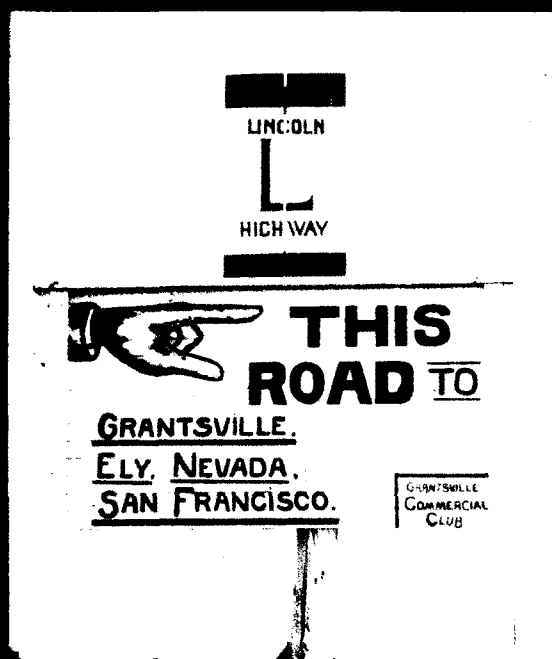
Mired in Utah's quicksand, Tom Fetch, the driver had to use just as much ingenuity as elbow grease



In spite of a lot of rain and even more mud, Old Pacific made the trip East in a rousing 61 days. Only once, in Nebraska, did horses have to help out



A bridge at Crinnell, Iowa, was partly washed out, but with planks to span the gap, the pioneering Packard sped on over the future Lincoln Highway



By 1913 the Lincoln Highway was a reality, with signboards to suit the fancy of its local sponsors



Two years later, the new highway still was beset with obstacles. This water hazard was in Nebraska



As recently as 1929, horses were an important must item on motorists' check lists of touring essentials

PHOTOGRAPHS, PACKARD MOTOR CO., INC.



The Green Fields Beyond

By MANNING LONG

SLEET rapped the window panes with sharp-tipped fingers, and the wind, prowling the street outside, was thin and hungry. It was as if the old year, dying, yielded a querulous soul to the past.

Melissa, sewing by the fire, raised her head and looked at the darkly glistening windows. She looked at the clock and saw that it was not yet six. She had washed her hair that morning and rolled the ends firmly around strips torn from an old sheet. As a concession to the approaching supper hour she had taken out the rags, but her hair, waiting till the last minute for its combing, hung in black blobs that slid forward as she sewed, so that she must always be pushing them back. If the weather cleared, there might still be some curl left for the party.

She sighed, measured a length of silver ribbon, and began to sew it to the pink cotton crepe that billowed over her lap.

On the other side of the fire, her father sat reading one of the old, dusty-looking books with its many thin pages and very fine print that seemed to afford him the release and absorption necessary to him. The dry whisper of a page as he turned it was like a brief remark made by a ghost.

Melissa, who at first had wondered about these books and resented them, had come to accept them. Evening after changeless evening, while she worked unaided at her lessons, her father sat and read, shut away from her and the world, not noticing, not even hearing when she and Aunt Catherine spoke to each other. They didn't often, but when they did, it was with quick, tiptoeing voices and with no more words than were needed.

Melissa could hear Aunt Catherine now, setting the table in the next room, sliding the sideboard drawer in and out quietly, being careful not to clash the silver. You would have thought there had been a recent death in the house, but it had been three years since Melissa's mother died.

Melissa sighed again. She caught at the sliding blobs of hair and hooked them behind her ears. The pink stuff on her lap gave out a cottony *th-f, th-f*, as she turned it to stitch at the silver ribbon. Then she dropped her needle, and her hands burrowed nervously into the material.

Her father was looking at her.

Perhaps her sigh had touched his withdrawal, or perhaps there was something in the dusty-looking book that had thrown down a bridge between his fortress and the world. Or perhaps it happened only because it was time that it should.

He was looking at her. The cigarette he had been smoking lay in a tray; the book was closed over his finger.

"What are you sewing, baby?" he asked. "Is it a nightgown?"

She was startled. If Father thought it was a nightgown, what would it look like to other people?

"Oh, no, Father," she said. "It's an evening dress."

She looped a short length of silver ribbon into a bow, found her needle and began to stitch the bow to the neckline. Her head, with its smooth, clean brown hair, bent over her work. Her hands were unsteady. She waited tensely for her father to take up his reading. When she realized, after a time, that he hadn't, she raised her head.

He was still looking at her.

"An evening dress?" he asked.

"Yes, Father." But she sensed that, inexplicably, he wanted her to go on. "It's New Year's Eve," she said. "I'm invited to Florine Hardesty's dance." She sat straight. She couldn't help the little flush of pride her announcement gave her. "It's formal," she said.

Her father's brows shot up and he said, "Well, well!" Then he opened his book but, instead of reading it, he drummed on its pages with his fingers. In a moment or so he frowned and said, "I sup-

pose you have an escort to take you to this affair?"

Melissa's throat went tight, for this was her tragedy. It cost her an effort to tell him the truth.

"Yes, Father," she said in a low voice. "Florine's sending her brother for me."

She bent her head again so that he might not see her burning cheeks, apologetic that he, as her father, must share this shame.

She was unprepared for his reaction. His book jumped to the floor and he put his hands on his knees as if he meant to get up.

"Are you telling me that you're going to this dance with Alex Hardesty?" His voice was shocked and sharp.

"Oh, no, Father!" She trembled and she clutched the pink crepe defensively to her breast. "Florine's younger brother—her *little* brother." As he sank back, she gave him further reassurance by the depth of her scorn. "We call him *Hermes*," she said.

He looked at her blankly. "Hermes?"

"You know. In *The Odyssey*. It's always talking about Hermes with the first down of youth upon his lip." She added contemptuously, "Not (CONTINUED ON PAGE 67)"



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

*When a girl who has never been kissed
meets a man who kisses all the girls,
what happens depends on the girl.
But Alex Hardesty was no ordinary man*





Barrymore, The Lionhearted

By KYLE CRICHTON

The leonine Lionel Barrymore once was as handsome as his movie idol brother, John. He is a tough hombre who has been entertaining the American public for 55 years and now, at the peak of his career, he still doesn't think that acting is any great shakes

THE Barrymores have never suffered fools gladly and Lionel is no exception to the rule. He has mellowed with age but a stupid question can bring an ominous rumble from the superb Barrymore superstructure, a violent glance from under the bushy brows and a retort compounded of equal parts derision, profanity and personal insult.

He considers the two most boring things in the world to be (a) people who ask him about his health, and (b) his health. Since it is impossible to avoid the subject in the case of a man who has been on crutches for ten years, an interview touching on the point can be a ticklish business.

"They say you'll soon be walking again?" ventures the interviewer, desperately brave.

"Yeh-h-hehs!" cries Barrymore, running his voice up and down a scale of profound disgust. "Just as soon as I get this pot off"—he nods toward his stomach—"I'll be all over the place."

The tone of the concluding words hints strongly that since the stupid ritual is over, it is time to get down to something important. The truth is Barrymore has been a martyr to pain for almost 35 years. Nothing is ever definite about a Barrymore injury because he either refuses to discuss it or invents a story with such ridiculous overtones that not even a child would believe it.

From research it becomes dimly plain that something happened in a New York gymnasium in 1915 that was eventually to torture him. He cracked his right kneecap. According to one story, he fell off the parallel bars; according to another, he tripped over a wrestling mat.

Either could conceivably be true because Lionel—puny and sickly when he was a child—for years spent much time exercising and wrestling. He took up boxing, also, and by the time he was twenty he was sparring with Bob Fitzsimmons, and getting knocked out by John L. Sullivan.

The knockout occurred in a saloon, where John L. had a playful habit of taking ferocious mock swings at his friends. Lionel, being a Fancy Dan boxer, made the mistake of ducking. He ducked right into a left hook and found himself being painfully revived many minutes later.

"You've heard the saying, 'Shake the hand of the man who shook the hand of John L. Sullivan,'" says Barrymore, wryly reminiscent. "Well, take a look at the head that John L. almost knocked off."

Regardless of what happened to the Barrymore knee, it never healed properly, and as the years went on, its owner continued to bang it up. In 1936 he broke his hip when a heavy canvas fell off an easel, hit his foot and knocked him over. The broken bone had barely knitted when he was pushed out of a scene in *Saratoga*, fell and broke it again. The knee had been swollen with inflammatory rheumatism for years, and this last blow really knocked Barrymore out. He took to crutches in his daily life and to a wheel chair in pictures and has used them ever since.

Those who knew him in the early days say that he was an unusually active young man. Certainly he was a daring one—at one period of his life he even took up aviation and learned to fly an air-

plane. This doesn't sound like much in a time when many kids can tear down and rebuild a turbine, but Barrymore's flying took place around 1912 when the memory of the Wright Brothers and Kitty Hawk was still fresh in men's memories.

The plane in which he began to fly around Long Island was almost literally a contraption, a Wright Brothers pusher held together with baling wire and hairpins. The pilot sat out in front with his feet on the elevators and his hands free to operate the stick. The speed of the ship was only slightly faster than the flow of a mountain stream and anybody who flew a crate in those days could get a reputation for insanity as well as bravery.

Everything went well with the new Barrymore venture until he essayed a flight over the Hudson River. He was bouncing happily from one air current to another when suddenly he realized that the plane was no longer making progress. In fact it was standing still.

"The force of the wind against us was as great as the power of the engine," says Lionel, still unhappy at thought of the experience. "It was at that moment I recalled Sir Isaac Newton. If a plane couldn't go ahead and couldn't back up, there was only one place for it to go—down. I managed to get turned around and the following wind kindly blew me back whence I had come. It blew me right over on to Long Island and out of the airplane business permanently."

At the age of six, when he was touring with his father and mother (Maurice Barrymore and the former Georgia Drew) in a production of *As You Like It*, he wasn't so daring. The part of the wrestler was played by William Muldoon, the famous strong man who had a countenance of such unequaled sternness that pedestrians paled on passing him in the street. At a point near Cincinnati a boy actor in the company became ill and the manager asked father Maurice Barrymore if Lionel could fill the part. "At your own risk," said Maurice grimly and had his son in the wings at the appointed hour.

While awaiting his cue, Lionel saw Muldoon in the opposite wings and uttered such an unearthly and diabolical shriek that spectators in the gallery swooned, others instantly suspected fire, and a stampede was barely averted by quick action of the management.

This in itself would have been enough to deter Lionel from a stage career but he was further sustained in his aversion to the profession by his younger brother, Jack, who had a loud and profane disregard for all phases of it. They were

brought up by actors, saw nothing but actors and heard nothing but talk of the stage.

To them acting was far less romantic than deep-sea diving or hod carrying. The only thing that drove them to it was the lack of spending money, a dereliction entirely due to their father, who was a vague and eerie character in his own right. To help ease their burdens their grandmother, Mrs. John Drew the elder, with whom Lionel had made his stage debut in *The Rivals* in 1893, kept them supplied with money and occasionally worked them into one of her companies.

In an effort to escape the stage, Lionel took up several other forms of art and once even trifled with the idea of working. This aberration passed quickly, leaving him a bit shaken, and he became filled with musical ambitions. Thomas G. Patten, a family friend and later postmaster of New York, had a handsome player piano. Lionel formed the habit of placing his hands in the depressions of the keys as the instrument operated and in very short order he had learned to play the piano. He then decided to follow it up seriously and took lessons from Mrs. Agnes Morgan. After some progress in that quarter he approached Henry Hadley, famous composer of the period, and played for him.

"It's plain you're never going to be a pianist," said Hadley sourly. "You'd better take up composing." Which is what Lionel did and what he still does. His works have been played by most of the big symphony orchestras and have the respect of everybody but himself.

"I just steal a little here and there," he says.

Moviemaking in the Biograph Era

In those early days, Lionel could always get a job in the movies. In 1909, employed by the old Biograph Company, which had a studio on Fourteenth Street in New York, he had played a minor role in a picture called *Friends*, with Claire McDowell the star and D. W. Griffith the director. All of Biograph's pictures were made outdoors in hard sunlight at Fort Lee, New Jersey. The "shooting" was done with an old Pathe camera that cranked from the back, was run by sprockets and bicycle chains, and was operated for the first time as an instrument of art by the great Griffith.

"They used to say that I got \$5.00 a day when I was in the Biograph," says Barrymore, "but that was probably just propaganda from the enemy. I got 15 bucks a day and wrote scripts on the side for \$25.00 a crack. Anita Loos and I were comparing notes one day and she found she was getting only \$20.00 a script. She was so sore she almost ate Griffith's head off."

By taking a movie job in those early days Barrymore faced the scorn of his friends, who felt that he was besmirching the name of a great theatrical family. In reply, he said, "A Barrymore likes to eat. I haven't been eatin'."

For a number of years, his career wavered between stage and screen and finally culminated in his greatest triumph, *The Copperhead*, which established him as a great figure on the American stage. When the curtain came down on the opening night, the audience stood and cheered for 15

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARSH



Move over, please

By EUSTACE L. ADAMS

Captain Jim Malloy didn't know what to do when he got back from his flight and found a strange girl in his apartment. But he didn't call the cops, either

EARLY, on account of all the miles he had flown that day, Jim Malloy dropped his two suitcases outside the door of his new apartment. The cabdriver, perspiring profanely, divested himself of a locker trunk, a smoking stand and a fat bundle of framed photographs of Wendy Haywood and departed.

Malloy inserted his key into the lock and twisted. Then he put his shoulder against the panel. Usually, when Malloy pushed something, that thing moved. But not the door to Apartment 8B. So he knocked.

The door came open a scant six inches. A girl's face, or anyway half of it, appeared in the opening. The single blue eye, beneath a high, arched brow, was clear and direct. There was a scattering of freckles on the short, uptilted nose. And the hair, Malloy thought, was as red as any he had ever seen.

Carefully that blue eye inspected Malloy from his visor cap to his uniform with the gold wings and the four stripes of a flight captain.

"I wouldn't want anything," she said and began to close the door.

Quickly Malloy jammed his foot between the door and threshold. "Sister," he said, "isn't this Apartment 8B? And isn't this town we're in San Francisco?"

"If this is a quiz program," the girl said, "I'm too busy to play."

"Two weeks ago," Malloy said, "I paid the agent two months' rent. Coming in, a few minutes ago, the superintendent gave me my key."

The blue eye was unimpressed. "This is the

superintendent's day off. If you don't go away I'll scream and scream."

"Try one for size," Malloy suggested.

"I had the superintendent call your office yesterday," said the girl, not screaming. "Someone there said you were in Honolulu."

"I was in Honolulu," said Malloy, "yesterday." "Then you have no business being here now," said the girl. "Also, I don't like strangers putting their big flat feet in my door."

"Big they could be, but they aren't yet flat. Besides, it isn't your door. It's my door."

"That you'll have to settle with Tony. When he heard you were in Honolulu he said I could stay another week."

"Tony and I," Malloy said, "are going to have a beautiful friendship."

"No, you're not. He's mean. Would you like to come in and telephone for a cab?"

"Well, I certainly would like to come in," Malloy said.

He scooped up his two suitcases and marched in. "You can take those right back out again!" she said, her eyes blazing. "Just out of politeness I asked you—"

"If I wouldn't come into my own apartment."

Malloy planted his suitcases in the middle of the living room and turned. He noted that the girl was exceedingly nice to look at, if you liked them small and slim and very redheaded. With something of an effort he swung and looked around the living room. There were no signs of moving.

Through a half-opened door he could see twin

beds, one of which he had ordered taken out. A slip was flung across a bed and beneath it a pair of pink mules. On the modernistic table in the living room was a vase of white gladioli and a framed photograph of a belligerent young man with a crew haircut and ears, Malloy thought, of the next size larger than required by his face.

"I wouldn't want you to hurry, or anything," he said, "but I have a dinner date and I'd like to change out of my uniform."

The girl settled herself in a chair.

"I'm going to call the police," she said.

"If I had time," he said, "I'd look up the number."

He carried his suitcases into the bedroom and then brought in his locker trunk and his bundle of framed photographs. He untied the photographs and placed the picture of the young man with the ears face down on the table. For it he substituted the largest portrait of dark-haired, dark-eyed Wendy.

"She looks like a moose," the girl said.

"The way you talk!" Malloy said. Then the telephone buzzed like a striking rattlesnake. He reached for it. "Malloy speaking."

"Malloy who?" demanded a masculine voice.

Irritated, he snapped, "What Malloy did you want?"

"The last thing I want is any Malloy," said the voice.

He hung up. "If that was a friend of yours," Malloy said, "I could never become fond of him. He—"

The phone rang again. The girl did not move quickly enough.

"You again?" he asked, his tone spuriously gentle.

"Listen," said the voice, "is this Dizzy Coleman's apartment?"

"Dizzy? Dizzy Coleman?" Malloy's gray eyes lighted. "Why, of course. You should have asked for Dizzy in the first place."

THE instrument was snatched out of his hand. The girl called Dizzy stood quite close to him as she talked.

"Oh, but you must, Frank!" she was saying. "You really can't before the day after tomorrow. That's bad. . . . No, never mind about Malloy. . . . Be quiet and let me explain, Frank. He—" She replaced the instrument on its cradle. "Frank is mad."

"You're breaking my heart," Malloy said. "I hate to harp on one subject, but if you're going to find a place to sleep tonight, hadn't you better be getting at it?"

Suddenly, just like turning on a faucet, Dizzy began to cry.

"Hey!" Malloy yelled. "Stop that! I can't stand crying women!"

"I—I can't afford any apartment I've been able to find," Dizzy said. Tears cascaded down. "I've looked all over San Francisco."

"If you're so broke," Malloy cut in, "how could you afford an apartment like this? I'm paying two hundred a month."

"You got gypped," Dizzy said. She was so indignant her tears ceased as if by magic. "We only paid one fifty."

The network of sun wrinkles around Malloy's eyes became more pronounced than ever. "Who's we?" he demanded.

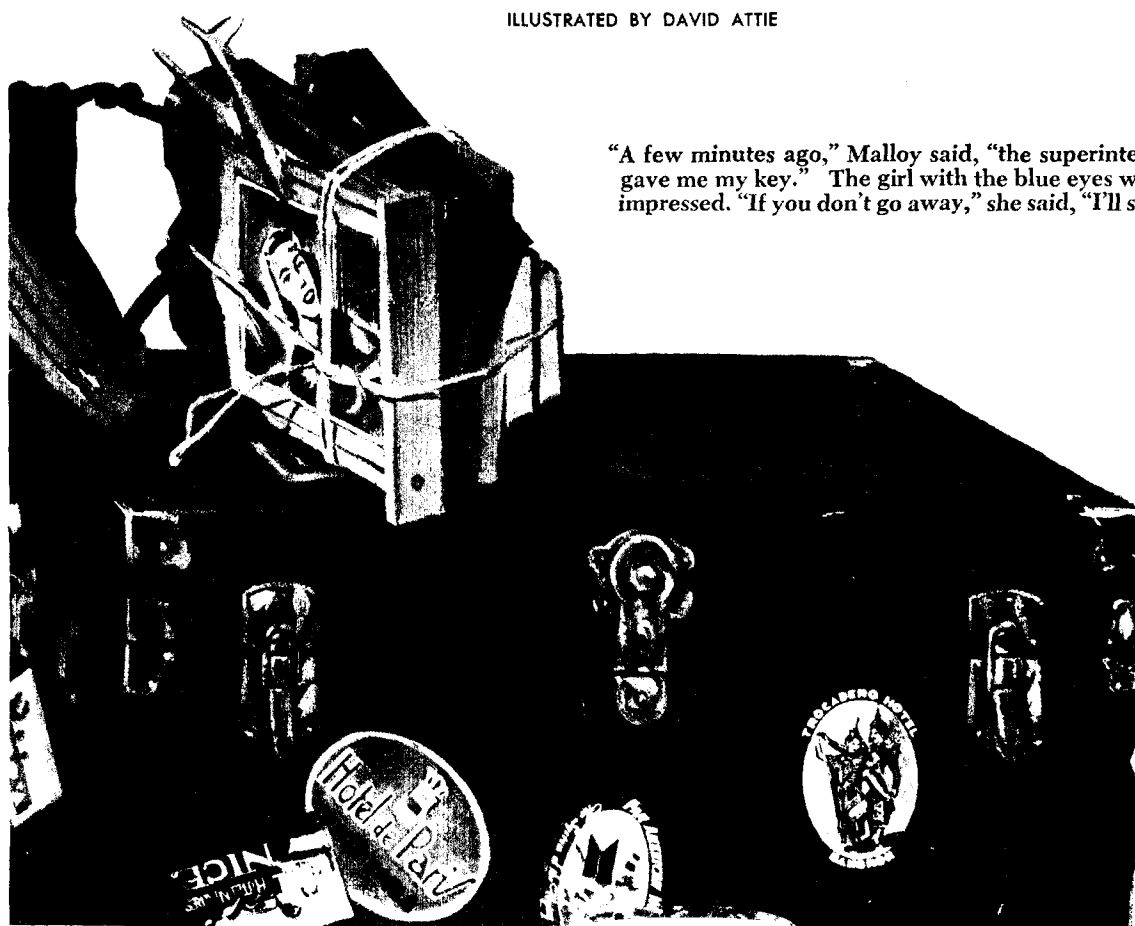
"Glenda and Mary and me. We worked in the same office. An advertising agency. Glenda did layouts, and Mary wrote copy and I do consumer research. But Glenda got married and Mary had to go home to Oregon because her mother got sick. I couldn't carry this apartment alone. I've been hunting, and so has Frank. He said he had one all lined up for tonight or tomorrow morning, but just now he told me it would be another day or two."

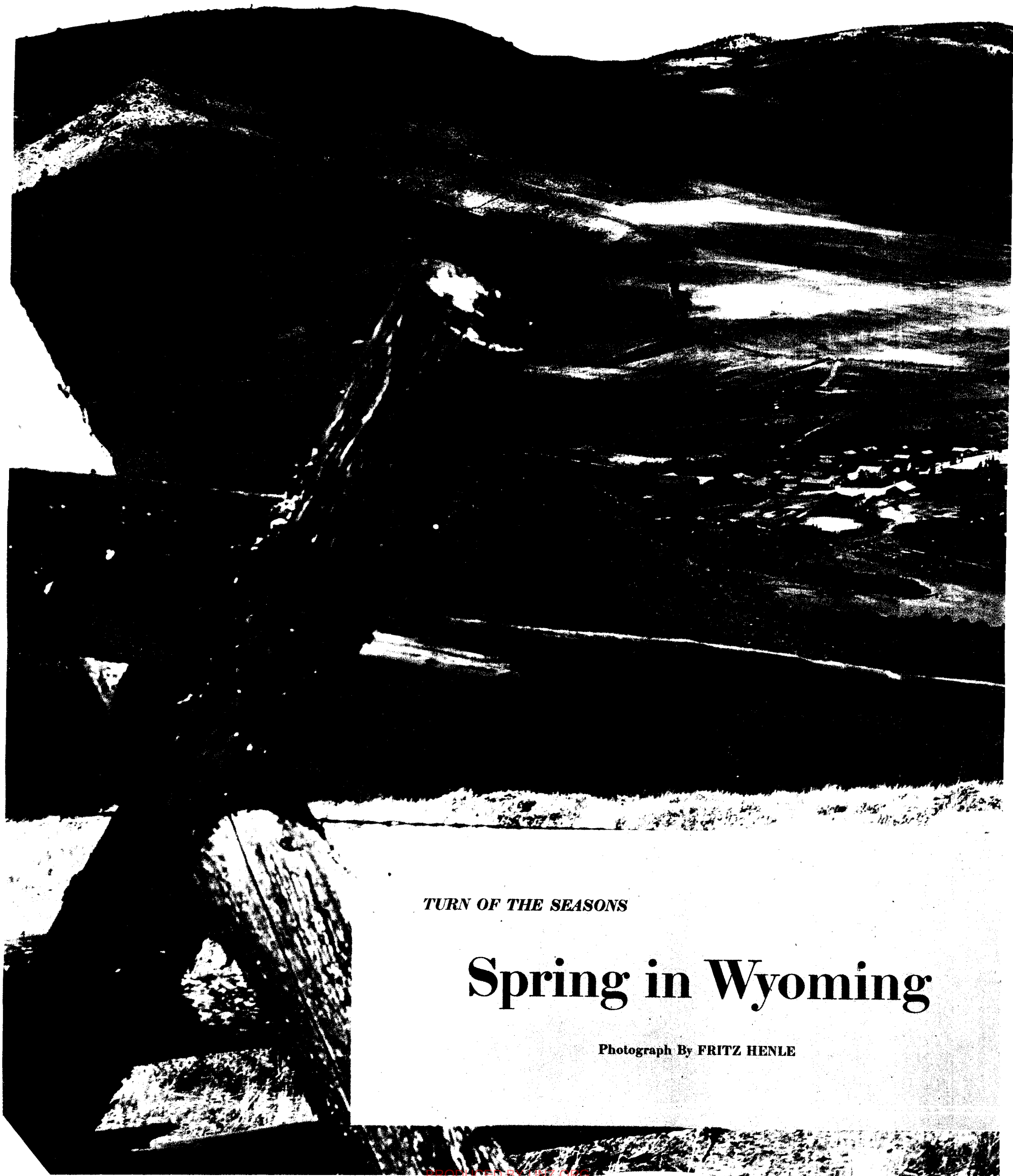
"Obviously, a tower of strength for you," Malloy said. "Did you tell him you didn't have a place to sleep in tonight?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ATTIE

"A few minutes ago," Malloy said, "the superintendent gave me my key." The girl with the blue eyes was unimpressed. "If you don't go away," she said, "I'll scream"

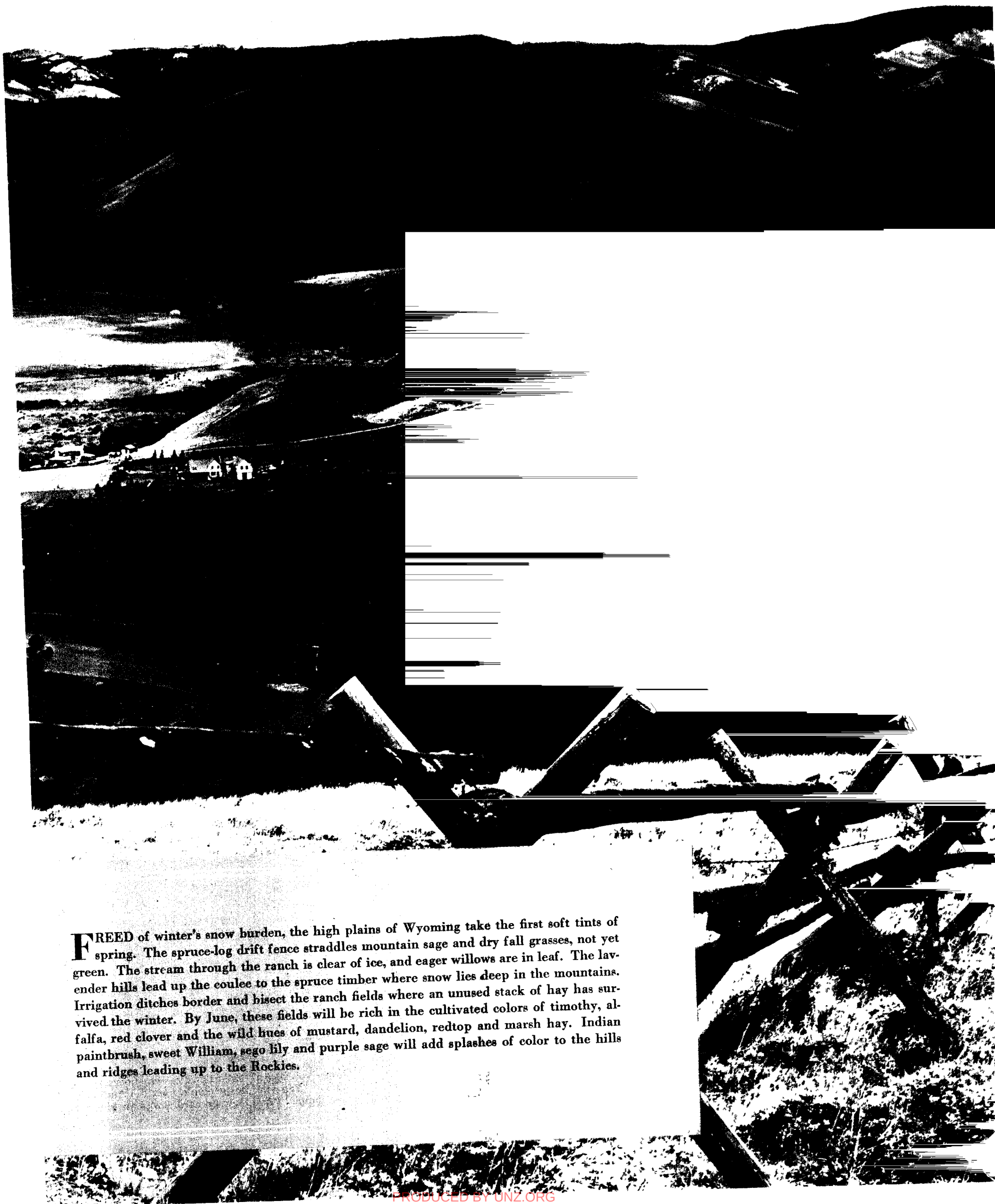




TURN OF THE SEASONS

Spring in Wyoming

Photograph By FRITZ HENLE



FREED of winter's snow burden, the high plains of Wyoming take the first soft tints of spring. The spruce-log drift fence straddles mountain sage and dry fall grasses, not yet green. The stream through the ranch is clear of ice, and eager willows are in leaf. The lavender hills lead up the coulee to the spruce timber where snow lies deep in the mountains. Irrigation ditches border and bisect the ranch fields where an unused stack of hay has survived the winter. By June, these fields will be rich in the cultivated colors of timothy, alfalfa, red clover and the wild hues of mustard, dandelion, redtop and marsh hay. Indian paintbrush, sweet William, sego lily and purple sage will add splashes of color to the hills and ridges leading up to the Rockies.



Pride's Castle

By FRANK YERBY

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A WEALTHY RUTHLESS MAN, THE
WOMAN WHO MARRIED HIM—AND THE WOMAN HE LOVED

The Story: By the year 1870, New York City for some time had been the center of high finance and speculation in this country. It was the home of men like COMMODORE VANDERBILT and BLACK TOM STILLWORTH, and in the spring of that year it also became the home of another man, a great brute of a man, who was destined to make millions and lose them again and again. This man's name was PRIDE DAWSON. When he came to New York, in 1870, that was all he had—pride, and nothing else. The first day in the city, Pride and his side-kick TIM MCCARTHY ran into SHARON O'NEIL on the Bowery. This was a meeting that marked Pride Dawson for the rest of his life. Wherever he went afterward and whatever he did he was never able to forget Sharon—and she was never able to forget him. That first day she took him home with her after he had been beaten in a tavern fight with a gang of men, and then Pride fell in love with her. "Hon," he told her, "I've wanted a lot of women. But you're the first one I've ever wanted to marry." But, because Pride was proud he made Sharon wait until he had money. When he got it the money came from Black Tom Stillworth, one of the country's richest men, and the father of beautiful ESTHER STILLWORTH. Not long after Pride became Black Tom's bodyguard, Esther, who was engaged to JOSEPH FAIRHILL, told Pride, "You will marry me, Pride—I know you. You will marry me because my father has forty million dollars. And you want that money." Pride knew this was true and he could do nothing but curse himself for being a fool. Esther had twelve million dollars in her own right.

PART 2 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

PRIDE climbed the stairs very slowly to his own room on the top floor. He took off his collar and his tie and shoes and lay down upon the bed with his hand beneath his head. He stared at the ceiling.

Twelve million dollars in two years, he thought. And she's pretty. Hell, she's beautiful. How'd she know me like that—know just where to hit me? Black Tom's getting old—no other children. Twelve plus forty equals fifty-two million dollars! No, there ain't that much money in the world. But there is.

Sharon is so sweet and all good and I love her funny little freckled face more'n I love this blond wench's whole body. I'd never know a miserable minute with Sharon. Good and sweet and gentle and loves me so much I feel ashamed. No, I ain't got a right to so much love—no right to a girl like her. But fifty-two million dollars— I better go see Sharon. I better kiss her and hold her close. Can't hurt her like this—can't— Fifty-two mil—

He had turned out the gas jet before he lay down. Now, something disturbed him. Turning, he saw what it was. The ray of light that stole under his door from the chandelier in the hall had been cut off, abruptly.

"Esther!" he breathed, and swung his long legs over the side of the bed. But as he reached the door, he heard the swift scurry of her slippered feet down the hall. He put out his hand to jerk open the door, then his fingers rested, nerveless and cold upon the knob. For at his feet, a little square of

paper rested, glowing white in the light that once more came under the door.

He bent down, ever so slowly, and picked it up. Then he held it in his big hand a long time before he lighted the gas jet once more. He was, he realized, acutely afraid to open it. He, Pride Dawson, who had never been afraid of anything in his life—

Swiftly, he tore the envelope and read:

"I love you, I love you, I love you! Oh, Pride, how can you keep me so confused? I don't know right from wrong any more. I love you. I always have. I always will. Yes, yes, I'm insane—and you have made me so! Crazy with love of you. I hate you and I love you and now the two feelings are the same thing. Oh, Pride, my dearest—"

The letter ended abruptly. There was no signature.

Pride sat down upon the edge of the bed holding it in his hand. It was a very cool night, but when he touched his shirt, he found that he was sweating so that it had stuck to him.

"Oh, dear, kind God!" he groaned. . . .

When he came down the stairs the next morning the first person he saw was Esther. She was dressed for going out and her face was very pale and still.

"Wait," Pride called, "wait, Esther."

She turned and faced him.

"Look," he said. "I got that letter. I—"

"I know," she whispered. "You don't know what to say. Neither do I. I'm horribly ashamed, Pride. I lay awake all night, thinking—"

"And what did you think?" Pride asked.

"That I'd ask you for a favor. A real favor." She looked at him, her eyes very blue and grave. "It's this: I want you to have mercy, Pride. You're strong. I'm not. Don't kiss me any more, or hold me close—not even if I ask you to. Not now—not until we're married—"

"You," Pride growled, "are very sure we're going to be married."

"Yes," Esther said simply, "I am." Then she turned very coolly and walked through the opened door.

Pride stood there a long moment before he turned and went toward Black Tom's study. He had not reached it when the uproar burst upon his ears.

"You fool!" Stillworth was screeching at his business agent, Henry Warren. "You utter incompetent idiot!"

"It wasn't my fault," Warren answered. "How did I know somebody was going to buy up that stock? You know as well as I do that Tuckahoe and Ravenswood wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. So I didn't hurry—"

"You didn't hurry!" Stillworth groaned. "But somebody did! Now, instead of my having Bolley and Waters over a barrel, somebody's got both of us!"

"I don't see that," Warren said. "It just means you can't catch Bolley and Waters. You don't lose a dime."

"Oh, don't I though? Since I talked to you, I had lunch with Vanderbilt. He wants that blasted little

railroad. Wants it to piece out his lines out toward Chicago. And I sold him those shares short! Now, I haven't got them!"

"Oh, my Lord!" Warren whispered.

"You know who bought them?" Stillworth demanded.

"Yes. Some operator I never heard of. Dawson."

"Dawson!" Stillworth shrieked. "Don't tell me his first name's Pride!"

"It is. Remembered it because it's so odd."

THE rest of Warren's words were lost in the clatter of Stillworth's racing feet. "Pride!" he gasped, as he threw open the door. "You come here, you ungrateful—"

Pride smiled quietly and approached the old man. Tom Stillworth was trembling all over.

"You," Stillworth said, "bought a thousand shares of Tuckahoe and Ravenswood. Where are they? Give them to me this instant. I'll give you what you paid for them."

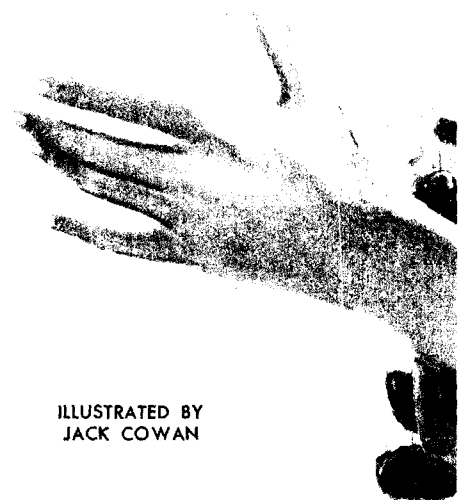
Slowly, Pride shook his head. "I think I'm entitled to a profit on the transaction."

"Not a dime!" Stillworth cried. "Not a dirty dime!"

"All right," Pride grinned. "I'll go see whether Bolley and Waters feel that way about it. Or Mr. Vanderbilt."

Stillworth buried his fingers in his muttonchop whiskers and yanked until great hunks of gray hair came out in his hands.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)



ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK COWAN

"You—you beast!" Esther's voice was hoarse with fury. "You vile, unspeakable beast!" And then she slapped Pride Dawson hard across his big face





Old-age-pension applicants join the line-up in a cellar corridor of the County Welfare Building in Sacramento to get in on California's 1949 gold rush

It Pays to be Old in California

A lot of wonderful tales have come out of California in the past
but this true story about the state's new pension law beats them all

California has finally done it. At last after many hoarse and wild-eyed political rharbs, she has adopted a pension law that will be impossible to maintain and almost that to get rid of. Read Mr. Marshall's calm report of this latest sun-struck snatch at Pie in the Sky. Well, nobody can accuse California of not asking for it. There was Upton Sinclair's EPIC (End Poverty In California). There was the great Ham and Eggs crusade—Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. Failing, this one gradually became Twenty Dollars Every Tuesday only to flop again. There was (still is) the Townsend Plan. In other states we heard similar ballyhoos with such slogans as Fatten Up the Old Folks, Grits For Grandpa, Thirty Bucks For Grandma, and Every Man a King. We saw Big Bill Aberhart and his Social Credit chorus capture Alberta, Canada, by promising money for nothing to everybody from sixteen on. All these giveaway gimmicks failed. Their prophets had all the answers except as to where the necessary money was coming from. But at last California has adopted a dilly. California, Here You Go. . . . W.D.

By JIM MARSHALL

WHEN the smoke of election battle had cleared away last November, California voters were astonished to discover they had awarded themselves the privilege of financing the world's most luxurious old-age-pension scheme—at an annual cost estimated at around \$125,000,000 more than the already generous plan then in effect. It meant an extra \$42 annual payment from everyone in California—except the pensioners.

A day or two later the 1949 gold rush started West. Old and aging people set out for the Pacific Coast by bus, train, car and thumb. The glad news had got around the Middle West, and social service agencies in a score of states were happily advising relief applicants to hit for California. Once there they need only to put in five years' residence to qualify for \$75 a month for life.

The new law is full of benefits. It forbids anyone to sue a pensioner for debt. It allows him to own a home, so long as it is not assessed at more than \$3,500, but under present inflated conditions, such a house might be worth as much as \$10,000

It permits him \$1,500 in personal property (exclusive of clothing, jewelry, furniture, car, household equipment, foodstuffs and fuel). He may hold life insurance policies up to \$1,000.

For a married couple, all these figures double into a picture of ease: a \$20,000 home, two \$1,000 insurance policies, a couple of new cars, free hospital and medical attention from their county, plus unlimited amounts of jewelry, furniture, furs, clothing, household equipment, food and fuel, \$3,000 worth of stocks and bonds—and a state check the first of every month for as much as \$150.

And, under the new law, relatives of indigent oldsters are "relieved" of the duty of caring for them. Wealthy sons and daughters need not contribute a cent to the support of their parents. State figures show that in 1948 relatives were contributing about \$58,000,000 to the support of aged dependents—a load now transferred to the taxpayers.

What's more, the new law makes pension payments a first lien on any money in the state treasury. They must be paid even though highways, schools, asylums, prisons or other state institutions or services have to go without.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED LYON

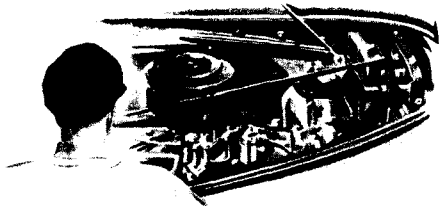


Yes sir, that's my baby!

Of course, no truck driver loves his truck as he loves his child.

But let's not fool ourselves, either. Ask any driver of a Dodge "Job-Rated" truck. He'll tell you that he takes *real* pride in his truck!

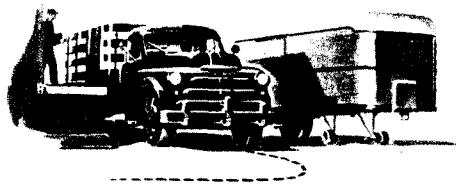
Why shouldn't he? He *knows* his truck fits its job. He *knows* he has the right power



for any emergency . . . with economy that doesn't require a gas station stop a couple of times a day.

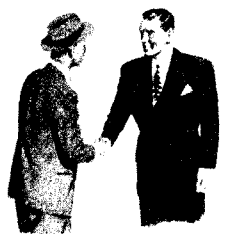
He knows his truck has exactly the right load-carrying and load-moving units for maximum efficiency, with *his* loads over *his* roads.

He *knows* it's the easiest to handle of any truck. He can turn at a 37° angle, either



right or left. He rides on the cushioned comfort of "Air-O-Ride" seats. He enjoys perfect vision . . . in all directions. He commands the safest brakes ever designed.

Unless YOU have heard the Dodge "Job-Rated" story in detail—and actually experienced what a "Job-Rated" truck means in *economy* of operation, in *ease* of operation, and in *long life* . . . you'll find it profitable to talk with your Dodge dealer.



After all, it's YOUR money. So if you can SAVE money with a "Job-Rated" truck, that's the truck you want to own . . . isn't it?

For the good of your business...



switch to **DODGE**
"Job-Rated" **TRUCKS**

FOR THE LOCATION OF YOUR DODGE DEALER, CONSULT THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR PHONE BOOK

CORNER
SHOW

Dead Giveaway

By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

YOU might say that Rod Feeney, the announcer, reached a high point in radio during the early part of the year that some of the bigger names in the broadcasting business will have trouble surpassing.

The network people won't like taking second place because it's almost certain that they never heard of Rod Feeney. The station Rod worked for had a power output about equal to a pair of good-sized reading lamps and its programs averaged about one listener for each watt of power. Maybe it will be best to refer to the station as WXXX, Perry Corners, Vermont, in order to disguise its exact location.

Rod Feeney was engaged to be married to a young girl in Perry Corners named Eunice Madden. Eunice was the loveliest girl for miles around. She had light blond hair and deep blue eyes and a figure that was said to make your radio whistle when she walked past your house. Rod considered himself a very lucky man to be engaged to Eunice, although he was the only person in Perry Corners to hold that opinion.

It is not unusual for a man in love to be the only one in his community who is blind to his loved one's faults. Rod was a serious-minded young man, with a deep booming voice that made him ideal for his chosen profession. Rod considered his profession to be that of a news commentator. But a station as small as WXXX requires an announcer to be a pretty versatile man.

Distasteful as it was to a young man of Rod's serious nature, he found himself playing the role of "Uncle Rod" on the Kiddie Korner (5:00-5:30 P.M.), "Chef Pierre" on the Kooking Korner (10:00-11:00 A.M.), and "The Old Buckaroo" on Rambling Prairie Stars almost any time of the day when there wasn't anything else on the schedule. But of all the assignments handed to him, Rod made his greatest hit as the laughing, jolly Master of Ceremonies of Free-for-All, the gala giveaway program.

As so often happens, Rod's greatest triumph brought him the least pleasure. He took pains to explain his feelings to his loved one, Eunice Madden, because he felt that they would never find happiness in their married life if they didn't share the same personal beliefs.

Pacing thoughtfully up and down the Madden living room, Rod said, "The giveaway program is the ultimate exaltation of our baser nature. It is a crass appeal to greed, and as such is more distasteful to me than I can tell you. Do you agree?"

"Oh, yes!" his lovely fiancée said. "Greed is a

terrible thing in people and should never be encouraged."

Rod rushed to her side and kissed her fondly. "I knew I could count on you to share my personal beliefs," he said rapturously. "The only thing that makes my present work tolerable is the knowledge that you, Eunice, are not listening when I M.C. Free-for-All."

"I don't see how anyone could listen to that terrible program, based purely on greed," Eunice said, her lovely blue eyes wide. "Maybe nobody does listen, Rod, and you don't have to be ashamed of doing the program!"

"They listen, all right," Rod said gloomily. "The only program I can really count on keeping secret is my news analysis, Roderick Feeney Reviews the News." He frowned thoughtfully, then said, "I've had another offer from that New York station to M.C. their new giveaway program, dear."

"Oh, Rod, how wonderful!" Eunice said.

"Is it?" Rod said coldly.

"I mean, that they would recognize your ability," she said quickly. "What did you tell them?"

"I will refuse, of course," Rod said, "unless they are willing to give me a news program as well."

Eunice was thoughtful for a moment. Then she said, "Rod, dear, I know how unselfish you are. But if they are offering more money, perhaps you should consider it. Not for us, of course. But there may be others to think of, after we're married."

Rod kissed her again, in an agony of happiness, and promised that he would not make any hasty decision about the New York offer. In his joy he sang her a verse and two choruses of what they called Our Song, a little-known ballad called Ivy on the Trellis in the Moonlight. It always served to remind them of the time Rod first kissed Eunice by the ivy-covered wall behind the library.

WHEN Rod Feeney finally accepted the position in New York, even though they had no use for his comments on the news, his decision was arrived at slowly, with the careful encouragement of Eunice.

Now the truth of the matter was that Eunice not only listened to Free-for-All, but was an avid follower of such network features as Win a Million, Truck It Away, Retire For Life and Fort Knox Roundup. Everyone in Perry Corners but Rod was aware that Eunice was as greedy and grasping as a young lady as ever walked the face of the earth. It was even whispered in town that she would have preferred any of several other young men to Rod,

were it not for the fact that she had shrewdly estimated Rod's potential earnings.

Eunice arranged that they would be married right after Rod's final broadcast of Free-for-All, before they left for New York. And just before he went on the air that night, Rod conceived of an idea that would not only signalize the end of his days at WXXX but would be in itself a touching tribute to his wife-to-be.

Toward the close of the program, Rod announced, "And now for the Mystery Jack Pot, that great big wonderful secret prize, plus a fifteen-pound turkey from Martinson's Store, home of fine produce and reasonable prices. Remember—the first person to phone in and correctly identify the Mystery Jack Pot Song wins the Mystery Jack Pot and the turkey, too! Who will it be?"

He played a record and smiled happily to himself. The Mystery Jack Pot was usually three dollars in cash, but Rod had increased it to five to mark the occasion. The song was Their Song, Ivy on the Trellis in the Moonlight. Rod knew that somebody was sure to tell Eunice about it and that she would be pleased.

AS SOON as the song was finished, the telephone in the studio rang. "Can you name the Mystery Jack Pot Song?" Rod shouted. "You can? What is it? . . . What? . . . What did you say? . . ." He paused dramatically, as he always did, while the studio audience giggled nervously. Then he shouted, "Correct! Ivy on the Trellis in the Moonlight is absolutely correct! Who is this calling, please?"

There was an awful moment of silence on the other end of the wire, and in that moment Rod knew. His fine deep voice was suddenly lifeless as he said again, "Who is this?"

The silence continued for a moment, but greed is just as terrible a thing as Rod always said it was, and finally the voice said, softly, "It's Eunice, Rod. I'll explain later, darling. But please . . . what is the Jack Pot? Tell me!"

Rod hung up slowly, his mind dark with despair. But he was enough of a trouper to know that the show must go on, so he turned to the microphone and said, "We have a winner, folks, and now for the great surprise! The Special Mystery Jack Pot!" He paused for a moment, swallowed hard, then went on in a firm, steady voice. "In addition to the fifteen-pound turkey tonight, we are giving away, absolutely free, one lovely young woman—five-foot-four, light blond hair, deep blue eyes—"

And he did it, too.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



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JAMES CROW DISCOVERS HIS SPRING, 1825

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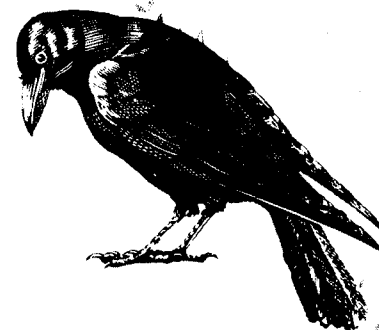
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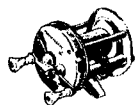
The controlled flexibility of its tip has just the right whip for perfect, effortless casting. You haven't seen anything—or felt anything—in bait casting rods until you've cast with a South Bender.

#411 South Bender

Presto-*Lock* offset handle locks reel and tip, aligns stainless steel guides and tip-top perfectly. Lengths 4'11" and 5½'. \$13.50. Solid and tubular steel rods, \$5.50 to \$16.50.



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No. 952 Dive-Oreno
Deep-diving, fast-action bait that gets big fish. \$1.25.



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Airport into a long neon-lighted conduit of roadside stands, and finally spewed out into the suburban no man's land that lies between New York and Philadelphia.

The general would feel a good deal more at home on Highway 30 through the fox hunting suburbs of Philadelphia and westward on the old Lancaster Turnpike. The sunbonneted women at work in the fields and the horse and buggy rigs he would pass with a black-bearded Amishman at the reins would take him back to his youth when he helped survey the route through the heart of the buxomly lovely Pennsylvania Dutch farm lands.

Protection Against Witches

Some of the bright red brick houses and enormous barns where Washington billeted his troops are still standing. Even the new ones, built on the same design, are plastered with the brightly colored tulip and star designs to ward off evil hexerei.

Have the signs actually worked? "Ain't!" replies a Schwenkfeldian farmer whose family has multiplied and prospered on the same rich hundred acres his great-great-grandfather bought over 200 years ago.

Across the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh you have your choice of two roads. Route 30 through Gettysburg, Chambersburg and Bedford is the way to enjoy the scenery and relive scene after scene of American history. The food and accommodations along this stretch of road are the best on the Lincoln Highway—quite a change from the early days of the Republic when William Birkbeck, an English merchant on his way to Illinois, stopped overnight at Chambersburg and was appalled by the "gregariousness" of the inns.

"Guests must strip en masse," he wrote back home, "and after undressing in public you are fortunate if you escape a partner in bed, in addition to the bugs which you cannot escape."

The road itself dates back to the Whisky Rebellion when farmers hereabouts turned their corn into whisky because they couldn't haul the bulky grain to market. Their refusal to pay the federal excise tax on whisky brought home the need for better transportation and resulted in the first all-weather highway between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

If you want a foretaste of superhighways to come, take the Pennsylvania Turnpike just west of Harrisburg. With the exception of the two-lane tunnels, it's 160 miles of divided four-lane highway—with broad curves, no traffic lights, no crossroads, and a 70-mile speed limit. Its shaved-down hills and tunnels save 9,000 feet of vertical climb.

The speed of the pike almost completely detaches you from the countryside. The sudden flash of a lake or trout stream, a forgotten cemetery on a hillside, a red tractor tiny as a ladybug against a sloping field, all these are remote as something seen from a plane. At night the reflectors trace a starry pathway through the blackness and the drum roll of tires over the tar seams is the timpani for music of the spheres.

The music stops abruptly when the turnpike ends and the road ahead rushes like hot sheet metal into the rolling mill of Pittsburgh traffic.

Every region you pass has its superman, and sometimes they can tell you a good deal about the country. Here in the smoking Allegheny Valley his name is Joe Magarac (Hungarian for jackass), a legendary steelworker who can hold back a locomotive with one hand, make 2,000 tons of steel a day, and drink

THE GLORY ROAD

Continued from page 16

prune jack by the washtubful. But the secret of Joe's happiness is simple: He's made of pure steel.

From Pittsburgh westward for almost 100 miles the road snarls through a countryside that has been bruised and bled by industry. Early travelers marveled at its beauty, called it the Rhineland of America. Steam shovels have long since climbed over the once-green hills, gutting them of their coal. The smog rests in the valleys as gray and inert as an oyster in the half shell.

Entering the Middle West somewhere west of Pittsburgh and driving across the rich farm lands of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois gives you the same sense of relief and security you might feel coming out of the rain into a kitchen steaming with vittles. It isn't only the prosperity you see reflected in the freshly painted barns, the modern farm equipment and the plump cattle. It's the pride the people out here have found in their job of helping to feed the world.

In Indiana you pull up beside a farm truck heaped high with corn and ask the man behind the wheel what it's worth.

"'Bout a hundred lives, I reckon," he will answer.

The "I reckon" is no mere colloquialism. Along the entire length of the highway dedicated to the Great Emancipator you'll find a lot to reckon with. Most of the hotels and tourist courts exclude Negroes and in almost every roadside café hangs a notice: "The Management Reserves the Right to Seat Its Patrons."

In Illinois you gas up at a country church which has been turned into a filling station. No parson ever looked more pious than the white-robed attendant kneeling to inflate a tire. Arms up-raised as though in prayer, another attendant stands before a new 10-ton truck, pouring water in the radiator. "What happened to the congregation?" you ask him presently.

"They're goin' to town," he tells you.

The whole Middle West is goin' to town in a big way. Almost every town you pass has its imposing consolidated school, a modern department store and the kind of hospital or clinic you associate with big cities. That means fewer and fewer one-room schoolhouses, horse-and-buggy doctors and old-fashioned general stores. It also means better education, better health and a lot of fun for the farmer. As a tourist in search of the picturesque, you may miss the old cracker-barrel flavor. But not the farmer.

Farm Life Gets Less Rugged

The farmer is still splurging on labor-saving machinery. The big new implement stores along the highway can't get the machinery in fast enough. They feature labor-saving household devices, too, and what with modern stoves and refrigerators, automatic washing machines and even dishwashers, there's little truth left in the Hoosier jingle:

*Some people tell us that there
ain't no hell,
But they never farmed, so how
can they tell?*

How about the future? "Nobody expects it to last forever," a county agent tells you. "But it won't be like after the last war."

Then, many farmers borrowed heavily to invest in new land and equipment. This time they've paid up their mortgages, bought new equipment from earnings, and built up savings accounts. Some of the more rugged individualists accept government subsidies somewhat in the spirit of an American general drinking the last half-dozen toasts of vodka. But

nobody turns them down, and most farmers welcome the advice of government experts in running a farm plant that has become as complex as many a factory.

It was here in the Middle West in 1913 that the idea for the Lincoln Highway was first conceived. The man who started it was the late Carl Graham Fisher, the rambunctious Hoosier auto salesman and racer who made millions from Prest-O-Lite gas for headlights, built the Indianapolis Speedway and later turned a mangrove swamp into Miami Beach.

The idea was born during a spring thunderstorm on a dirt road just outside of Indianapolis. Fisher was driving a couple of business associates back from his plant and lost his way in the dark. He had long griped about bad roads. Now he was mad enough to try to do something about them. It looked pretty hopeless. We had over 2,000,000 miles of road—almost as many as today. But they were mere feelers radiating out from towns and cities. There were no more than 250 miles of concrete road in the whole country.

"The automobile won't get anywhere till it has roads to travel on," Fisher told a group of automobile manufacturers whom he called together. Then he told them what they could do about it: To wake up the country to the need for good roads, he wanted the automobile industry to build a "coast-to-coast rock highway," to be financed out of a self-imposed levy on gross income.

Object Lessons in Concrete

Fisher got almost \$2,000,000 in pledges. Some of the money was used later to plant half a dozen "seedling miles" of concrete pavement along the worst stretches of dirt road. These life rafts in a sea of mud brought home the need for hard roads as nothing else could.

But paving a coast-to-coast highway was biting off considerably more than the young automobile industry could chew. The late Henry B. Joy, Packard Company president who took over the movement where Fisher left off, soon turned the Lincoln Highway Association into a high-powered "educational bureau." Instead of building the highway, the association "proclaimed it."

To celebrate the "opening," six states declared legal holidays and set off bonfires along a thousand miles of the route. Slogans like "See America First" and "Tighten The Union" plus the patriotic appeal of Lincoln's name brought in contributions from as far as Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands. Every community along the way had its Lincoln Highway "consul" to stir up local interest. In the West, whole towns shut up shop for "road days" when public-spirited citizens turned out with pickaxes and shovels to lay culverts and fill chuckholes.

But actual road building was still in the hands of counties and townships which had no intention of taxing themselves for the convenience of outsiders who burned up the roads in "devil wagons," as some newspapers still referred to autos. Obviously, good roads would have to wait till federal and state governments spent the money to build them.

The Lincoln Highway backers set out to create the demand for a road system on which ordinary Americans could drive anywhere in the nation. It was a large order. In the days before World War I, the idea of motorizing the common man sounded preposterous. The newly elected President, Woodrow Wilson, sent in his \$5 check for member-

Collier's for March 26, 1949



Why should a Woman care about CORNER POSTS ?

That post between windshield and door holds one corner of the roof over your head — so it has to be strong for safety's sake.

But a wide, heavy corner post means a "blind spot" in your vision — makes it hard to see other cars swinging out of driveways ahead of you, or children running into the street. And that's not good from the safety standpoint.

But — look at the 1949 Body by Fisher — and see the happy answer smart engineering has come up with! That post is as strong as ever, but far *narrower*—easier for you to see around.

This is but one of the many examples of the solid, enduring, built-in superiority of every Body by Fisher.

Slam the doors — run the windows up and down — test the seats for soft, resilient riding comfort. You'll find you can *hear* the difference, *feel* the difference, *see* the difference when it's Body by Fisher.

And remember — only a car built by General Motors can boast of such extra values—because only General Motors cars have Body by Fisher.



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In your next car, choose a Body by Fisher with foam rubber cushions — and make a happy discovery! They'll never sag, mildew, nor absorb dampness. They'll take all the beating an active family can hand out — yet stay in handsome shape to welcome your guests.

For in Fisher Body's foam latex seats you ride literally on air — on millions of tiny bubbles. Gently buoyed, insulated from road hum and vibration, you float—on a cloud of rubber.

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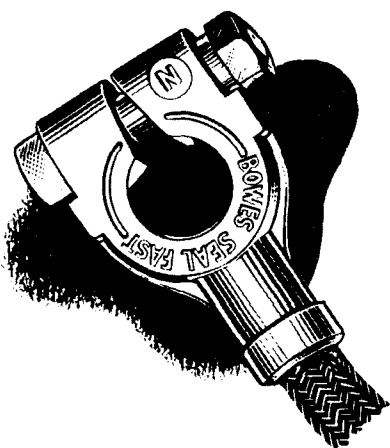
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ship number one in the Lincoln Highway Association. But only a few years before, Professor Wilson of Princeton had said; "Nothing has spread socialistic feeling in this country more than the automobile . . . They are a picture of wealth with all its independence and carelessness."

"I'll never insure a gasoline can on wheels, the noisy, stinking things," said the president of one of our biggest life insurance companies.

As an automobilist, you were the enemy of man's best friend, the horse. Early suggestions to solve the problem by making automobiles look like horses had been abandoned. As to the suggestion that horses would eventually get used to the autos, Senator Joseph W. Bailey told the United States Senate that he doubted it since he himself had never overcome his fear of them. "If I had my way," he said, "I would make it a crime to use automobiles on the public highways."

One county in West Virginia did just that. And farmers in the East and Middle West organized anti-automobile leagues and fought for restrictive measures.

Nevertheless, the Lincoln Highway went through. But a trip on it still required almost as much advance preparation as a journey by covered wagon, took almost as long, and lacked many of the wagon's conveniences, including an adequate shelter against the elements. Remember side curtains?

You don't have to be very old to remember when you loaded your running boards with toolbox, spare parts and tire kit, and emergency oil, gas and water tanks. That was enough for a week-end expedition. But for the cross-country trip you added more water tanks, an ax, shovel, complete camping equipment, goggles, plenty of big handkerchiefs to tie around your nose, and a pair of hip-length rubber boots.

Desert Roads That Vanished

The Lincoln Highway Association published a long, yellow strip-map of the route, but your compass still came in handy for picking the fork in the road that veered in the right direction and for navigating some of the Western deserts in which roads disappeared altogether.

Driving hours were still pretty much limited to daylight, speeds of over 35 were rare, and with flat tires and mechanical breakdowns you were lucky to make it across the nation in five weeks—if you made it at all. Garages and filling stations were few and far between, and in many towns you still had to go to the drugstore or the blacksmith shop for gasoline.

A steep grade was a hazard for which you braced yourself miles ahead, and finally advanced the spark and stepped on the gas to get a running start.

"Don't drive in the ruts," the signs along the road advised. But sometimes you couldn't help it, and if the ruts weren't too deep you could go for miles without touching the steering wheel.

From Illinois westward, it was dirt roads all the way. In dry weather the dust ballooned up treetop-high behind every car. A light shower made the road as slick as a greased pig. A hard rain turned it into a mud canal.

How far west could you travel "pleasurably" by car? To find out, Collier's, in 1915, dispatched Mrs. Emily Post across country with chauffeur and a touring car. It was fine till they passed De Kalb, Illinois. After that Mrs. Post found the mud roads most "dampening to one's ardor for motoring."

Little by little, the Lincoln Highway acquired a hard surface till the only big gap was in Iowa. There the squabble between the "mud-roaders" and the "hard-roaders" lasted into the twenties. Curiously enough, the mud-roaders in

the legislature came from the northern part of the state where ice age glaciers had dumped ample gravel deposits and roads were good.

It took a football game to bring them around and pull Iowa out of the mire. Rainfall during the big 1922 Armistice Day game between the University of Iowa and Minnesota marooned hundreds of cars from all over the state. At its next session the Iowa legislature went hog-wild for hard roads.

The success of the Lincoln Highway inspired a swarm of similar road promotion outfits backed by merchants who wanted to steer tourist business into their towns. Each route had its own name and emblem, and dozens of them ran into the Lincoln Highway.

By 1925 the emblems covering the telegraph poles became so confusing that federal and state highway officials agreed on the present system of numbers to replace almost a thousand different names.

The original Lincoln Highway route stuck pretty close to Route 30 from Philadelphia to Salt Lake, and from there on 50 to San Francisco. Nowadays, many coast-to-coast motorists bypass the old route by taking the turnpike over the Alleghenies and cutting straight across the Middle West over Routes 24 and 34. From Salt Lake to San Francisco, the bulk of them take Route 40, the old "Victory Highway."

But the name has stuck, even though the route has changed, and 24 years after numbers took the place of the red-white-and-blue markers, motorists still say they're taking the Lincoln Highway.

"Main Street of America" they used to advertise it in the early days. That took a good deal of poetic license then. But today you'll find the Lincoln Highway is not merely a main street but a new kind of city. There's practically no service or commodity you can't pick up on the fly in its stores, hotels, motor courts, cafés, theaters, bars and casinos.

In a hundred years the dusty trails of the forty-niners have become a neon-lighted Motoropolis where motorists spend more every year than all the gold ever dug out of California.

In a few of the roadside establishments, your "tourist dollar" buys only half as much as the local dollar. But

most of them are run by honest folk who do the best they know how to give you your money's worth.

Your best bet in buying along the road is to join your local motor club and comply with its A.A.A. recommendations. Membership in your local club entitles you to the services of motor clubs all along the way, and from long experience with confused tourists they're prepared for anything.

New Meaning for Old Question

"How are the roads?" Not so long ago that meant "Can you get through?" Now it's a question of the time you can make. Don't let it spoil your trip, but the Lincoln Highway, like other main roads, has not kept pace with improvements in the automobile and the ever-increasing volume of traffic. Congestion has taken the place of mud, and the worst congestion is in the East and the Middle West.

With the exception of the Pennsylvania Turnpike and a few short stretches of modern four-lane highway, the Eastern section is carrying up to five or six times as much traffic as it can easily handle. In every city you tangle with a traffic snarl. The worst is Pittsburgh where you grope through streets as narrow and twisting as a tunnel of love.

Once you hit the West, though, the road, like the people, opens up and unbends. From here on in, it's what you came for in the first place. Opinions vary about just where the West begins. But don't give it a thought. Even if this is your first trip, you'll recognize it from what you overheard as a child in the strum of a banjo or the hoot of a distant locomotive in the night.

Next week the author takes you West, where the brawling spirit of the railroad builders and the indomitable courage of the covered-wagon pioneers still cling to the route the Lincoln Highway follows. The mountains and tales are taller, the plains and humor are broader on the last half of this continent-spanning trip.

Clancy

By John Ruge



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Collier's for March 26, 1949

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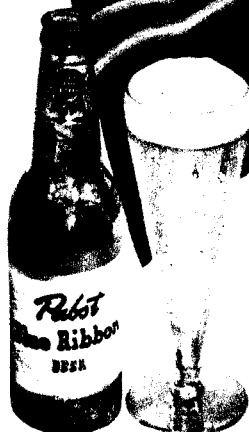


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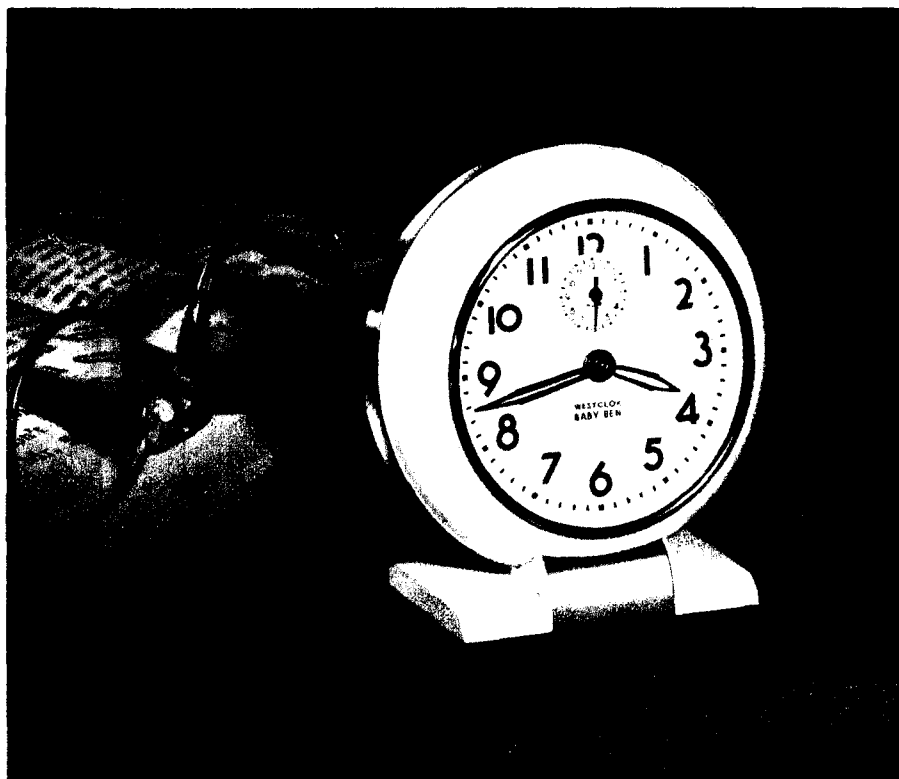


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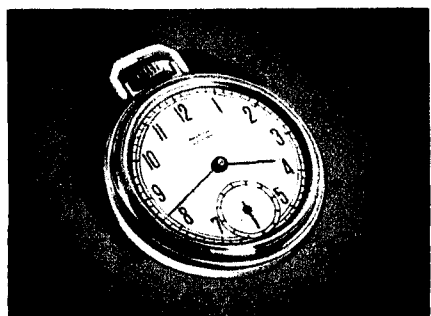
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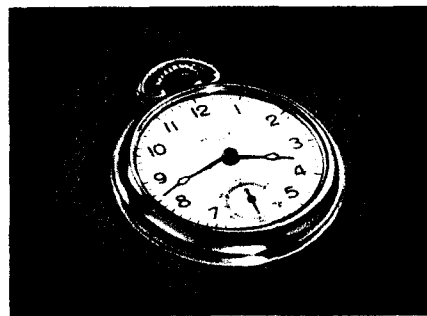


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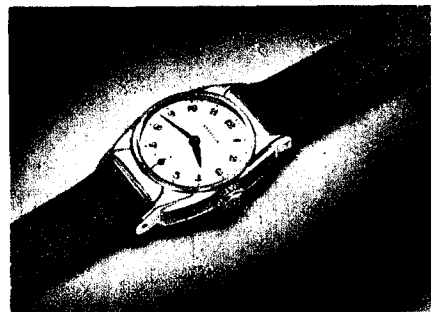
your choice of black or ivory finish, he's \$4.75—or, with luminous dial, one dollar more.



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BARRYMORE, THE LIONHEARTED

Continued from page 21

minutes, perhaps the greatest ovation for an individual in the history of our theater.

Arthur Hopkins, producer of the great Barrymore plays, thinks Lionel was soured on the theater by the failure of his production of Macbeth. In any event Lionel left soon thereafter for Hollywood and has never returned to Broadway.

After his first big Hollywood picture, Rex Beach's *The Barrier*, he was signed to a good contract and then virtually forgotten. For six years he was in the shadows, finally doing bit parts and walk-ons.

"In one of my more important roles," he says caustically, "I supported Flash, the Wonder Dog."

What brought him back was talking pictures. Their advent terrified the movie colony, and everybody who had ever had two lines in a Broadway play was requisitioned. Barrymore went into *The Lion and the Mouse* and it was a terrific hit.

Then he became a director. But after directing *The Rogue Song*, with Lawrence Tibbett starring, he was tapped for a role in *A Free Soul* with Norma Shearer, stole the picture, won an Academy Award and gave up directing forever.

"What's the point of it?" he asks. "You lie awake all night thinking about the next day's work and spend your lunch hour worrying instead of eating. And, anyhow, who wants to nurse a gang of actors? Let somebody nurse me."

Lionel was in Hollywood long before Jack and knew the ropes well enough to look after his famous brother when he arrived. This took doing because Jack soared in with the splendor of a Roman candle and snuffed out almost as fast. Lionel saved his Hollywood career by talking M-G-M into using them both in *Arsene Lupin*. By a little wheedling with the writers, Lionel got the emphasis of the script shifted so Jack had the good lines. It was a ring-tailed, roaring hit and Jack Barrymore was back on the rails again.

A Younger Brother's Homage

Jack revered Lionel and considered him the greatest man and the greatest actor in the world. Somebody once asked him about his relations with his brother and Jack said, "Talk back to Mike? What're you trying to do—get my teeth knocked in?"

Lionel was always "Mike" to his brother John, and John was "Jake" to Lionel. From the beginning they were nuts about sports, and at Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey, where they dallied fitfully with the books, both were on the baseball team and Lionel was good enough to warrant minor-league attention.

Both Lionel and Jack had painting ambitions and, after he left college, Lionel had three years in Paris under Jean Paul Laurens. When his money ran out he came back wearing a Left Bank beard that made him look like a Tammany alderman. Jack had picked up a few minor illustrating jobs on newspapers but Lionel hung around like the proverbial thirsty hound with no luck whatever. That sent Lionel back to acting in road companies, but such a life had nothing to recommend itself to an ambitious young man.

"It was a great thing, the Barrymore name," he says sarcastically. "I was only twelve years in the sticks before I got my first Broadway part."

When they were back in New York between seasons, Jack and Lionel

shared a Washington Square apartment which had an icebox as its exclusive bit of furnishing. They had no beds, no tables, no chairs. There was a party every night (hence the icebox).

The free lunch at Gilsey's famous bar at Thirtieth and Broadway was first-rate and they could consort with such renowned theatrical figures as Henry Dixey, Charley Grapewin, Nat Goodwin and Robert Hilliard. After the show they'd land up at Brown's Chop House or Martin's, and from there go on to make the rounds.

"We'd come out of a bar and start working our way up Broadway, another saloon every few steps," recalls Lionel. "Hell, in Hollywood if you leave one bar you may have to go six miles before you hit the next one."

But all that is in the past. Lionel has reformed and in late years has been sticking in great part to the Dr. Kildare-Dr. Gillespie epics at M-G-M. This has allowed him to do his work in a wheel chair even if it hasn't appreciably advanced his art as an actor. There have been outside excursions in *Duel in the Sun* and *Key Largo* but it was only lately that a development occurred in his life that may start him on a new career.

It came about when 20th Century-Fox began casting for *Down to the Sea in Ships*, a new and different version of the old success. Henry Hathaway was doing the directing and the usual procedure was followed in casting the picture.

"What we need for the part of the captain," said the deep thinkers at Fox, "is somebody like Lionel Barrymore. He has to look like a captain and he has to bellow like a bull."

So they made tests of sundry gentry and shook their heads sadly. Finally somebody turned up with a wonderful idea. "We want somebody that looks like Barrymore and can holler like Barrymore and act like Barrymore. . . . Why don't we just get Barrymore?"

This was sensible enough but it was also risky. The picture depended on the forcefulness of the captain, and Lionel was a wheel-chair citizen who had been merely trifling with acting in the Dr. Gillespie charades. But it was either Barrymore or nobody, and he was hired.

The results were frightening from the beginning. Hathaway spent three days trying to get a short scene that opened the picture. Barrymore, as captain, was uttering the customary prayer for the successful voyage of the whaler. He forgot the lines, muffed the lines, blew up on the lines, stumbled over the lines. There were 50 shots the first day, 50 the second day—and still the scene wasn't finished.

The blowup came on the afternoon when Hathaway was explaining a scene to Lionel and found he had fallen asleep.

"Lionel," he said. "I saw you at lunch. You had two beef stews and at least a loaf of bread. How can you expect to keep awake when you eat like that? You know how things are around here: The rushes are a mess. When Zanuck gets back and sees them he'll probably give us all the heave-ho!"

Barrymore was silent for a minute. "Henry," he said finally, "you aren't telling me anything I don't know. I've been terrible. I'll tell you what let's do: I'll eat cottage cheese for lunch and I'll go home for a week and think things over. You can shoot around me and then I'll come back and we can start over."

When he came back he was a new man. Scenes that had formerly been exercises in elocution suddenly took on atomic force. The results were so spec-

Collier's for March 26, 1949

tacular that there are critics who claim Down to the Sea in Ships is Barrymore's greatest performance.

The climax came soon after his return. His stand-in, Frank Stevens, who has been with Barrymore for 25 years and is possibly his closest friend, had been used to doing Barrymore's walking. A shot would be taken of Barrymore about to rise from his chair. The camera would then take up Stevens, walking away. That ended one day with a typical Barrymore roar.

"Frank, you low-down, scoundrelly, idiotic impostor," he bellowed. "Get out of the way and let the old man walk!"

Crippled Mariner Revolts

He got up and limped his way across the set, dragging his swollen leg behind him. It was a perfect re-enactment of the role of the crippled mariner. The lionhearted Lionel then refused any longer to take advantage of the platform that hoisted him from the floor of the stage to the deck of the ship. He dragged his way up the gangplank with the painful and determined pleasure of a man who is thoroughly tired of invalidism.

"No-o-o-o-o!" he cried with the vehement exasperation of a disgusted man. "It's got nothing to do with the show must go on. That's nonsense. In the movies they can always yank you and get somebody better. It's this darned leg showing a little sense. If I can just get this pot down. . . ."

Barrymore, who will be seventy-one next month, has been on the stage and in the movies 55 years. And when he is asked why he is still at it, he snorts. "I work for one reason only," he says, "to keep that man Snyder in Washington happy."

There are those who feel that Barrymore is more or less hard-boiled. He is nothing of the sort. He has been invariably helpful to young actors on the M-G-M lot and his adoration of Irene Fenwick has become a Hollywood legend. His first marriage to Doris Rankin broke up in 1922 after 18 years and he married Miss Fenwick the next year when they were both playing in Belasco's Laugh, Clown, Laugh. He was madly in love with his wife—as everyone knew—and when, after six years as a semi-invalid, she died on Christmas Eve, 1936, he collapsed and spent weeks in a sanatorium.

What followed was an episode almost

spectacular in its poignancy: He never again set foot in the house where Miss Fenwick died but kept it exactly as she had left it. The servants continued in employment and the household ran as it had always done. Unfortunately, some years later, Barrymore had to sell the house to meet a government tax lien.

Lionel is still a handsome man—a strong, commanding personality. He has unusually long hands with tapering fingers which he employs almost exclusively for holding cigarettes. He is a chain smoker, and when you talk with him these days in the front seat of his car (his favorite place for interviews) he has a paper carton beside him on the seat, filled with loose cigarettes and kitchen matches. After half an hour of talk, the ground outside is strewn with cigarette butts and his vest is covered with cigarette ashes.

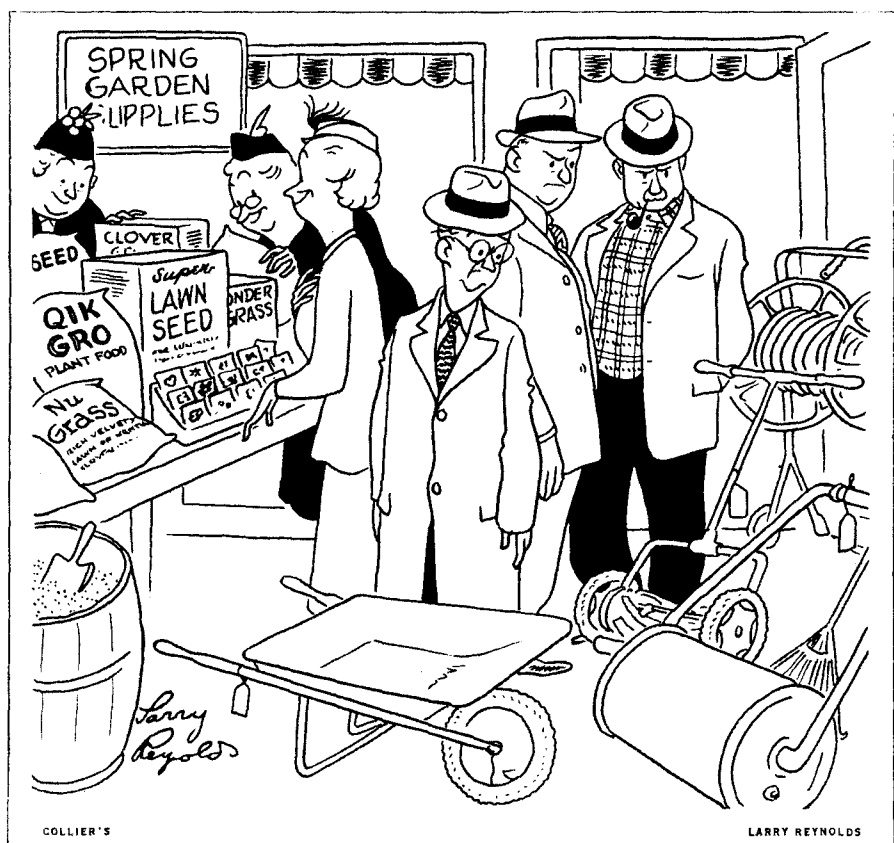
He knots his necktie loosely and has always worn loose-fitting clothes, running strongly to tweeds. He devours newspapers and absolutely refuses to start the day without his morning paper. He rests between scenes by playing sonatas on the grand piano in his dressing room. He hates cats, loves dogs, malted milks and hamburgers. He has a rare collection of limericks, none of which could be told in a nursery.

Today, he retains his disdainful regard for all maudlin utterances about the traditions of the stage. He recalls the days of the silent pictures when his talent was so little respected that he was eventually playing in animal pictures. And he recalls his reply to those who tried to commiserate with him. "They're paying me good," he said, "and I'm living in a house and I haven't seen a dressing-room cockroach in years."

When his friends talk nostalgically of the past, he gets excited. "The good old days—bah!" he cries explosively. "I lived so long on free lunches, I've felt like a refugee ever since. The good old days! Bah!"

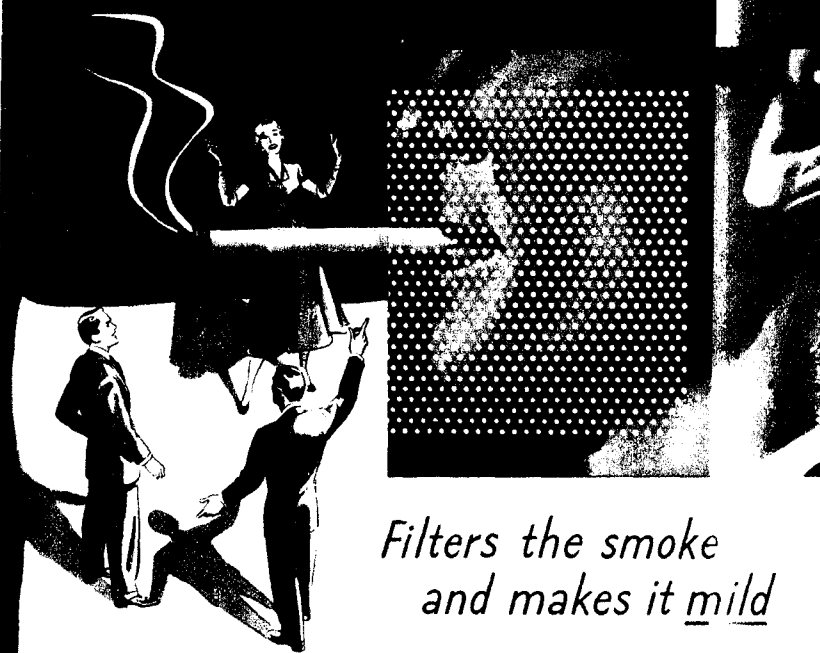
And when he sees a reference to the acting blood in his veins, he snorts and becomes spectacularly profane.

"When a grocer's son becomes a grocer, is that because he has ketchup or baked beans in his blood?" he exclaims. "We became actors because we were brought up with nothing but actors and found it the easiest touch for a quick buck. If our old man had been a garbage collector, we'd probably still be on a truck."



Collier's for March 26, 1949

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OUTSTANDING/ and they are mild!

New Born

Cartoonist Don Tobin draws upon some recent personal experiences



"Oh, dar-ling! You know that new car and the television set you were planning on . . . ?"



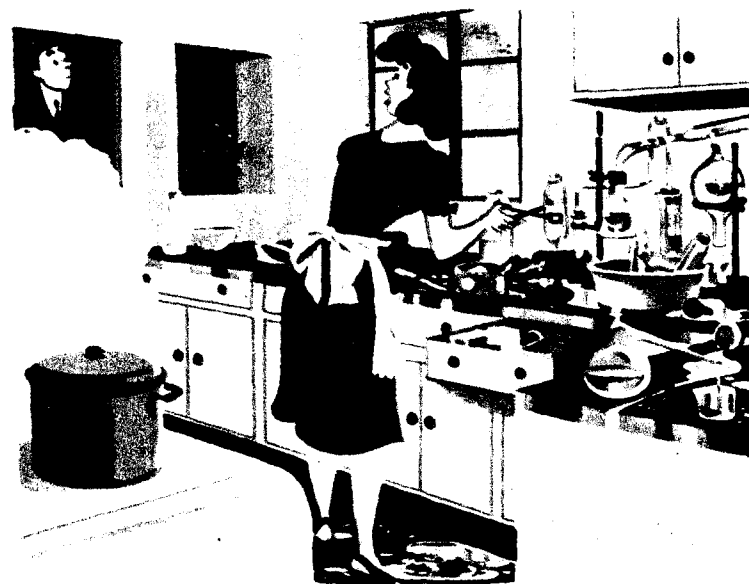
"She's on schedule, all right. It's just that we haven't learned what it is yet"



"But, Doctor, you don't understand! She's crying!"



"The bath should be a pleasant time of relaxation and play for both baby and mother . . ."



"What does it look as though I'm doing? I'm fixing the formula!"



"She doesn't seem to be hungry!"

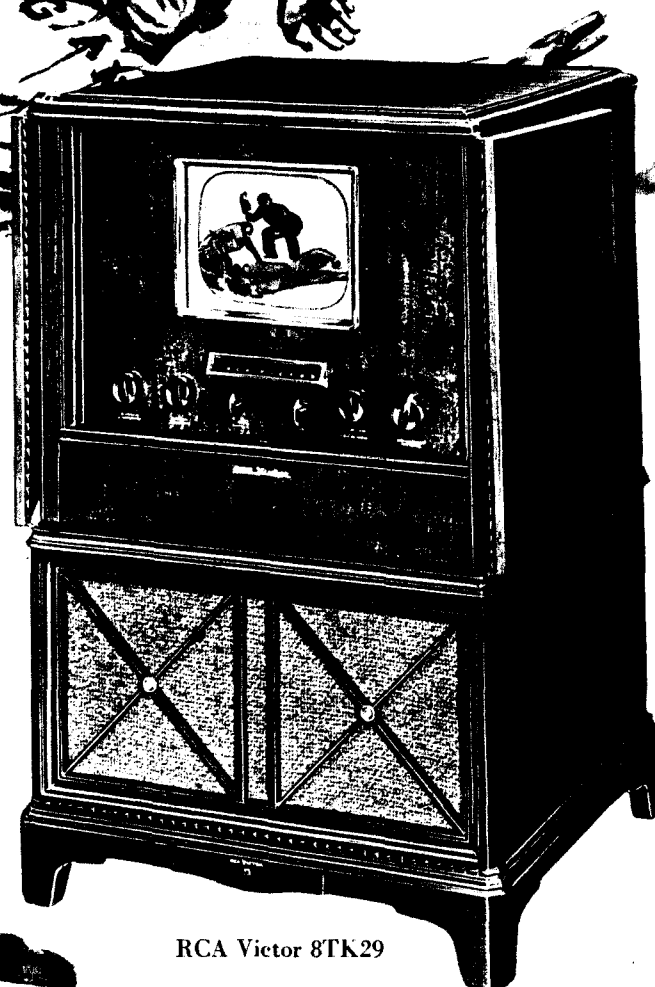


RCA VICTOR performance for Television and AM-FM Radio

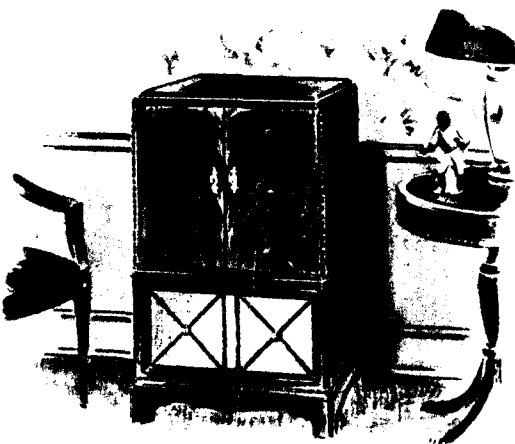
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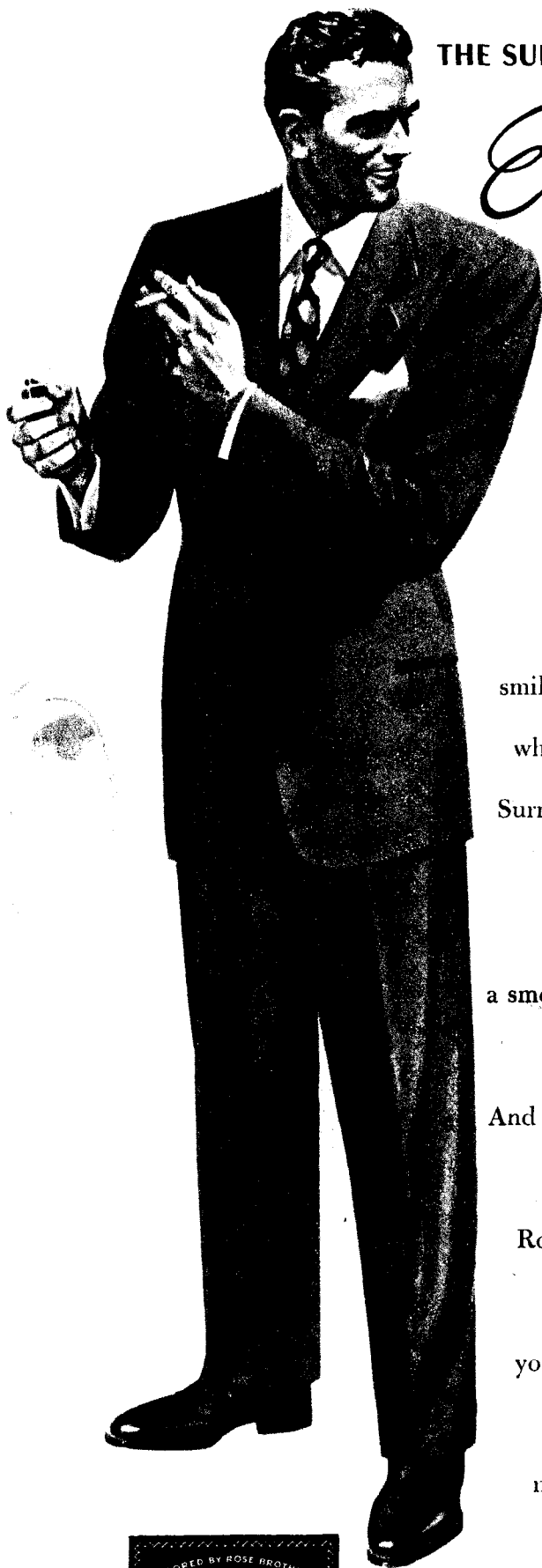


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MOVE OVER, PLEASE

Continued from page 23

"But I do have a place," Dizzy said. "This place."

"Call him back and tell him you don't have this place. I have."

"I can't," Dizzy said. "He calls from pay stations."

Malloy sighed and picked up the telephone. He called Stub Ames and Hank Baker without success. He settled down with the classified directory on his knee and called one hotel after another.

"I'm hungry," Dizzy announced.

Malloy glanced toward the kitchenette. "Food supplies don't come with a furnished apartment," he said. "So by all means, help yourself."

"I ate everything up when I thought I was going to move. And I don't dare go out. I might not be able to get back in."

SUDDENLY, Malloy felt alarmed. Always, his first evening back, he took Wendy Haywood to dinner. But if Dizzy suspected that he might lock her out of the apartment, it followed inevitably that if he took Wendy to dinner he would find himself locked out.

"Our mutual trust," he murmured, "is a wonderful thing. You and I will go out together."

"I'd choke," Dizzy said.

"That's an idea," Malloy reached for the phone. "Choke or starve," he added. "It's up to you." Violently he dialed Wendy's number. "Look, honey," he said when her rich, warm voice came to him, "troubles I have. We'll have to postpone our dinner date until tomorrow night."

"Darling!" Wendy exclaimed. "Did something go wrong?"

"If you mean with the chief pilot, not exactly, except he said he was going to hire a man in a white coat to follow me around. But that's just his little whimsey. I'll explain tomorrow."

"Where are you now, Jim? At your new apartment? If you are, I'll come right over and help you."

Strain was in Jim's voice. "Oh, no. I'm doing fine."

Dizzy sneezed. It was a very lady-like sneeze. But Wendy's voice was crisp over the wire. "What was that?"

"What was what?" Malloy asked. Dizzy sneezed again.

"Jim," Wendy said, "who is there with you?"

"Look, honey," Malloy said, "things are a little confused at the moment. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow night." He put down the phone and looked hard at Dizzy.

"Are you getting a cold, I hope?" he inquired. "A hospital room might be the solution."

"You're so thoughtful, Malloy," Dizzy said.

"I'm famous for it," Malloy said. "Come on, let's go out—together—and chew something. Then we'll come back—together—and I'll help you pack."

Over the steaks at Mike's, Malloy broke the silence. "You must have some other name than Dizzy," he said. "Or could it be that your mother was clairvoyant when she had you christened?"

"Oh, no. I was christened Virginia. They began calling me 'Dizzy' at the office when the boss broke his leg. Then—you know—it sort of spread."

Malloy put down his fork. "How did you break the boss's leg?"

"We won't go into that," Dizzy said. Then she looked at his four gold stripes. "When do you fly somewhere again?"

"I don't," he said. "I'm buying an interest in a travel agency."

"Is that good?" she asked. "You don't seem the type to be behind the counter and saying, 'No, madam, I advise not taking your canary. The birdseed situ-

ation at Antibes is very critical.' Don't you like flying?"

"You go up and then you come down," he said. "You make a lot of money while you're young, but when you ought to be at your peak you're about through. I've saved a bit of money. This seems as good a time as any to make the move."

"You sound," Dizzy said, "as if you were trying to sell me one of the better funerals. Somebody has talked you into something. If I liked you, I'd be upset about it."

She dug into her alligator bag, found her compact and inspected a heart-shaped face with which she was patently dissatisfied. "I look," she said, "as if I had been hanging too long in a dark closet. Excuse me while I go and put on a new face."

Malloy, his strong-boned face set, watched her go, thinking it odd she should have found the thing which had been troubling him ever since the travel agency opportunity had been offered him. But of course Wendy had been right. He had been flying for a long, long time. At thirty-two he was old enough to weigh his future against the sense of release he always felt when he felt the power of 10,000 horses hurl his great ship down the runway and into the air.

He had been pretty stubborn when Wendy had first pointed out that it was high time he looked to his future, and that it would be unsettling being married to a man who was in San Francisco today and in Honolulu, or somewhere, tomorrow. Wendy convinced him that everything he had done since leaving college had prepared him for this travel agency thing. It was only when he was in the air, with the familiar gauges and dials banked before him and the roar of the engines in his ears, that doubts assailed him.

He came out of his abstraction suddenly as he glimpsed a very red head unobtrusively leaving the restaurant by the side door. He rose hastily, dropped a ten-dollar bill on the table and reached the sidewalk just in time to see Dizzy's taxicab swinging around the corner. He climbed into the next cab in line.

Giving his address, he told the driver, "That cab that just pulled away is going to the same place. Get me there first and there's an extra buck for the baby's shoes."

"I've already picked 'em out," said the driver.

MALLOY had seated himself by the window when Dizzy hurried in, very pleased with herself. She stopped short and stared.

"Won't you come in for a minute?" Malloy asked, politely.

Dizzy went to the telephone and dialed in quick, angry strokes. Then, "Oh, so you're back, Tony. This is Miss Coleman in 8B. Come up here right away. If you're not up here in five minutes, I'll start dropping furniture down the air shaft."

Malloy beamed. "Are we going to have company?"

"Very briefly," she replied.

Not more than four minutes of sultry silence dragged past before a knock rattled Wendy's portrait on the table. Dizzy flung the door wide. Tony was unprepossessing. His small eyes were close-set and his nose, which was of impressive proportions, had a raffish list to starboard. He favored Malloy with a sour look.

"Tony," Dizzy said, "this man won't get out of my apartment."

Tony popped his eyes at Malloy. "Out, bum," he said. "Out."

Jim smiled. "Aren't you the geek," he asked, "who took Miss Coleman for a

Collier's for March 26, 1949

week's rent after I had already paid?"

"A lawyer, yet," said the superintendent. "Do you walk out or do I thrum you out?"

"You thrum me out."

"Wait a minute, Tony," Dizzy cried. "First, let's—"

But Tony was a man of action. He took three swift steps. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, he stumbled and crashed full length on the floor.

Malloy glanced in astonishment at Dizzy, whose expression was one of complete innocence.

"That," she said, "is the way the boss broke his leg. You might see if Tony has forty dollars on him."

Malloy, putting his weight on Tony, dug into the man's pockets and passed a roll of bills to Dizzy, who peeled some money from the roll and passed the remainder back to Malloy. Restoring it to Tony's pocket, he pulled the man to his feet and started him toward the still open door.

"Listen, you—" Tony began.

Malloy hustled him to the threshold, gave him a shove and closed the door. Tony's fists thundered on the panel and his voice lifted in passionate expostulation, but Malloy turned back into the living room where Dizzy was placing money on the table.

"There's your forty dollars," she said.

"Your forty, you mean," Malloy said. "Why did you trip him? You were going to have him throw me out."

"He seemed too impulsive, sort of," said Dizzy.

She went into the bedroom and fussed around with things. Malloy, humming with elaborate unconcern, tried to call Les Taylor, but there was no answer. Nor did either Stub Ames or Hank Baker appear to be in. He called four more hotels. He dropped the phone book on the floor and sat back, brooding heavily.

Dizzy appeared in the doorway her red head seeming to catch all the light in the room. "Are you still here?"

"From now on," he said.

She went back into the bedroom. There was a sliding noise as a suitcase came shooting out into the living room. The second followed. The fat brief case came sailing through the air.

"Pick up your forty dollars as you leave," she called.

"There's a locker trunk in the corner," he reminded her.

"Send for it tomorrow."

The door slammed and the lock rasped home.

Malloy glanced at his watch and was astonished to discover that it was after ten o'clock. He was bone-tired with weariness which could be known, he thought dimly, only to flight captains who had just ferried half a hundred people over the dark mysteries of the Pacific.

ROUTINE, that flight had become, yet every crossing took its toll of him. But there was satisfaction in it. His knowledge and skill had done its bit toward making ocean crossings by air as prosaic and unexciting for the passengers, at least—as a train trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Then, and with a feeling of unreality, he remembered that this was all in the past. Tomorrow he would sign a lot of papers and would begin a brand-new life.

His thoughts were snapped to the present by the ringing of the telephone at his elbow. Automatically he answered.

"What are you doing there?" a familiar voice demanded.

With some difficulty Malloy kept his voice level. "Friend," he said, "how about dropping around and doing something about Dizzy? She needs a place to sleep."

"Let me speak to her."

"Hey, Dizzy," Malloy called. "The job with the ears would have a word with you."

"Tell him I've gone to bed," came through the door.

"What did she say?" demanded the voice.

"If you must know, she said she'd gone to bed. Isn't that cozy?"

The line hummed emptily in Malloy's ear. He waited for long minutes, but from the other side of the panel came no sound. After a while his eyelids became heavy. He had had a very hard twenty-four hours. He yawned, and his eyes suddenly focused upon the studio couch. He marched over to it, took off his uniform coat and loosened his black tie. He kicked off his shoes. He turned and for a moment grinned maliciously at Dizzy's door. Then he stretched his long frame out on the couch. As if

Viewpoint

By DAVE GERARD



"Hang your hat and coat up here in the closet, Art, and I'll go tell the wife to set another place"

COLLIER'S

"Yes, I reminded him this morning. We'll meet you at that Italian place. George was picking up the theater tickets at noon"

DAVE GERARD

Collier's for March 26, 1949

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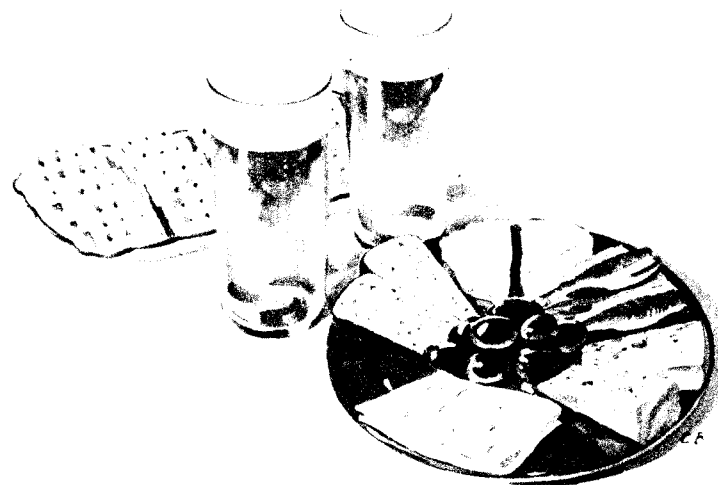


"TELEVISION PARTY," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 27 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION



lightning had struck him he fell instantly to sleep. . . .

From millions of miles away came an increasingly impatient knocking at the door. For one fatigue-dulled instant Malloy thought he was in his hotel in Honolulu, with the porter calling him in time to catch the company car to the airport. His disciplined mind summoned him and he rolled to his feet and to the door.

STANDING outside was Wendy Haywood, in a powder-blue dress, with a slim top and a wide, flaring skirt. She was, Malloy thought, a beautiful sight to see. He stepped forward and kissed her with a slow violence which brought instant color to her cheeks. She pushed him away. Her firm lips broke into an indulgent smile as she noted his stocking feet, his loosened tie and his disheveled hair.

"Did you fall asleep?" she asked in her sweetly husky voice. "I got bored and thought I could help you get settled. It must be later than I thought."

As she went past him into the living room the light from the floor lamp seemed to bring out iridescent lights in the blackness of her short and shining hair. She glanced, apparently carelessly, at the disordered couch. She saw the white gladiolas on the table, the suitcases and the brief case on the floor. Then, reflectively, she looked at the closed door to the bedroom. Her expression, as she turned to Malloy, was unreadable.

"Rough trip?" she asked.

"Not bad," he said, pulling on his shoes.

"How did the chief pilot act when you said you were through?"

"Cried all over his blotter about how short the company is of senior pilots for ocean flying," Malloy told her. "Well, I'm signing the final papers on the travel agency tomorrow."

"Wonderful," Wendy said. "Then we'll marry in January."

Malloy's tone was rough. "January? What's the matter with tomorrow?"

"Jim," said Wendy, softly, "you're tired tonight."

When a soft mood was upon Wendy it made him forget how rich she was, and

how it seemed that when he took her to one of the night spots the headwaiter cocked his beady eye upon Wendy instead of upon himself before he dropped the velvet rope.

There was a sudden interruption. Through the door came Dizzy's voice. "Oh, Jim, who are you talking to?"

Wendy's expression froze. "Who is that?" she demanded.

"She wouldn't leave," Malloy said.

The door opened. Dizzy, her red head spectacular above a beautiful white house coat, appeared on the threshold. Her untroubled blue eyes encompassed Wendy in one quick glance, then turned to Malloy.

"Darling, I didn't know you had company," she said.

In a daze, Malloy heard himself attempting introductions. Dizzy was graciousness itself, but Wendy seemed to be under a strain.

"Jim," Wendy said, "you broke a dinner date tonight and I gathered there were complications—"

Jim said, "There were and there still are."

"But it's comforting to know," Wendy continued, "that you weren't exactly getting the vapors from loneliness, as I thought when—"

"Put your flaps down!" Malloy shouted. "Wait till I tell—"

"It's a long story," Dizzy's voice interrupted. She glanced fondly at Malloy. "Jim and I both thought that since he had to stop flying, which he loves, to sell tickets to—"

"Will you pipe down?" Malloy roared. "What's all that got to do with Miss Haywood seeing your pink mules under your bed?"

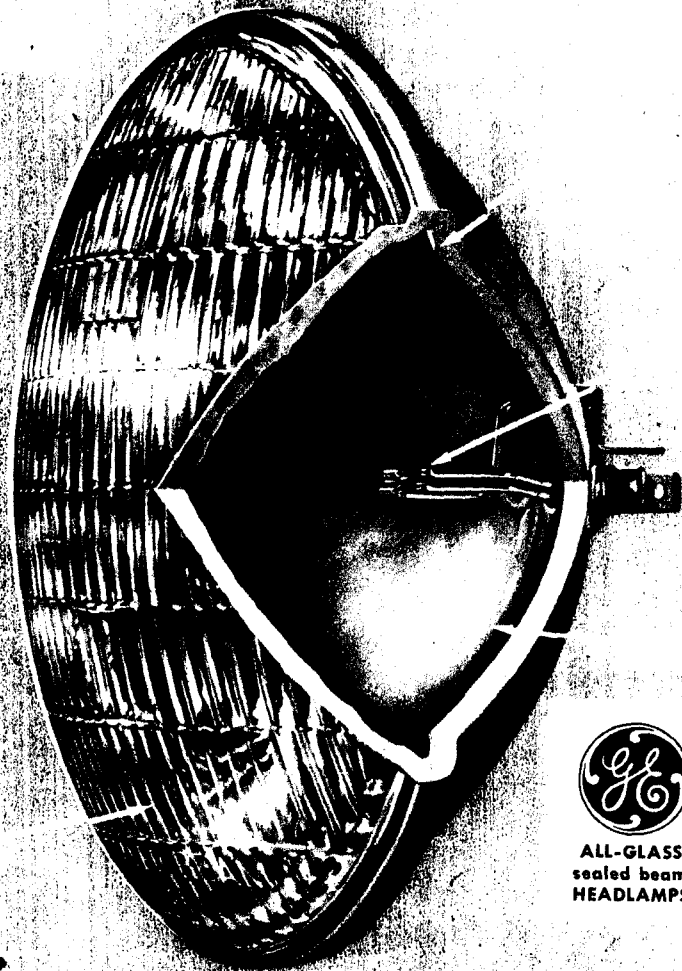
"But I'm not wearing them," Dizzy said, solemnly regarding her heelless ballet slipper, "so where else would I put them?"

Dizzy turned her smile on Wendy. "I've been so anxious to meet you and—"

Jim, his face the color of red flannel, whirled. "One more word out of you," he shouted, "and I'll shake you loose from your bones!"

"Superman!" Dizzy said. She beamed at Wendy. "I almost had to call the police this afternoon."

There was a knock on the door. Malloy



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"Imagine! It was only a half carat diamond and he wanted the ring back!"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Why not get all this in

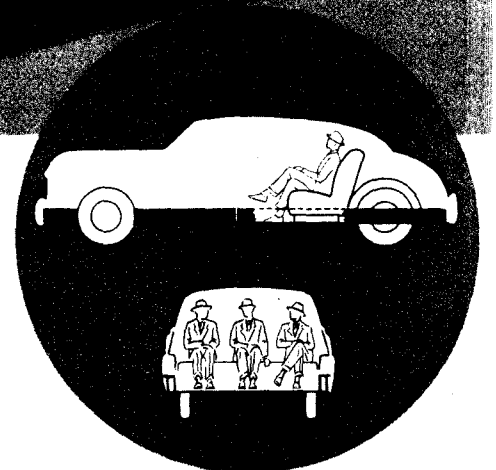
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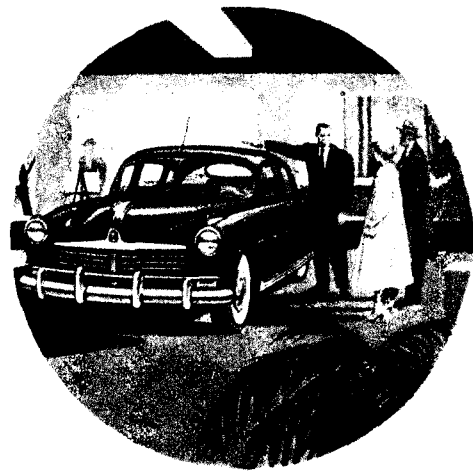


Hudson floors are recessed down within the frame (shown in red, upper above), seats are lowered, so you get more than ample head room in the only car with the new, lower silhouette.

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But something else has been going on, too! Whenever designers have attempted the ideal in low-built cars *without lowering interior floors*, they've had to keep top lines high to preserve inside head room, or reduce roominess to get top lines down—and thus they've compromised and fallen short of their real purpose.

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This remarkable motor car has *recessed floors* that permit lounge-size seats to be moved down to harmonize with the new, lower top. Because Hudson owners "step down", they have *more* head room—in a car that is only five feet from ground to top—than in any automobile now in volume production—and all this with ample road clearance!

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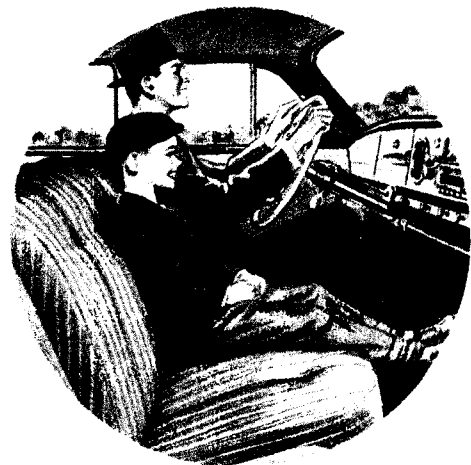
▲ Hudson gives you a hug-the-road ride, especially on curves, and a smooth, steady way of going that is "out of this world", because it has the lowest center of gravity in any American stock car!

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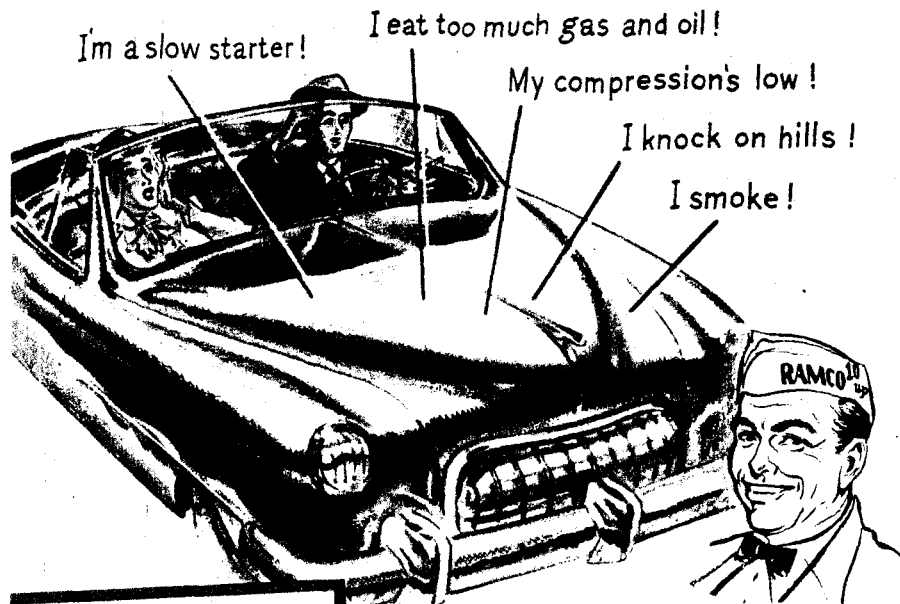
◀ A wholly new measure of safety, because of Hudson's new Monobilt body-and-frame* which completely encircles you, even outside the rear wheels, with sturdy, box-section steel girders. There's added safety, too, in Hudson's steadiness, and in the smooth, sure way in which this car handles on the road.

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A simple compression test by a reliable specialist will give you the answer! If new rings are needed, then, do as millions have done! Make sure you get a LONG LASTING CURE, at the right price by having Ramco 10-Up Piston Rings installed by the RAMCO RE-POWERING METHOD.

Look for this sign!

Here you can be sure not only of getting the right rings but of getting the job done right.

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Covers both Piston Rings and installation labor!

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marched over and flung it open. The man had a crew haircut and ears.

"You'll be Malloy," the visitor said, belligerently.

"I'm Malloy already. Come in and take Dizzy—"

"Why, Frank!" Dizzy called. "Come in!"

Frank looked at Dizzy and he looked at Wendy. Then his narrowing eyes examined Malloy.

"What's that uniform?" he asked. "Are you a motorman?"

"Sit down, Frank," said Dizzy. "Isn't this fun?"

"No," Frank said.

DIZZY seemed to be making introductions, but nobody was paying much attention. Wendy favored Frank with a level stare.

"She just told me," Wendy said, "that she almost had to call the police this afternoon."

"Yes," said Dizzy. "That was just before we took the money away from the superintendent."

"Took what money away from what superintendent?" Frank demanded.

Dizzy's blue eyes were guileless as she pointed at the forty dollars on the table.

"Of the building, stupid," she explained. "You see, both Jim and I had paid rent."

"That wasn't sensible, was it?"

"From where I stand," Frank said, "obviously not."

"You're cute, Frank," Malloy said. "In a minute I think I'll hang one on you."

"Yeah? Where?"

"Call your own shot," the flier said.

"Frank," Dizzy put in, "you should have seen what he did to the superintendent."

"Jim," Wendy snapped, "must you always be violent?"

Malloy's voice was gentle. "I've led a violent life, Wendy." He looked at Frank with interest.

"I wouldn't want to pry into your private affairs, Frank," he said, "but what do you do for a living?"

"He sells skeletons," Dizzy said.

Malloy blinked. "I've met snake charmers, and flagpole sitters—"

"Who but Dizzy would put it that way?" Frank said. "I work for a medical supply house. Sell laboratory apparatus, too. You know, retorts, beakers and—"

"And skeletons," Malloy said. "No wonder you're always thinking of your

work instead of an apartment for Dizzy."

"I'll have one for her by the middle of the week," Frank said. "Now, you get out," Frank snarled.

"You'll have to insist very strongly," Jim said.

"Poor Jim," Dizzy said, moving close to Frank. "Who could blame him for being upset? Just imagine, instead of worrying about the weather maps over the Pacific, he'll have to worry about where to buy the daily carnation for his buttonhole."

"Daily carnation for my—" Malloy echoed, stormily.

"I know how hard it will be at first," Dizzy went on. "The thing I worry about is the set of ulcers they'll be writing up in the medical journals. But I suppose you can get used to anything in time. Look how Jimmy Durante has got used to his nose."

Wendy came up from her chair. There was no warmth in her lovely eyes now.

They were, Malloy thought dimly, the eyes of a girl he didn't know. Her mouth had thinned, too, and for the first time he noticed how long her upper lip was.

He wondered if that was the reason Dizzy had said she looked like a moose.

"Jim," said Wendy, "I thought we could be so happy."

"Happy!" Malloy shouted. "Of course, we could be happy, provided we did everything your way. Come to think of it, when we went out to dinner, did you ever ask me if I wanted to go to a steak house? And since I'm asking, did you ever wonder whether or not I liked to fly, or did you just take it for granted that I'd just as soon discuss the birdseed situation in Antibes?"

"Birdseed situation in Antibes? Jim, let me feel your pulse."

"Go away!" Malloy roared as she advanced toward him. "To a scene like this we should sell tickets!"

He marched across the room and picked up his captain's brief case. On the occasional chair in the corner was his white-topped cap, with the company insignia emblazoned in gold above the visor.

He clapped it on his head and jerked it over his left eye at a belligerent angle. He wheeled to face Frank, who was scowling uncertainly at him, opening and closing his hands.

"Well," Malloy invited, "say something."

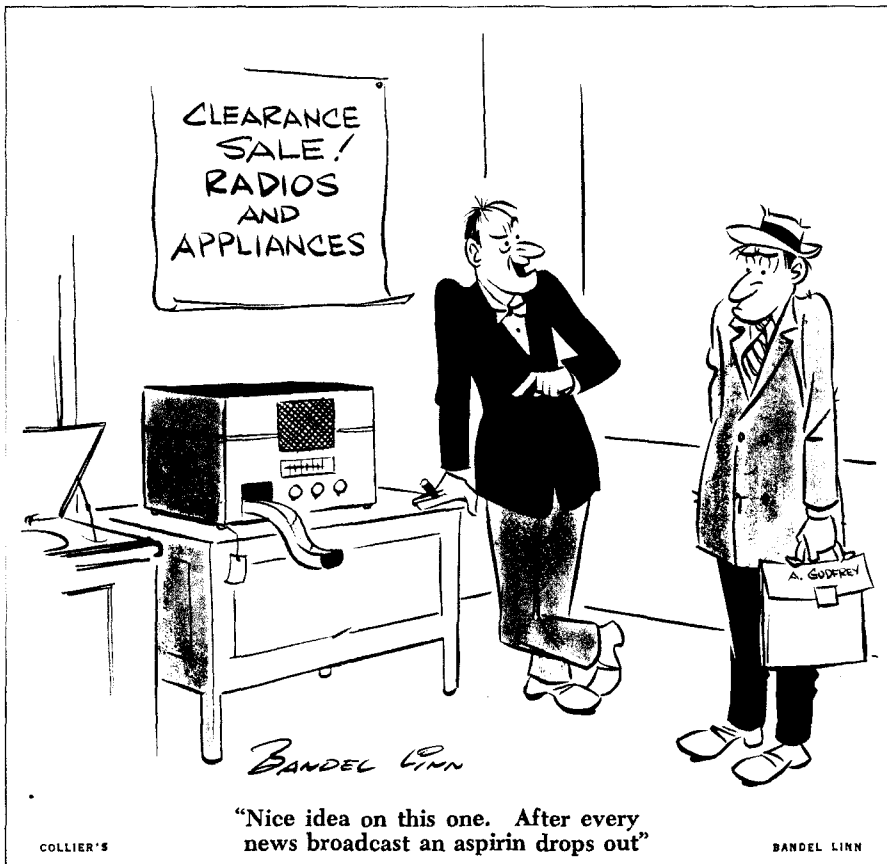
If Frank had anything to say, he



"I regret to have to inform you, Miss Ellis, that your work has been far from satisfactory. Not that it matters of course"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA



seemed unable, or unwilling, to put it into words. Disappointed, Malloy picked up his suitcases and strode to the door. "Have fun," he said over his shoulder, and marched out. . . .

If in all San Francisco there was a taxi driver looking for a fare, he was certainly not on this street. Standing at the curb, Malloy waited tiredly, angrily, and in vain. At any moment he expected Wendy to emerge from the building behind him, and in his present mood of bone weariness and mental turmoil, Malloy had no wish to rationalize his feelings toward Wendy.

Across the street was a small park, dark, deserted and suddenly inviting. Malloy glanced up and down the street once again in search for a prowling cab. But if he found one, where, he asked himself, would he tell the driver to go?

Behind him, from the lobby, came the sound of a descending elevator. Malloy picked up his luggage and went across the street to the welcoming shadows of the park. Directly before him was a bench, sheltered from the nearest light.

Wendy and Frank appeared in the lobby. They seemed quite clubby. Wendy was talking, and now and then Frank nodded agreement. Almost immediately a cab appeared and picked them up. This, Malloy thought wryly, was somebody else's night, not his.

Daily carnations in his buttonhole. Birdseed in Antibes. Jim Malloy's lips twisted at the thought. His fingers touched the captain's stripes on his sleeve. He had gone through a lot, earning those stripes. Queer, never to be wearing them again.

He stiffened and stared across the street. Another figure was silhouetted in that doorway. It was Dizzy, small and slim and straight. Even at that distance Malloy could see the cheerful blaze of her red hair. Light danced on the brass buttons of the dress in which he had first seen her several hours—or had it been weeks?—ago.

Dizzy did not pause at the curb. She came straight across to where he sat in the semidarkness. Without a word she sat down beside him on the bench.

Solemnly they watched the late traffic flow past. Neither spoke. After a while Dizzy said, "I just happened to be looking out of the window when you crossed the street." And when he made no answer, she added, "But if you think I'm sorry because I made that Wendy mad,

you'd better run, not walk, to the nearest bump-feeler and let him go over your head."

"You made Frank mad, too," Malloy reminded her.

"A strong-minded girl like Wendy," said Dizzy, "could do a lot with Frank." She paused, and suddenly pushed a key into his hand. "You win. I can spend a few nights with Sally Ordway. I just called her." Then, in a quick rush of words, "About that travel agency, Jim. I told you at dinner that—"

"That if you liked me," he interrupted, "you'd be upset about it."

"You're just not the type, Jim."

"And you're upset about it?"

"Jim, could you get your job back as flight captain?"

"By a telephone call tomorrow morning."

MALLOY suddenly realized that he was no longer tired. The heavy weight which had pressed upon his spirits for the past few weeks had miraculously lifted, leaving him with a sense of release which was as heady as a strong drink. Quietly Malloy lifted Dizzy's hand and pressed the key into her palm.

Forgetting to release her strong young fingers, he said, "I am going down to the club, Dizzy. I'll find someone I know and tell him to move over. After all, it will only be until Monday. Then I'll be out of town for several days. Would there be anything you'd like me to bring you from Honolulu?"

"You—you plan so far ahead," Dizzy protested, faintly.

Malloy swung around and took her two shoulders in his hands. Pulling her to him, he put his lips fully on hers and for a few sweet seconds it seemed to him that all traffic ceased to move in the street. When, finally, he released her, she opened her blue eyes and smiled.

"That was nice," she whispered. "I knew it would be."

Resolutely he pushed himself to his feet. When he spoke he was astonished to find that his voice shook. "Go on home, now," he said. "Tomorrow morning call your boss and tell him you won't be at work until Monday, if then. And if you have any other dates between now and Monday, call them off. Especially for hunting apartments. Go on, now, before I forget myself and kiss you again."



"Gimme back
my saddle!"

If we've made any horses mad, we apologize . . . but we *did* round up some of the finest saddle leather in the country to make these handsome Hickok Molded Saddle Leather Belts. They're as smart as the paddock at Churchill Downs, and as easy on the waistline as they are on the eyes. They're easy on the pocketbook, too. Weltedge belt with Initial Buckle, \$4. Chevron Mold, \$2.



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Delbert Willis relaxes in his room at Harvard where he has been obliged to devote the better part of his year of study to fighting the Veterans Administration for benefits due him as a disabled soldier

"Are You Happy, Son?"

By DELBERT WILLIS

This title is the author's—and it's sarcasm. He's not happy. Neither would you be if you had spent months trying to get your educational subsistence and an artificial leg from a Veterans Administration that seems hog-tied by its own red tape. A story you won't forget

THE distinguished surgeon stroked his chin in contemplation. "Frankly, I'm a taxpayer. A new artificial leg for this young fellow will cost \$500. It may or may not work. We don't know. But I'm willing to take a chance."

He glanced around the room for the approval of his colleagues at the prosthetic clinic of the Veterans Administration's Boston regional office. They nodded. The surgeon looked down at me with a paternal smile.

"Now are you happy, son?"

Happy? I was delirious! You're always happy on reaching a milestone in the Veterans Administration labyrinth. And here was tentative approval for the purchase of a new artificial leg—only three and one-half months after I had made application for one. Why quibble over the fact that it would be another three months before I received it?

I experienced the same degree of exuberance when the Veterans Administration training officer informed me that he would take a few short cuts and see to it that I received my first subsistence check by April—only 10 months after I had completed all requirements for obtaining funds under Public Law 16 for the rehabilitation of disabled veterans.

You could also count it a blissful moment when I received my first pension check, several months after my medical discharge from the Army. Of course my pension was figured on the basis of a veteran who had lost two leg joints, and by my fifth-grade arithmetic I counted four of my leg joints gone, with only partial use of the remaining two, the right knee and right hip. But the check spelled filthy lucre and I'm always happy to mess around in that green stuff.

Jousting with the Veterans Administration is like trying to knock over loaded milk bottles at the county fair. It's futile but amusing, if you have a sense of humor.

Let's go through the dossier of my artificial leg. The first entry is dated October 6, 1948, when I approached the V.A. seeking a substitute for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)



"I was curious..."



"I tasted it..."



Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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You can put your confidence in—
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"God, Make Us Forget"

By **QUENTIN REYNOLDS**

Those whom we call displaced persons have a lot to forget. The lucky ones who get to America, like Ella and Nora Reisinger, usually have a terrible tale to tell. But with all its horror, their story is somehow worthy of a place in a far greater story: the saga of free America

THE sun broke through the low-hanging early-morning mist, and there, serene and beautiful as the sun tinted her, stood the first lady of the world. She towered 302 feet, dominating the harbor, and the 450 men, women and children aboard the Marine Marlin knew now, finally, that they were free. Until this moment it had been a dream that not even the horrible realities of the ghetto, the concentration camp, the torture and the helpless feeling of despair had been able to kill. But at best it had been only a dream. And now, as the ship slid by the huge towering symbol of liberty and freedom, the dream at last took on substance.

There was no outburst of cheering; no sudden rush of joy too fierce to be suppressed. Only a few children, recognizing the statue, raised happy voices; the others stood at the rail, many clenching it tightly as though to hang on to the reality. Some who were very old wept silently, but the eyes of the young were bright with eagerness. You could see the lips of the very old move and you knew they were mouthing some ancient prayer to this or that God, for there were people of every faith among these 450 who had somehow managed to survive.

Nora Reisinger and her mother, Ella, stood a little apart. They had been standing there for two hours waiting for this moment and now it had come, and neither could find words to express what it meant to them. Nora wore no hat and the brisk wind sweeping up the bay ruffled her long dark hair, and when it tumbled down over her eyes she raised her hand automatically to sweep it back.

She had bright dark eyes and the cold wind had touched her cheeks with two red spots, and if you didn't know, you would have thought her to be a normal, healthy, attractive girl in her twenties returning from a trip to Europe. But you couldn't, of course, see the scars left by the whips and clubs of the SS guards at Auschwitz or later at Allendorf near Frankfurt, and you couldn't see the more horrible scars that had seared her mind and her heart and that would never perhaps be healed until she could wipe out the memory of the years when she was the unwanted, caged creature of the SS.

Her mother stood there at the rail as straight and unafraid as she had been when she had been forced to stand before the SS guards at Auschwitz. She had accepted death that day when they had been herded into a cattle car at the Budapest railroad

station, and so nothing that had happened afterward touched her very much, and about the only emotion she had felt was faint surprise each morning to find herself still alive. There was even now a look of surprise in her eyes and sometimes that was replaced by incredible disbelief.

"I finally believe it, Mother," Nora said in a low voice. "Until now I did not believe it. Now I know that we are free."

Her mother reached for her hand, held it tightly, and said, "We must pray that God will someday let us forget."

"I hope God will make us forget," Nora said almost fiercely. "Otherwise—"

"We are in America now," her mother said in careful, precise English. "We can forget."

Nora Reisinger and her mother had an awful lot to forget. Most of those whom we call displaced persons have a great deal to forget. Except for the very young, each of the 450 survivors on the Marine Marlin who had come here to seek life had a great deal to forget. As the ship steamed up the North River to Pier 62 you could see that the process of forgetting was already beginning.

Help—Without Questions

Representatives of the Church World Service and of the National Catholic Welfare were at the pier to greet those who had come under their auspices, and they wore friendly smiles and didn't bother asking many questions. These two organizations took care of 80 per cent of the incoming people who, now that their feet had touched American soil, were no longer "displaced persons."

Nora and her mother had come under the aegis of the United Service for New Americans, one of the many activities supported by the United Jewish Appeal. Since the war ended, this organization has brought 45,000 Jewish survivors to this country; has settled them, found homes and jobs for most of them, and started them on the road to citizenship. Not one of these 45,000 has become a burden on the county or state; some Jewish family in America guarantees the support of every one of the displaced persons who arrives here.

Finally their baggage was all there and a customs inspector opened and examined the contents of the shabby, worn bags. He didn't say much; merely put a chalk mark on each piece of baggage and nodded that everything was all right.

"Do you often find things in the

baggage of displaced persons that you have to confiscate?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "When you see what they've got," he said, "you feel like putting something into their bags."

I asked Nora if anyone was to meet her. She said her cousin Lili Newman would be at the dock. "She is the only living relative we have," Nora said. "I suppose that is why we both wanted so desperately to come to America."

No Longer "Unwanted"

In a minute there was a cry, "Nora—Ella!" and a girl came running to throw her arms around Nora and her mother and for a few moments you could see that Nora and her mother were beginning the process of forgetting. Lili Newman bore a strong resemblance to Nora. Everything was ready, Lili said. Nora and Ella would live with her. There was plenty of room and plenty of food.

"You will never have to worry again," Lili bubbled happily. "We—my husband and I—want you with us."

It was the first time in many years that Nora and her mother had been wanted. Nora was fifteen when she first heard the German word *Unerwünscht* (Unwanted). She had been hearing it ever since, just as every Jew in Europe had heard it.

Soon they were driving far uptown to where Lili lived with her mother, her husband and her two children. When they arrived at Lili's flat in the Bronx there was smiling, good-looking Abe Newman to greet his wife's relatives. And six-year-old Vicki and four-year-old Jessica were there throwing themselves at Nora and her mother, and the warmth of the greeting enveloped them and now they were relaxed and feeling safe, because they could see the truth of what Lili had said shining from the eyes of her husband and the two children. "We want you," Lili had said, and now they knew that they were indeed wanted and that was a strange and wonderful feeling.

Everything she saw and heard excited Nora. The passing cars she saw out of the window, the clothes worn by Vicki and Jessica, the food that lined the shelves of the kitchen, the neighbors who crowded into the comfortable living room to greet the new arrivals.

Everyone who came in said, "Now what do you need? What can we give you?"

And it was Abe Newman who always grinned and said, "Listen, they

Collier's for March 26, 1949



The Nazis didn't quite kill them, and here are two new Americans—Nora Reisinger and her mother, Ella—safe in the U.S.A.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS ENGEL

SAYS TENNIS CHAMP

JACK KRAMER

(Got hair as hard
to handle as a
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(Keep your hair
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(With the Vitalis
"60-Second Workout!")



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50 seconds to massage. Vitalis' special formula not only prevents dryness but stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing can! And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

10 seconds to comb. Now your hair looks naturally well-groomed. No greasy "patent-leather" shine—Vitalis contains no mineral oil—just pure vegetable oil. Get Vitalis today. At drug counters and barber shops.



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revolutionized air travel in 1934,
successive models of this famous plane have carried
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As new as tomorrow—the Douglas *Super DC-3* combines the rugged *dependability* of the famed DC-3 with the added speed of powerful new engines and the latest in swept-back wing design to bring you swifter, more comfortable travel by air!

For nearly two decades, the world-famous Douglas DC-3 has served as the standard of fast, comfortable, *safe* air travel in 57 countries throughout the civilized world. And now—to serve you and to meet the changing requirements of the airlines—comes the newest model of this *dependable* air transport—the Super DC-3!

Powerful new twin engines will speed the Super DC-3 at 250 mph... provide an extra

margin of safety. New swept-back wings conform to the latest in aerodynamics. Rear luggage compartment and built-in stair ramp will shorten ground delays—add new convenience for you who fly.

Like the Douglas DC-4 and DC-6—first of the giant four-engine, post-war air liners—the new Super DC-3 is designed to carry on a quarter century of Douglas tradition for the *finest* in modern transportation by air.

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DELICIOUS
Nestlé's
ORANGE DRINK



MADE FROM
Real
ORANGES

are part of my family now. I'll see they get everything they need."

More than once I caught both Nora and Ella Reisinger looking at Abe Newman with warm eyes. One expected that Lili would be kind; she was a blood relative but it was very obvious that Abe had no kinship or any roots in Europe. Newman was as American as the automobiles he sold. Abe Newman was a couple of generations removed from Europe and when neighbors talked German or Hungarian to Nora and her mother, Newman looked blank. English was the only language he knew or cared about knowing, and America was the only country he gave a damn about. Nora and Ella felt this, and they felt that his warm hospitality was the more staggering because he had no ties with them or the country of their birth—he was just an average American with a big heart.

Eager for Citizenship

"When can we start becoming citizens?" Nora asked Abe.

Abe roared with laughter and said, "You've been in this country two hours and you're worrying about becoming citizens already. Tomorrow will be time enough."

"Can we apply for our first papers then?" Nora asked.

"You know all about it," he said in surprise.

Nora nodded. "For a long time we have known about it," she said. "Even at Auschwitz we talked about it."

Soon the neighbors left; Jessica and Vicki went out to play, their mother went into the kitchen, and it was quiet in the living room. I asked Nora to tell me her story. It was a story I'd heard before at places like Zeilsheim and Nuremberg and Duppelcenter in Berlin and that I'd heard in Tel Aviv. As Nora told the story the rest of us became very quiet, and because she told it without emotion the horror of it was somehow intensified.

Until she was fifteen Nora led the normal life any youngster led in Vienna. Nora was an only child. Her father Benedict was a merchant and fairly well off, and they lived in an apartment on Weyringerstrasse near the Sud Bahnhof, which is a nice neighborhood in Vienna. Nora graduated from high school and entered a commercial school to learn to be a secretary. Then one day she learned that she was Jewish and unwanted.

That was the day in 1938 that German tanks rolled into Vienna and the city died. The next few weeks were a series of bewildering shocks to the youngster. She saw relatives disappear into the long silence; she saw shops owned by friends of her father's smashed, and she saw the owners beaten.

That was the end of Nora's childhood. Her father managed to sell some of his stock and one night he took his wife and daughter out of Vienna and across the border to Hungary.

The Reisinger family tried to carve out a life in Sapro, a fairly large city not far from Budapest. Benedict opened up a shop which sold farming equipment, but things were never the same. Young Nora would never forget those last weeks in Vienna and there was always the thought: Will it happen here too?

And then one day the Germans marched into Hungary and it was Vienna all over again—but much worse.

"They took my father's shop over, of course," Nora said, remembering those days. "And then they herded us all—the Jews of the city—into what became a ghetto. It was a one-street ghetto, and at each end of the street a heavy chain was strung."

Then one day trucks pulled into the street. The Hungarian police, acting under Gestapo leaders, told everyone on Neustrasse to pack up and get into the trucks. And bewildered, but conditioned

a little by now to the unknown, Benedict and Ella packed what they could carry and then with Nora climbed into the trucks. The trucks drove to the station at Budapest.

"A long line of cattle cars was waiting for us," Nora continued impassively. "They pushed us into the cars until they couldn't push any more in, and then they shut the doors. We stopped after two days and they opened the doors. Some people from the village where we stopped brought water and food to us, and then as they were about to give us the food the guards shot them and then locked the doors again."

"The train crawled on for three days more and stopped again, and the guards told everyone to get out fast."

"We didn't know where we were," Nora went on. "Somebody asked and a guard said, 'This is a place called Auschwitz.' They herded the men to one side and marched them away, and that was the last we ever saw of my father. The guards asked each woman her age and if the woman was over forty-five they told her to go to the left. I heard one guard laugh and say these wouldn't have anything to worry about. All they had to do was to take a short walk to the gas chambers. I noticed that they separated mothers and daughters and sent all mothers to the line at the left. I made up my mind not to let on my mother was with me."

"Except when we were alone, which wasn't often, I never called her mother. I would look at her as though I didn't know her. We were thrown into a sort of barracks which had a hole in the roof and the rain poured through, and sometimes made pools of water on the cement floor, and we had to sleep there. They did not brand numbers on our arms because they only did that to those they picked to work. They had plenty of workers when we arrived there. We were surplus. We knew now it was a matter of time before our turn would come to go to the gas chamber. Anyone who fell sick was immediately taken there. Some were sent to the hospital but they experimented on them, and no patient ever came out of the Auschwitz hospital alive. Not one."

"It would have been better if they had let us work," Ella said thoughtfully. "We were alone 24 hours a day; alone with our thoughts. A great many, of course, went out of their minds."

Girls Who Never Came Back

"One day," Nora said, "they told us they wanted kitchen help. They needed young strong girls. We all volunteered. The thought of working in a kitchen and perhaps getting an extra half slice of bread a day was wonderful. The next day the guards came to pick up the girls they had selected. I was one of them, but by now both my feet were frozen and swollen badly from lying in the pools of water and I could hardly stand up. So they left me there and a few days later we heard that the girls they had picked were not sent to the kitchen but to a camp brothel used by the SS men and visiting officers. No girl ever came out of that brothel alive, because they didn't want the story told afterward."

"I think," Ella broke in softly, "the inspections were the worst."

Nora's eyes shut for a moment. "They were the worst," she said. "Once a week we had to march in single file past an SS officer. He stood there inspecting us as we passed. We wore only a one-piece garment and when we passed him we had to hold this high over our heads. If he noticed a girl with any signs of sickness, sores or boils on her body he turned his hand with his thumb down and the girl was taken out of the line and immediately sent to the gas chambers. Somehow he never noticed my swollen, bleeding legs."

"By that time we were hoping for the

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gas chamber," Ella said. "Death would have been a release. Each day we woke up—well, it only meant that death was postponed another 24 hours."

"There was a grapevine at Auschwitz that told us everything," Nora went on. "One day we heard that we of our barracks were next for the gas chambers. By now we were all sick in body and in mind and we didn't care much. The horrible thin soup and filthy bread which was our diet had sickened us all."

"The day we were to walk to the gas chambers an order came to the camp commandant. Workers were badly needed in a munitions factory at Allendorf. So we were put on a train and sent to Allendorf. I don't know which was worse," Nora said, as though talking to herself. "Except there was no smoke or smell of burning flesh at Allendorf."

She told of the trip by cattle train to the barracks four miles from Allendorf. Each morning they had to walk the four miles to the factory, work ten hours, and then retrace the four long miles.

"There was an SS man named Ernest

were workers assigned there. We went into a school and slept on the floor. I went out to hear the soldiers talk. They had orders to shoot all Jewish workers from the camps so they could never tell their stories or testify against the SS guards. Anyone who spoke only Hungarian was automatically classed as a Jew and shot. I kept my group of 50 or so hidden in the schoolhouse.

"There was heavy firing near Homberg and one morning I went out and saw a line of tanks going by. I couldn't tell from the markings on them whether they were German tanks or not. I didn't know one uniform from another. Then one of the soldiers saw a little girl and he called out, 'Hey, youngster, catch this!' and he threw her a piece of chocolate, and I knew they were Americans. The tanks stopped and I talked English and they brought me to their commanding officer. He was a young captain and he said that he would be in charge of the town."

"I told him that we were 50 Jews in the schoolhouse but that the Germans would kill us if they knew this. The young captain took his gun and put it on the table and then he said seriously, 'If a German bothers any of you let me know; I will kill him with my own gun.'"

Learning a New Trade

The terror was over then for Nora and her mother. Both were in bad physical health but gradually they became stronger. They went to Bad Nauheim, not far from Frankfurt, and because Nora knew English and Hungarian as well as German, she was useful to the civil authorities. Each morning she worked in a children's clinic and then she found that the Joint Distribution Committee (another agency of the United Jewish Appeal) was teaching trades to displaced persons at a camp near the city. And one trade they taught was that of the dental technician. So she studied and dreamed of mastering her trade to the point where she could get a job in America and support her mother and herself.

They wrote to Lili Reisinger, their only living relative, but no answers came. In New York, officials of the United Service for New Americans searched for a Lili Reisinger. There was no one of that name living in New York City. And then they discovered that Lili Reisinger was Mrs. Abe Newman now and they contacted her, and Lili, who had long since thought her aunt Ella and her cousin Nora were dead, cried happily when she heard the news and said to her husband, "Is there anything we can do for them?"

"We can bring them over here," he said, smiling, "and we can take them into our home and we can try to make them forget the past."

That, then, is the story Nora told sitting there in the living room of the three-room flat in the Bronx. Jessica had come back into the living room and had crawled up on Ella's lap. Now she had fallen asleep and Ella was looking down at her, and you knew from the smile on Ella's face that she was beginning to forget. Lili sat next to Nora, holding her hand tightly.

"When can we start becoming American citizens?" Nora asked for the second time that day.

Abe Newman smiled and said, "Tomorrow morning. We will go to the Department of Immigration and Naturalization and you will fill out the papers."

"We can go early in the morning?" Nora asked eagerly, and Abe nodded and then Nora laughed, and that was the first time I had heard her laugh and I had a feeling that once she took out those first papers that would put her on the road toward citizenship, Nora would begin to forget too.

BATTLESHIP KILLER

The War's Strangest Story
By BURKE WILKINSON

If this article had been printed seven years ago, the Italian navy would have known enough to come out of hiding and challenge what was left of the British Mediterranean squadron after Luigi de la Penne and his underwater demolition crews had finished with the capital ships in Alexandria Harbor. The story that this former Italian naval officer has to tell is one of the most amazing, the most unbelievable, to come out of World War II. You can read it

In Collier's next week

Schulte in charge of us," Nora said, and it was as though an expressionless mask had slipped over her face. "He had 150 men and 60 women guards under him. They were beasts; the women worse than the men. Long afterward they were caught and tried. I was a witness against them. I'd rather not tell the story again—"

"That's one of the things we have to forget, Nora," her mother said softly.

"Ernest Schulte was hanged," Nora went on tonelessly. "The guards were all given long terms in prison—well, somehow we managed to live. I don't know how. And then we heard that the Americans were coming. We didn't know if it were true. They marched us toward Homberg, a small town near Kassel. If you fell out of line you were shot. Some ran into the woods but the guards followed them and shot them. We marched three days without food. One morning we woke up and found our guards had fled. We split up and some of us went to Homberg."

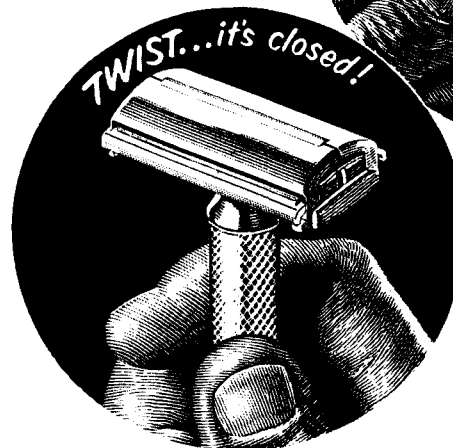
"Luckily I spoke German perfectly. I did the talking for all of us. I said we

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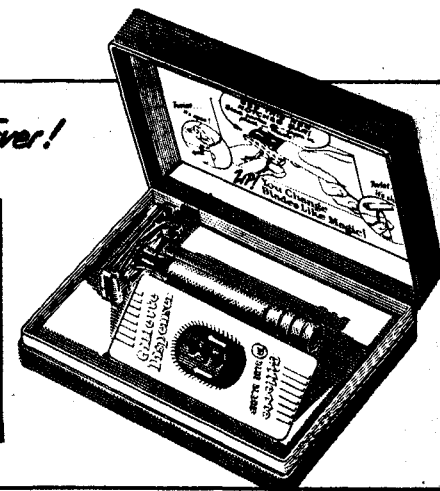
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The gentleman from Mississippi began to gather data for this article when he discovered how little the rest of the country knows about the new South

What You Don't Know About the South

By **JOHN C. STENNIS**

U.S. Senator from Mississippi

Smarting under smug accusations against the South from the rest of the country, a Southern senator talks back and lays some old misconceptions low with startling facts and figures

LACK of knowledge among my fellow senators of the truth about the South was the most startling thing I noted when, two years ago, I came to the U.S. Senate from Mississippi. Such ignorance—a reflection, doubtless, of prevailing Northern opinion—seemed to me to have in it more possibilities for evil than for good for all of us, North and South.

To help as best I could to set the record—and, perhaps, the thinking—straight, I began, more than a year ago, to assemble the facts. Officials of every Southern state and many private organizations eagerly co-operated. Hundreds of individuals, when they heard of my inquiries, sent in facts, figures and illustrations.

The result is no whitewash. The South, as every

intelligent Southerner knows, still has a long way to go. But the evidence shows that we are on our way and going as fast as—or, I believe, faster than—other parts of America.

Here, out of the current record, are a few typical facts and illustrations of what's happening in the South, which, if you are no better informed than many U.S. senators, you never heard about or imagined.

An Arkansas plantation owner is providing college scholarships for the children of his tenants. To every qualified Negro who applies, the State of Mississippi provides an all-expenses-paid medical scholarship. Negro farmers in Georgia, learning from their children through the Four-H club program, have completed 60,000 home-improvement projects.

In 13 Southern states, more children in rural areas are transported by bus to modern, consolidated schools than in all the rest of the country combined. In Florida, due to better living conditions and health education, the mortality rate among Negroes is decreasing four times as fast as among whites. In Alabama, 90 per cent of the expectant mothers helped by the prenatal clinics maintained by the State Public Health Service are Negroes.

These are not isolated incidents. They are part of the story of the daily progress of our Southern states as they fight their way back toward the economic equality with the rest of the nation from which they were barred, almost 90 years ago, by the War between the States.

They are evidence that the spirit and attitude of

WHO ARE THESE 700,000 MEN THEY CALL "KNIGHTS"?

Whether you are a Catholic or not, you should know the truth about the Knights of Columbus.

Is it, as sometimes rumored, a secret society with designs against our government? Do its members really take an oath to destroy non-Catholic institutions and to promote Catholic political power?

If such rumors were true, the Knights of Columbus would not deserve the friendship and trust of non-Catholic citizens, which it invites and merits. Actually there is no more thoroughly American organization than this fraternal order of Catholic men.

It is composed of plumbers and lawyers, farmers and doctors, business men and scientists — of Catholic men at every level of the social and economic scale. Some are rabidly partisan Democrats, others equally staunch Republicans. On political and public questions, they "choose up sides" with all the freedom and enthusiasm of any other citizens.

The Knights of Columbus was formed in 1882, by a small group of the men of St. Mary's Church, New Haven, Connecticut. They had met, at the invitation of Father Michael J. McGivney, not to form a national fraternal society, but to "render mutual aid to the members of the parish and their families."

In the years that since have ensued, the Knights of Columbus has grown into a fraternal order of 700,000 members, spread over the United States, Canada and other countries of the Western World. But its purpose of "mutual aid"... and its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism... have remained unchanged through those 67 years.

Millions of dollars contributed by the American people have been spent by



the Order for the relief of victims of fire, flood and famine... for the support of Christian youth work... for aid to Christian education. In World War I, and immediately thereafter, \$44,000,000 was expended by the Knights in support of our troops and in the rehabilitation of veterans. Even after all these years, veterans of the first great conflict still remember the Knights of Columbus huts in France with their friendly invitation: "Everybody Welcome — Everything Free."

Nearly one out of every six Knights served his country in World War II, and many laid down their lives.

Despite these and many other signal demonstrations of its principles of charity, unity, fraternity and patriotism, some people have the most absurd beliefs and suspicions about the Knights of Columbus, just as they do about the Catholic Church. Even today, misinformed people give publicity at times to a false alleged Knights of Columbus oath which has been proved to be fraudulent, and which scores of others have been forced publicly to admit is untrue.

This message... and others explaining Catholic beliefs and practices... are published by the Knights of Columbus so that our non-Catholic neighbors may judge us as we really are — not as we are often misrepresented to be. We believe that truth, as Lincoln said, "is generally the best vindication against slander."

If you would like to know more about the Knights of Columbus... about the ideals, history, achievements and aims of this international society of Catholic men... we shall gladly send you free an interesting pamphlet on the subject. Write today for Pamphlet No. 9—C.

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the South are no longer chiefly defensive. The best defense is an offense and, for the solution of our age-old problems, we have begun to take the offensive. Generous outside aid will help—as it has helped in the past—to speed up the South's progress. But the South's real job is, as it has always been, an inside job and there is now abundant proof that insiders have the courage and vision to do it.

Progress in any area is measured by many yardsticks—among them per capita income, health and educational status. By all those standards, the South is making great strides. Since it is still essentially a rural area, a major part of our economic effort must be to better the way of life for the farmer. Here, and particularly among those who have had the least to start with, the South's progress has been most notable.

In many areas, agricultural extension work, financed jointly by local, state and national governments, has brought a wholly new way of life to our rural areas. The 60,000 home-improvement projects carried out by young Negro members of the Four-H clubs in Georgia are a large sample of what is happening in every Southern state. In several states, a highly practical, state-run adult education program is annually teaching thousands of rural Negro men and women to read and write. Arkansas has proved, on a state-wide basis, the practicability of "ham-and-egg shows" in teaching the better production and preparation of basic farm foods.

A Memphis, Tennessee, newspaper, the Commercial Appeal, has provided one of the best incentives for living on the farm through its "Plant to Prosper" competition for farmers. Extension officials in Tennessee tell me that on hundreds of farms, white and Negro, a greatly improved standard of living can be traced directly to the stimulus provided by this contest. I have heard similar reports from other states. More than one farmer who originally entered this competition as a sharecropper is now, as a result of what he learned, a prosperous landowner.

Challenge to a Reporter

Frank Wheeler, the Arkansas plantation owner who provides college scholarships for the children of his tenants, tells the story of a "big-city writer" who called on him for information about "the downtrodden tenant farmer." Mr. Wheeler made him this proposition:

"You get in the car with me and we'll take a ride. Every time we come to a tenant house that does not have a radio inside and a car outside, I'll pay you \$25, if you'll pay me \$5 for every house that does."

The proposition wasn't accepted.

Not many years ago, in Kemper County, Mississippi, where I was born and raised, hardly an acre of land was owned by Negroes. Today there are sections of that county, some of them 10 to 12 miles square, where every farm is Negro-owned. Nearly every one of them is paid for. And every year, on those farms, there are fewer mules and more tractors.

In the famous Mississippi delta country, Negro farmers have gone beyond the small-farm status and are successful on what might be called the "planter" scale. Among these is fifty-two-year-old Johnnie Brown of Issaquena County, Mississippi. He owned one mule when he bought his first small tract and had to borrow a second mule from a neighbor in order to break the land. Today he owns about 5,000 acres and is partner in the ownership of nearly 2,000 more. He owns a cotton gin and general store. During the past cotton-picking season he bought his first mechanical picker.

When George Hull arrived in Indianola, Mississippi, he had "sixty cents, a

wife and a suitcase." Today, he averages bale-to-the-acre production on his 1,700-acre plantation and has branched out into other successful businesses.

Jesse B. Hearin, a white man, is the president of the Production Credit Corporation of New Orleans, one of the principal sources of farm credit in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama. Reviewing the experience of himself and his company with colored people, Mr. Hearin writes:

"We have loaned money to thousands of Negroes—both tenants and landlords. It may be of interest to you to know that after fifteen years' experience, during which time we have loaned money to five or six thousand Negroes each year, we have never lost a dollar to a Negro landowner and have had practically no losses from Negro borrowers generally."

Aftermath of the Civil War

The War between the States left virtually the entire South bankrupt. Various factors, running the gamut from one-crop agriculture to discriminatory freight rates to absentee industrial ownership, have worked to keep the region from emerging into a prosperity comparable with the rest of the nation. And humanitarian enterprises have had to take second place to the all-important struggle for the bare necessities of existence.

Now, however, the tide has begun to turn. The figures on income compiled by the U.S. Department of Commerce make it clear that no other region of the country has had a greater relative improvement in income position than the South during the period from 1929 to 1947. In that period, the share of the eleven states of the Southeast in the national income rose from 10.5 per cent to 13.6. No other area made such an advance. In the same states, during this period, the per capita income rose from \$1 to 67 per cent of the national average. This, too, was a gain unequalled by any other section.

Impressive as these figures are, they make it clear that there is still a big job ahead of us. Our aim is to reach at least an economic par with the rest of the country. Until we do, the citizens of the South will have to pay a larger share of the tax cost of government services than their neighbors in other sections of the country. But the progress of these recent years is, I think, a heartening portent of even better days ahead.

Our progress is much more than a matter of economics. Public-school programs for both white and Negro children have been expanding in the South on a broader scale and at a faster rate than anywhere else in the country. Virtually every Southern state is today contributing a larger share of its tax income to the support of schools than the national average for all states.

In sparsely settled, tax-poor areas of the South, the school situation has been vastly improved through rural consolidation combined with school bus transportation. The first school bus is believed to have been used in Massachusetts, but the South was the first area to use busses as a means for school consolidation. In my own state of Mississippi, in fact, school wagons were used, long before busses, to transport children to consolidated schools.

When I was a boy in Kemper County, prior to World War I, none of the neighborhood elders considered it a reflection upon the community that the Stennis children had to walk two miles to the Kipling-crossroads one-room school. Today, there is a general realization throughout the South that consolidated schools are the only feasible means of providing proper education for rural youth.

In Mississippi, as in most Southern states, bus transportation to such schools

Collier's for March 26, 1949

is now the second largest item in the school budget, ranking only behind teachers' salaries. During the school year 1945-46, in the thirteen states of the South, 2,415,000 boys and girls were furnished free transportation to consolidated schools. This year, 1948-49, the total will be well over 3,000,000—more than all the rest of the country combined. The one-room, one-teacher school is fast disappearing from the South and, whatever the sentimental attachments, we are all the gainers by its going.

This progress has included Negroes as well as whites—and at all levels of education. Opportunities for college education for Negroes in the South have expanded rapidly during the past generation. More than 100 colleges and universities with an enrollment estimated at approximately 75,000 are now in operation. In 1916 there were 33 institutions with only 1,643 students.

Today's Negro colleges are far better, educationally, than those of a generation ago.

The Southern states are now in the process of ratifying a regional educational compact, developed from the regional education program of the

not otherwise afford it. Students are allowed to attend any accredited medical school to which they can gain admission, and they receive the assistance of the Medical Education Board in securing admission in cases where there is difficulty.

In return for this assistance, the medical student signs a contract with the board in which he promises, upon completion of his internship, to practice medicine in some rural area of the state. If the graduate doctor fails to meet the terms of the contract as related to rural practice, he is required to pay back the money advanced, with interest. The program made such a successful start that in 1948, the legislature appropriated \$350,000 to expand it.

Ambitious young Negroes have taken excellent advantage of the opportunity thus afforded. Officials of the Medical Education Board report that every qualified Negro who has applied for a scholarship has been accepted.

Disease germs have no respect for race, creed or color, and public health departments in the South have traditionally offered their services equally to all groups. Evidence of the good result of this work is available in the over-all compilation of Southern health statistics by the U.S. Public Health Service, which reveal that the percentage of increase in expectation of life within the past two decades has been more than twice as large in the Negro as in the white population.

Communicable diseases among Negroes have been so greatly reduced that it is now possible to shift emphasis to preventive work in the organic diseases that now take the greatest tolls among the general population.

Modern Health Services

Southern states have long been the leaders in organizing efficient, productive public health services. The program in Mississippi has been studied and adapted to meet local conditions by at least a dozen states outside the South. Florida alone has more organized, modern county health departments than all of the Eastern states north of Maryland and east of Ohio combined. There are still many improvements that could be made in the program throughout the South, but in the main these are occasioned solely by the relatively limited tax incomes of the states which support them.

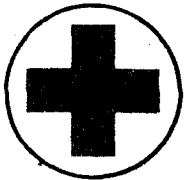
Mississippi was the first state to take advantage of the hospital-building program made possible through the Hill-Burton Act. A five-year program of hospital construction is under way, designed to add 5,732 beds to the total hospitalization available in the state. This goal will provide for Negroes, four beds per thousand population. This ratio is in accordance with accepted national standards for hospitalization.

All these are facts about the South which every American ought to know. They are an encouragement and a challenge to every right-minded Southerner. They indicate that the South is moving steadily toward the solution of those primary problems from which have sprung so many attendant controversies that are the symptoms rather than the source of disease.

What Southerners now ask from the rest of the nation is understanding of our problem and adequate recognition of the progressive accomplishments we are in process of achieving. These achievements have been no easy matter in a region still burdened by excessive poverty. But we are confident that when the nation as a whole understands our real problem and learns what we have already accomplished, we will have new and sympathetic co-operation as we go on to remove the remaining obstacles to our progress.

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Southern Governors' Conference. This program will establish regional schools for graduate instruction for white and Negro students. Adequate facilities are lacking at present because individual states are unable to finance the projects alone. But I am confident that the regional schools which will be developed under this program will compare favorably, in their particular fields, with any elsewhere in the country.

One of the important recent educational developments in the South is the widespread adoption of the teacher certification plan. Under this plan, all teachers, white and Negro, are placed on an equal competitive basis for salaries—which are determined by the grades they make on national teacher examinations and on their years of educational preparation and experience. One result of this plan has been that in North Carolina, the salaries of Negro teachers average slightly higher than those for whites. This is true because the system has provided incentives for the best-qualified Negro instructors to make teaching a lifelong career, gaining seniority and postgraduate degrees through summer training.

Health is another major Southern problem. The shortage of physicians that confronts every area of rural America has caused much hardship in the rural South. The situation is acute in Mississippi where there is only one active physician to each 2,500 of our rural population, and with more than half of these rural doctors over sixty years of age.

My state has begun to work actively toward a solution. Under a state law, enacted in 1946, a medical scholarship program was established to finance the medical education of students who could

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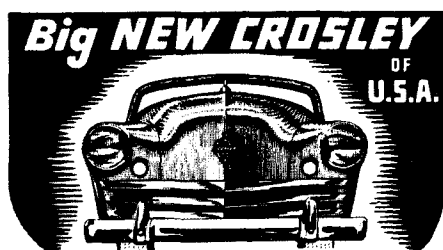
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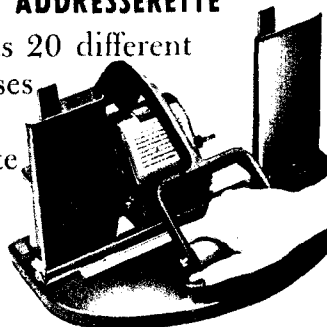


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"ARE YOU HAPPY, SON?"

Continued from page 48

Junior, my affectionate title for the bulky artificial leg the Army presented to me at going-away ceremonies last September at Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D.C. My medical discharge had ended three and one-half years of hospitalization following machine-gun wounds I had received in a Japanese ambush January 27, 1945, on Morotai Island in the southwest Pacific.

In medical circles, Junior is referred to as a tilt-table prosthesis, the kind that is designed especially for disarticulation cases like mine, where the leg is amputated at the hip joint socket.

On top of the artificial leg is a sort of half-saddle affair in which I must sit; a thick, corsetlike gadget buckles around my mid-section and a strap goes over my shoulder, holsterwise. There are mechanical joints at the hip and knee which must be locked while standing or walking, to keep them from buckling and collapsing. I forgot to lock up once and fell to the ground as though hit by a Chicago Bear tackle.

You move around with this artificial leg by lurching and twisting the entire body. The "kick" comes from the lower spine and abdomen. If you don't quite get the idea, try to imagine riding side-saddle in a strait jacket over mountainous terrain.

Junior performed admirably for a few weeks. But one day while climbing the steps to my room I heard a sharp *pinngg!* Junior had gone to hell in a flash—exploded like a hand grenade. Springs, nuts and bolts showered the hallway. A desperate grab at a railing saved me from crashing down the steps.

A first-year student at Harvard, who used the same Wigglesworth Hall entry as I, came to my assistance, substituted for Junior and helped me to my room.

Seated safely on the bed, I performed an autopsy on the Army's gift leg. The spring which locks the hip had jumped out of place. The wire which holds the bucket in line was missing. So was an assortment of nuts and bolts.

Advice Wasn't Too Helpful

I drafted the freshman to help me search the dimly lighted hallway for the missing parts. But it was like trying to find a T-bone steak in New Guinea. So I reported the next day to the V.A.'s amputee specialist. He directed me to the local representative of the Washington firm which had made the leg. Sure, Junior could be repaired, but it would take several weeks to get a spring from Washington. What was I to do in the meantime? Improvise, he said.

Improvise, that was easy to say, but it posed a real problem. If I could devise something to force the lock outward—I happened to glance at some rubber bands on the desk. Maybe. Possibly. Wouldn't hurt to try. I twisted the rubber bands around the hip lock, then stretched them down to the knee lock. I straightened the leg and the bands snapped the hip lock securely in place. It worked!

But a field expedient, as the Army calls an improvised gimmick, has no durable quality. So I called on the prosthetic appliance chief of the Boston V.A. office and applied for a new leg. The chief, a very agreeable fellow and an amputee himself, said I was entitled to two legs under the law. He suggested that I make the rounds of the artificial-limb makers in Boston and select a leg which, in my opinion, would be the most functionable, the most comfortable and offer the greatest all-round utility.

After a survey of the companies, I decided on a prosthesis which would weigh one third less than my Army leg.

Weight was the important factor, I believed, because of the weakened condition of my partially paralyzed right leg. When I made my report to the V.A. man, he wasn't convinced that it would be the best leg for me. So he dispatched me on another chase—this time to Dorchester, Massachusetts, to see a vet with a disarticulation like mine and who was wearing a leg of the type I wanted. He showed me how the new type worked and recommended it very highly.

Appointment for a Clinic

This clinched the argument in my opinion and I made another favorable report to the prosthetic chief. He gave the project tentative approval and said I would hear from him in a few days. I did—by letter ordering me to appear before a board of orthopedic experts, the last word in prosthetic knowledge, who would sit at a special clinic to review my case and determine the if, when, why and what of my case.

I circled another month on the calendar. It had been 90 days since I first made application for a successor to Junior.

The clinic was held on the fifth floor of the V.A. building on Court Street, Boston. On entering the room, I faced a semicircle of learned surgeons. They looked like colonels in mufti, ready for a war trial. Instinctively I started to raise a hand in salute, but the necessity of gripping my right crutch broke the illusion. I laid the crutches aside and unlocked the artificial limb at the knee and hip so I could sit down.

"Just a minute," said the chief surgeon of the group. "Why did you have to fiddle around with those locks before sitting down?"

I looked around, thinking possibly I had entered the wrong room, for the hip and knee locks were a well-known fundamental principle of the tilt-table prosthesis. If they were not unlocked I would be as stiff as a telephone post on my left side and it would be impossible to sit down.

I was too dumfounded to speak, but a representative from one of the limb manufacturing firms wasn't. He explained the simple mechanism. Satisfied, the surgeon turned to me.

"Now what is your complaint?"

"I'm not complaining, sir, I'm just trying to get a new artificial leg."

"How many legs have you had so far?"

"None from the Veterans Administration," I replied.

"What's wrong with the leg you have?"

"It's too heavy to drag around with my bum right leg and—"

"And what is wrong with your right leg?"

I had seen this diagnosis written out a hundred times in medical reports. I let him have it:

"Severance of the sciatic nerve, severe causalgia right ankle; palsy, incomplete, with anesthesia, complete, right foot; ankylosis, complete, right ankle; and ankylosis, incomplete, right knee."

"Now what else is wrong with the artificial leg?"

"It doesn't fit—in fact, it's falling to pieces."

"Why do you use metal crutches?"

"I like them better than the wooden ones."

"I don't like them. I think you ought to use the longer wooden ones—they give you more support under the arms."

"But, Doctor, the Army physicians warned that pressure under the armpits might endanger the arm nerve and could cause a temporary paralysis."

"I still don't like those metal crutches. I know a number of paraplegics..."

Collier's for March 26, 1949

This repartee went on for another 30 minutes before it was finally decided that I needed a new limb. The top man leaned forward and purred:

"Now are you happy, son?"

Striving to contain myself, I turned to the prosthetic chief. "When do I get the new leg?"

He shuffled some papers. "We have now reached the stage where you can make formal application for the leg," he announced, and then quickly said, "Wait just a minute—what did you say the name of the manufacturer of this leg was?"

I told him, thinking to myself: Hold tight to those crutches, Willis, here you go again.

"I'm sorry our contract has expired with that firm," the V.A. man said. "You'll have to wait until our lawyers conclude a new agreement. Tell you what I'll do. I'll drop you a line and tell you when to come down again."

"To get the leg?"



"Yes, we have sport clothes, why?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

"No, to sign the formal application."

"Then I pick up the leg?"

"No, then you get measured for one. It will take several months after that to build the leg."

I didn't ask for more details. This seemed enough for one day. So I eased back onto battered Junior, adjusted the rubber bands and bailing wire, picked up the metal crutches and made my way out.

This jockeying for position was only a warmup. The main event was yet to come. It was my skirmish with Public Law 16, as administered by the V.A., for subsistence allowance while attending college.

Let's go back to June, 1948. I had just received word that I had been awarded a Nieman Fellowship for a year's study at Harvard, starting in September. I called on the V.A. guidance officer at Walter Reed Hospital to see about obtaining educational benefits.

"Willis, you're smart to see me at this early date," he confided. "You can take all of our preliminary tests to qualify for PL16 training now. By the time you get to Harvard everything will be worked out; there'll be no delay due to red tape."

For the next four days I labored over every test they offered.

Then, with all the preliminaries finished, I signed about 20 different papers to seal the bargain. I privately congratulated myself on getting the jump on the other five Nieman fellows who were veterans. They, very foolishly, would probably wait until the latter part of September before signing for G.I. benefits.

It was with an air of confidence that I walked into the office of the Harvard veterans' counselor the week after school opened and requested my first check.

There was a quick search of the files. "I'm sorry, Mr. Willis," said the girl behind the desk, "but we don't seem to have any record of your case. Just a sec-

Collier's for March 26, 1949

ond and I'll check the V.A. office downtown."

She called one office, without avail. She called another. She called a third, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth. There was no record of Willis.

I borrowed some money from a friend.

A wire was dispatched to the guidance officer at Walter Reed. No answer. The Harvard counselor wrote to the Washington V.A. central office. No answer. A second wire was sent to the guidance officer at Walter Reed. No answer.

I touched another friend for a loan.

The search for the missing papers continued for the next four months, extended to Washington, then back to Boston, to Washington, to Dallas, Texas, and Walter Reed Hospital and even Richmond, Virginia. Officially, Willis did not exist. Maybe the boys forgot to pick me up over there in Morotai and this whole thing was a fantasy.

To get an idea of the scope of the search, here is an abstract from the Willis file in the Harvard counselor's office:

Oct. 29—Wire to Dallas regional office on theory file may have been sent to the regional office nearest Willis' Fort Worth home. Dallas reported the file was not there.

(All other Nieman veterans, who signed up in September, received their first checks on this date. I tapped another friend for a loan.)

Oct. 30—Another letter to Walter Reed. No answer.

Nov. 4—Wire of inquiry to Washington V.A. central headquarters. No answer. (Someone had told us that a government agency was compelled to answer a telegram.)

Nov. 18—Pointed letter from Harvard to Washington V.A. on the Willis case.

Nov. 19—Reply from Washington that the Willis case was "undergoing process."

Nov. 23—Harvard called Washington on phone. No satisfactory explanation.

Nov. 24—Copies of marriage license of Willis and birth certificates of his three children sent to Washington to substantiate claim for subsistence benefits.

Dec. 2—Washington V.A. acknowledged receipt of marriage license and birth certificates and reported that they were duly filed.

Dec. 17—Boston regional office reported it had no record of the Willis case.

They had located the moon by radar, but not the Willis papers.

The Long-Delayed Reply

However, the V.A. didn't let me down. Finally, a letter came dated January 10th—seven months after the original papers were signed—from the Veterans' Guidance Center, 10 Divinity Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts. If there was anything I needed at this time, it was a little guidance. Eagerly, I tore open the envelope. The letter read:

"Dear Mr. Willis: Your requested appointment for Vocational Rehabilitation under Public Law 16 has been scheduled for this office, Jan. 13, 1949, 8:35 A.M. Counseling usually takes all day; please be on time. Bring with you any records you may have concerning your education and experience such as school reports, statements from employers and records of training and experience in the service."

It was the same kind of notice that I had received last June from the guidance officer at Walter Reed.

Realizing that I faced another extended processing, I floated another loan, and kept my appointment with the guidance center.

There was the usual preliminary pep talk and orientation by one of the V.A. men, an interview with a young woman about my background and counsel with

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another man about my "vocational objective" (I kept telling them that I just wanted to go to school). In rapid succession came interviews with the third and fourth V.A. representatives, followed by a joint conference with V.A. men Number Three and Number Four to determine if we were assiduously pursuing the intent of Congress.

"We might invoke Law 346 pending and contingent upon approval of Law 16," suggested Number Three.

"No, that wouldn't work," Number Four said. "There's a law to the effect that if commitment is made to Law 346 there can be no later invoking of Law 16. I think I am right on this, but we might ask the AG for a ruling."

"As I see it," said Number Three, "this case hinges on the time when Certificate B was properly filled out. Just when did you fill out Certificate B?"

Certificate B! I had never heard of Certificate B.

"But there's a possibility," I told them, "that I might have filled out Certificate B when I signed about 20-odd papers when applying for this training last June in Washington. I signed everything they placed in front of me, but I must confess that I didn't peek and take note of the key numbers on the forms. In fact, there were so many papers, I didn't have time to read them all."

Both men shook their heads, unbelievably.

Imagine anyone not knowing whether he had filled out a Certificate B or not! And a Harvard man at that!

A Brush-Off in Double Talk

"I guess you don't know about your Form 1900 either?" queried Number Four.

I looked blank again.

Ignoring me for the moment, the V.A. men shuffled the batch of papers comprising my most recent file (accumulated only that morning), scrawled a number of hasty signatures and announced that my application had been approved.

This bolstered my courage. I addressed Number Four, "Sir, in view of the prolonged delay in my case, I was wondering if you couldn't cut a few corners—rush things up a bit?"

He looked over the mass of paper. "Why, yes, I think we might expedite your case somewhat."

"When do you think I'll get my first check?"

"Well, let me see," he said, squinting up at the ceiling. "Today is January 13th—February—March—I think I can get your check for you by April."

"But, sir, April! That's almost the end of the school year. I started this thing last June, three months before school opened. Signed every paper then that I signed here today, I think."

"Yes, that is unfortunate, but I don't see what we can do about it."

Which seemed to settle that.

"Well, when I do get the check, it should be a large one, dating back to September," I said.

"Oh, no, you're wrong on that," he corrected. "Your application is dated today, not September."

"But my other application was filled out in June!"

"We don't have that one. This is a new one."

"Can't you backdate it?"

"No, there is a law on that. Legally, you cannot make application for training under Public Law 16 until the board in Washington finds you're disabled."

"Then I wasn't disabled in September?"

"According to the Veterans Administration, you were not found to be disabled until November 18th. That's the date the board heard your case. We cannot possibly go back beyond that date. That's the law."

"But the other G.I.s in Harvard, their subsistence payments started the day they entered school," I pointed out.

"I'm sorry; we must follow the law."

"Then I'll lose about two months in subsistence payments, around \$200?"

"Well, you won't exactly lose the money. Let's just say you won't receive it," he explained.

I pondered this logic for a minute. The pace was getting a little fast again. I rose to leave. If I had stayed any longer, he would have had me owing the V.A.

Happy? I'm delirious and I'll tell you why. About five or ten years from now, some clerk will unearth my original papers in a darkened corner of the V.A. building in Washington. There'll be a lot of conferences, calculations, letters, forms, applications, Certificate B's, and other assorted governmental pulp matter. Then they'll mail me a nice letter of apology, enclosing a check for subsistence for the entire school year, based on the original application I made in June, 1948. It will take another two or three years after that for some other clerk to discover that the V.A. has paid me twice. I will receive another letter, this one not quite so nice, demanding that I give back that last check.

You know what I'll do then?

I'll instruct them to meet me for an interview at a given date, require a formal application by the government, sworn to and attested by proper witnesses, backed by recognized legal opinion, in writing, showing that the government is entitled to the return of the second check. The V.A. will have to fill out a half-dozen Certificate B's, a few Form 1900s, along with 157 carbon copies. When all of this matter is formally delivered to me by registered mail, I'll process the file through my "regular channels" for about five years.

After I check, recheck and double-check all of the papers—and everything seems to be in order—then I'll promptly proceed to lose the whole file. . . . "Now are you happy, son!"

BEFORE the war, Delbert Willis was a reporter on the Fort Worth, Texas, Press. In the Army he rose to the rank of captain in the infantry. On Morotai Island in January, 1945, he led 28 men in a surprise raid on a Jap pocket of resistance, effectively directing the capture of the enemy after both his legs had been riddled by Jap fire. During the next three and one-half years he underwent 23 major operations in an effort to save his legs. After nearly three years, his entire left leg was amputated. In the summer of 1948 he was awarded a Nieman fellowship for a year's study at Harvard University. He was released from Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C., with the warning that unless he were extremely careful he might also lose his severely damaged right leg. It was then that he began his frustrating fight with the Veterans Administration for subsistence and an artificial leg.



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THE INSPECTOR HAD A HABIT

Continued from page 15

"but you will understand my alarm. That fragment is surely from an important secret document."

The general studied it. When he looked up he said dryly, "There must be a stronger word than importance."

"Then you recognize the extract?"

"It is from an appreciation of our military situation, which I prepared at the request of the regent. Its very existence is unknown to the majority of my staff. There is a single copy."

"Then, Excellency, Spiros must have had access to the original document, since there is no copy."

"If it were not a fact, I would say impossible. It is held in our most secret archives and can only be withdrawn on my written order." The general took a release slip from his desk, entered the details, added his signature, and touched the bell. He said to the tall handsome officer who appeared, "For immediate action, Major Taimani."

THE aide exchanged curious glances with Chafik, and then went out. "This Taimani has access—" Chafik said in a distant voice.

"What?"

The Inspector was embarrassed. "I spoke a thought. I have the habit, a very bad one—"

"Then let me correct the thought. Major Taimani does not have access to the document. Only one man is permitted to unlock the safe, and he is more secure than the lock itself. You will now meet him."

The aide returned with a little man in a shabby civilian suit. The Inspector noted his middle years, tired eyes, and the dusty pallor of one whose life was docketed in the drawers of filing cabinets. He carried a red cardboard cover which he put down reluctantly, then stood looking at Chafik with a watchdog's distrust.

Smiling, the general said, "Thank you, Mr. Habib. Please wait outside." His nod of dismissal included Major Taimani.

When the soldier and the civilian had gone, Inspector Chafik said, "Of course I know him. Habib, Hanna. Confidential clerk. Twenty years in government service. A widower. One child, a girl named Nadhilla, aged about four. He is highly respectable."

"So you know why I trust him—"

"Excellency, I am a policeman. I do not trust myself."

The general shrugged, opened the file and thumbed through the pages, handwritten in Arabic script. Presently he said, "I will read you this extract under the subheading, '12th Brigade commanded by Colonel Rahdi.' It says: 'The loyalty of this mountain brigade is questionable, due to political insecurity of the Kurdish conscripts. There is evidence they have been inflamed by sponsored hopes of a National Kurdistan. It is therefore recommended the brigade be—'" The general closed the file.

Chafik said, "The original is here. Where is the copy?"

"I expect you to find it."

"You expect. That is a command." The Inspector's voice faded. When he spoke again, his sentences were disjointed. "One could not memorize these details. Not letter-perfect. Not any man I know. The document is clean. No blood on it, yet the desk of Spiros—"

He became aware of the general. Again embarrassed by the echo of spoken thoughts, he said, "As a stream among rocks, so I babble," and excused himself with a profound salaam. . . .

When he left the ministry it was late. He had interviewed all members of the general's staff, and now sat in the police car. Greedily, he inhaled the smoke of

a delayed cigarette. A breath of cool air rustled the fronds of the date palms.

He said to Sergeant Abdullah, "I cannot weave without threads. The military are grudging. We of the civil services are classed as inferiors."

Abdullah dismissed the military with a sweeping gesture of contempt. But Chafik went on stubbornly, "The higher the rank, the more human becomes the soldier. Our general was helpful, his aide was not."

"Sir?"

"I have suffered the supercilious company of a Major Taimani. He escorted me through the offices, but I knew what he was thinking. His lips smiled, but his eyes said, 'You are a policeman.' Is there a leper's mark on me because I am a hunter, not a killer, of men?"

The sergeant's reply was soothing, and presently Chafik said, "Let us forget this elegant Taimani. Tell me what you discovered."

"Sir, I have trace of the movements of Spiros after he left the Oasis Hotel in answer to the telephone call. He was seen near Ctesiphon in a hired car, which he drove himself. Still later, the same car was noticed outside the public gardens which adjoin the city water works."

"Was anybody with Spiros?" the Inspector asked.

"I have no further information, sir. It is a poor offering."

The Inspector said, "I am not a pagan god, but I appreciate offerings, and the savor of this one is exotic. I was about to visit the gardens you mention."

"Then you knew Spiros had been there?" It was a disappointment.

"No, my dear Abdullah. I am going to the gardens because of the habits of a certain man."

Chafik took the wheel of the car, drove across Faisal Square, threaded the traffic on Al-Rashid Street and accelerated on Ma'mun Avenue, before he spoke again. "Let the scientists keep their test tubes," he said. "I prefer my records. I insist on the smallest detail being noted therein—even if a man walks regularly with his child in a garden in the evening."

When they reached the place, on the inside bank of the great loop of the Tigris that embraced the city, he told Abdullah to park discreetly and wait. Then he walked under the slaty gum trees to a bench. He sat watching the river.

CHAFIK waited for an hour. Sunset made a painter's palette of the desert sky. As the ever-changing colors grew stronger, he became aware of brighter color near him, a small child running along the path, chasing a ball.

He picked it up and held it, smiling invitation to the little girl. He had no young of his own, but he had a way with children.

The child in the gay dress did not go to him, however. She stood shaking her head. She said in a solemn voice, "Don't know strange man."

"But I know you," Chafik said and added, "you are called Nadhilla?" The little girl nodded, and he said softly, "You have gazelle's eyes, Daughter of Habib."

He smiled at the man who came up breathing heavily.

The pallid face of Hanna Habib was lined with strain and an anxious hand went to the child's shoulder to draw her protectively against him. Then he recognized the Inspector, and the hand released the shoulder. He said, "I have not seen you here before."

"It is my loss. The garden is beautiful, and there are elves in it." Chafik smiled again at Nadhilla.

"What is elves?" she asked.

"Tiny men with beards. No bigger

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"He just didn't realize what noise in an office can do to good personnel. In a very short time you get nervous, jumpy and irritable. The incessant pecking of little sounds piles up into one constant din—draining energy and destroying efficiency. Yesterday's pep talk was cut short when I stuck my neck out and told the boss the *real* truth!"



"I'm the Fellow he called for help!"



"The very next day I was called in and asked to quiet the place as soon as I could. It was done at night while the office was empty. Next morning the staff was delighted and grateful for the serene quiet which greeted their ears. And who am I?"

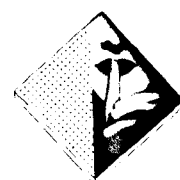
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than the nail of your finger, Nadhilla. They live in flowers. They prefer poppies—" He reached a hand toward a red blossom, then snatched it back hurriedly. "Ah, the rascal! He bit me. Elves do not like us grownups, only little girls like you."

The child's laughter was the music of the sunset. She pressed to his knee, looked up eagerly. Habib said harshly, "She is too friendly with strangers—"

"No, no, Baba! This nice man," Nadhilla told her father. "Not nasty man, not other man—"

"We must go home." Habib hastily grasped his daughter's hand.

"Daddy very, very mad," the child confided to Chafik. "Man take me far—" A plump arm waved. "Far, far way. Nasty dirty man. But horse very nice. Very funny horse."

"She has been with friends," Habib explained. "Come, little gazelle," he said, tugging a reluctant hand.

"Very, very funny horse!" Nadhilla wrenched her hand from her father's and her laughter and bracelets tinkled as she suddenly strutted up the path, throwing her chubby legs out stiffly in a miniature goose step. "How funny horse walk," she explained breathlessly. "This how he sit!" she shouted joyously, and going down on her knees, bowed her flushed face to the ground.

"Come!" Habib snatched up his daughter. "She becomes foolish. She imagines things—" He was incoherent, then found the words to say, "It is Nadhilla's bedtime—"

"Horse sit down, horse sit down," the child chanted.

"You see how excited she becomes," the father said with agitation. A small rose-hennaed hand waved as Nadhilla was carried away.

WHEN he rejoined Abdullah in the car, Chafik's thin face was deeply lined with anger and pain.

The sergeant said anxiously, "Was the garden, or the one you met, unpleasant?"

"On the contrary, Abdullah. The garden was a miniature Eden, suitably adorned by a young Eve. But there was also the conventional snake."

"Not venomous, I trust."

Inspector Chafik flicked his cigarette. "Judge for yourself. The snake is beside you," he said bitterly. . . .

The next day he sat at his desk and looked at a report drafted in his own neat script. His shoulders were stooped as though he carried a heavy burden.

The report was complete, except for signature. Chafik picked up his pen, then put it down. He said to Abdullah, "If I sign, God will condemn me in the next world. And if I do not sign, my superiors will condemn me in this one—"

"There is no justification for murder, sir."

"You correctly reprimand me. I am a policeman. Very well, let us look at this thing as policemen. A few more inquiries. An interrogation. We then have the killer. And more important, we discover how Spiros obtained access to a secret document and what happened to his translation. Is that sufficient?"

The tall gaunt sergeant answered, "It fulfills our duty."

"On the contrary, my dear Abdullah. We still would not know how Spiros learned of the existence of the document. The one who killed him could not have volunteered this information, otherwise there would have been no reason to kill. Somewhere lurks the real traitor, the man who gave the tip-off, as they say in English. If I sign, the smoke screen of scandal would conceal this man. Therefore, I shall not submit my report—yet."

The inspector went to the window and stood looking out across the drab city and the broad waterway of the Tigris. Presently he said, "I should not ignore the horse."

"Sir?"

"Did I speak, Abdullah? The habit grows worse; I do not always hear myself talk. But, yes, the horse. I seek one that walks with a Prussian strut, unless he be the fantasy of a fey child. Do you know a horse that struts, that also kneels as if in prayer?"

The sergeant said, "I suggest, sir, the military should be consulted. Cavalry mounts are trained for strange things."

"The military. I am reminded of my bruised ego," Chafik shrugged. "I will take this problem to them."

He was delayed by routine work and it was late afternoon when he went to the ministry. As usual, when he imagined inferiority, he was ingratiating; a hand hovered to his *sidarrah* in half salute and half salaam. He asked to see the general's aide, hesitating to go to the

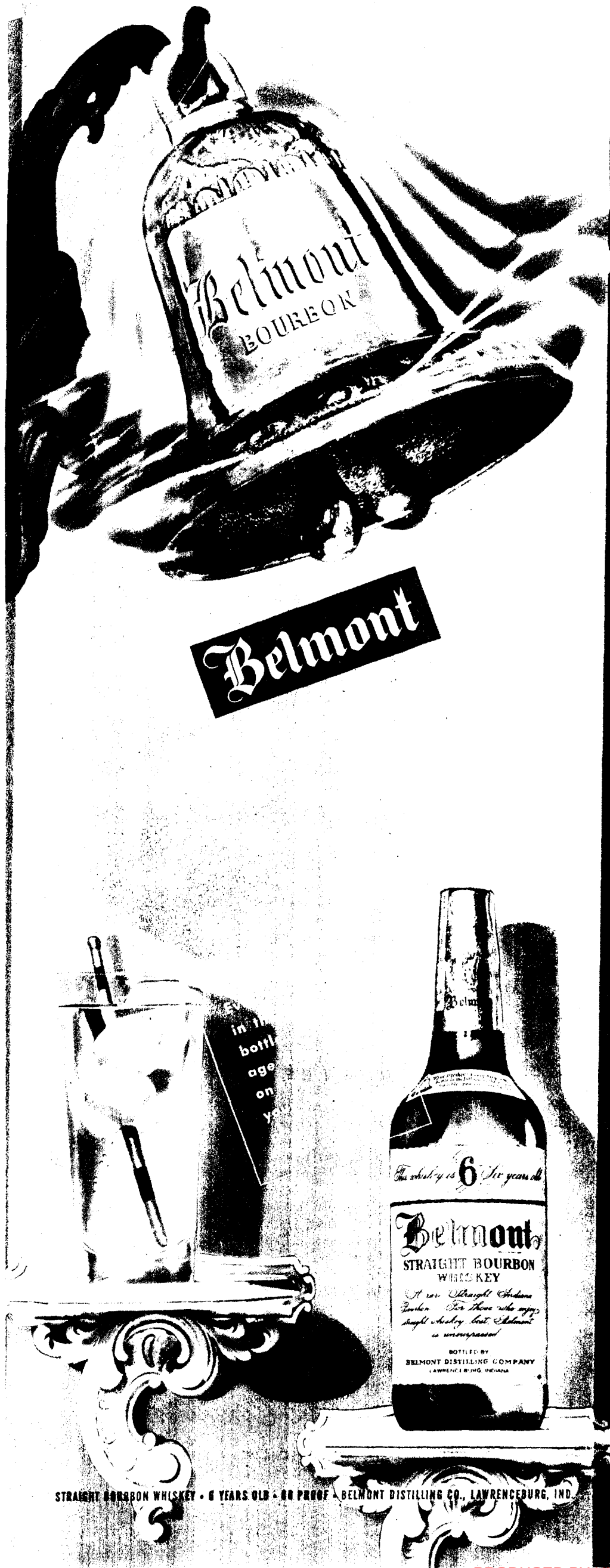


COLLIER'S

"Is this the charcoal or the steak?"

JERRY MARCUS

Collier's for March 26, 1949



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great man with nebulous questions. A bored orderly escorted him to Taimani's office, and told him the major was in conference and would see him later.

Perched on the edge of a chair, the Inspector looked around the office. He noted the handsome rug, the good furniture, the many maps. But there was only one filing cabinet. The walls of his own austere office at headquarters were lined with cabinets; remembrance was refreshing rain to a parched ego. Chafik thought: This man is more decorative than useful. I shall tolerate no more rudeness. He lighted a cigarette and moved to a more comfortable chair.

From here, his eyes were drawn to photographs above the desk. They were all of Taimani at various stages in his military career. Chafik, with a tolerant smile, admitted the major made an effective figure in uniform, especially when on horseback.

The Inspector was impelled from the chair. He stood before three unusual pictures of a fine horse. His absorbed eyes went from one in which the horse pawed the air, to the second where it strutted with stiff forelegs, to the last where the horse knelt, Major Taimani proudly posed beside the bowed head.

Excitement made a din in Chafik's ears. He did not hear himself say breathlessly, "So the horse was not fantasy. If Habib's daughter saw these photographs—" But his policeman's ear picked up the click of the closing door, and he turned quickly.

TAIMANI was leaning nonchalantly against the wall. Chafik thought he saw something in the major's face that denied nonchalance. Then there was only the familiar boredom, and he wasn't sure of the something which might have been fear.

"Well, here I am. What do you want?" Taimani demanded.

"I wish to see the general—"

"He's gone."

"A pity. Such a courteous man." The little Inspector permitted himself brief satisfaction when Taimani flushed, then said quickly, "I was admiring your horse. An astonishing animal."

"It is a high school horse—but not mine."

"That is to be regretted, you are obviously attached to him. Who, then, is the owner?"

"An Englishman. He is no longer in Baghdad." Taimani spoke curtly. "What did you want with the general?"

"A confidential matter. I will call on

him in the morning. How you must envy the Englishman. I hope," Chafik said, "you enjoy the horse in his absence? Do you keep it with your own? I believe you have several?"

Taimani said impatiently, "Yes. Now if you will excuse me—"

"A thousand pardons." The Inspector went to the door, but stopped on the threshold to say, "No doubt you keep them on the estate you recently inherited?"

"Yes," the major said irritably.

Closing the door behind him, Chafik thought: Yes, the estate you inherited near Ctesiphon, Major. His manner was now authoritative, but he was too preoccupied to notice the sentry's salute to authority as he drove away.

ALONE in the car, he wove a pattern with the new and abundant threads. Presently he stopped near the river where the sunset was reflected in the sluggish water. Blood red predominated, and Chafik announced, "This ominous color also predominates in my design—" He heard himself and angrily clattered the gears as he turned the car.

He had gone less than a block when the fear came to him.

Shock took color from his face. He pulled up by the officer on traffic duty at the intersection of Bank Street and said with a tremor in his voice, "Did I? Was I so excited I did not hear myself? Did I say—"

"Sir?"

Chafik said harshly, "Give me your gun."

He dropped it on the seat and drove off rapidly. Al-Rashid Street was cluttered with traffic, but he wove through it recklessly, crossed the Saa'dun Square at a diagonal, and fled up the broad avenue behind his screaming siren.

He reached the quiet garden where Hanna Habib usually walked with his daughter in the cool of the evening. Already the sunset was beginning to fade. He snatched up the gun, jumped from the car, and ran.

The main path was hedged by clumps of oleander and tamarisk. Chafik stopped in the shadow of a tree. He heard the pealing laughter of a child and ran again.

He turned a bend and saw Nadhilla skipping toward him, her bright eager face turned up to her flying ball. Hanna Habib walked with his eyes down, unaware of danger.

To the right of the path, where dark green foliage mingled with the coral blossom, Chafik saw something move. A

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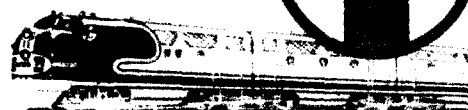
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hand, gripping a revolver, parted the screen of oleanders.

Chafik fired.

He heard the bullet cut through the tangled bushes, telling him he had missed, and threw himself flat as death passed. Fear was paralyzing. Then he thought: I must not lie here. God, the Compassionate, give me courage. The child—

Chafik pulled his knees up under him and rose as another bullet scorched his cheek. And he fired in return, the hammer blow of one explosion crashing upon another, as he walked steadily in on the man hidden behind the oleanders.

When he was halfway across the seeming infinity of the path, Chafik saw the man pitch forward. He heard the harsh laboring of torn lungs. He was without pity and fired his last shot coldly and deliberately into the bent head. With a final convulsion the body rolled over at his feet.

His hands trembled as he reached for a cigarette. Inspector Chafik had never known Kurdish tobacco to taste so sweet. And looking at the once handsome face of the dead man, he said, "You do not wear death as decoratively as you once wore your uniform, Major Taimani."

THE general said to the little man perched uncomfortably on the edge of the chair, "I can hardly credit it. Taimani a traitor, and Hanna Habib—"

"It is the way they work, Excellency. I mean the people who employed Spiros. They exploit weakness. This Taimani was a candle burning in daytime, gutted by his extravagances. So they sent Spiros with a tempting offer. So safe. So undefiling to the hands. He only had to say the document was in existence and name the watchdog who guarded it. They paid him well. But Spiros knew he could not tempt Habib. So he stole Habib's only treasure—"

"What greater treasure than a child?" The general sighed, remembering the years. "Go on," he said harshly.

"Spiros hid the kidnaped Nadhilla on Taimani's estate. Did Taimani know? Perhaps. But he was in the Smyrniot's power. Spiros then named the ransom to Habib. Access to the document. In the way of kidnapers, he surely warned the father he would never see the child again if he came to us. What could he do?" Chafik turned to conceal emotion. Then he spoke again as a policeman should speak. "Habib fulfilled the terms. One

wonders why, after Nadhilla was safe, he did not ask our help—"

The general said compassionately, "Fear would always remain for the tortured father."

"This one was also your faithful watchdog, Excellency. When his daughter was returned he went to the hotel. He entered the room, snatched up the document, shot Spiros, and left. He took all that was on the desk. The original document was returned unsoiled to the archives. All this became clear to me when I talked to the child in that, then, pleasant garden. She also gave me the clue to the real traitor."

"But I am mystified why Taimani rushed to kill her."

"Because of my habit—"

"What?"

"You have heard me speak my thoughts. I cannot break the habit. I was searching for the performing horse which Nadhilla had seen in the place where she was confined. When I saw the photographs in Taimani's office, I had found the animal, and exclaimed the fact aloud. And in my excitement I failed to hear myself." The Inspector made no attempt this time to hide anguish. "My carelessness put the life of the little Nadhilla in jeopardy. Overhearing, Taimani was in a panic. If it were proved that the child was hidden on his estate, it might hang him. So he went to destroy the witness. God warned me."

Inspector Chafik rose. It was easier to say what he had to say standing erect like a soldier. "I killed Taimani, Excellency!"

"A traitor's death is unimportant—"

"But I killed him deliberately. To silence him."

The general raised his shaggy eyebrows. "Explain."

"I have not yet submitted a report on Hanna Habib. Only you and I know he took the document, and why. Only you and I know he killed Spiros. A tortured father, as you yourself have said, Excellency. But also a very faithful watchdog. Now to be trusted doubly? Do you want to lose him? And shall we take happiness from the bright face of a child?"

The questions were left suspended in a long silence. While Chafik waited, the general fitted a cigarette into his amber holder. When he looked up, his hard face softened, and he said, "Surely, it is sufficient the report has been made to God."

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Collier's for March 26, 1949

THE GREEN FIELDS BEYOND

Continued from page 18

that Bub Hardesty even has that. He never even had on long pants till Christmas."

"I see," said her father. "Well, give the poor chap time." He picked up his book and found his place.

She stitched the silver bow firmly and severed the thread. She arranged a belt of silver around the waist and tacked onto its middle a small cluster of pink and yellow and blue twists of cotton fashioned into an indistinct resemblance to rosebuds.

She thought of Bub Hardesty and his new long pants; of his wetly combed, pale hair with the rampant cowlick; of his strange, varying voice and how he was not nearly so tall as she. She knew that he would dance with her—once, right at first, as good manners decreed—and that she would not see him again until the dance was over and he would bring her home. She knew that, coerced by his mother, he hated it all as much as she, Melissa, did.

She thought of Alex Hardesty and almost laughed at her father's mistake in supposing that Florine would—that she *could*—send him trotting after a girl nobody else had asked to bring to the party—wouldn't be caught dead bringing, Melissa said to herself with the old feeling of self-scorn and heartache and puzzlement that this should be so.

Alex Hardesty was twenty-three. He would consider any sort of commingling with Florine's crowd on a level with baby sitting. He was a college graduate. He had his own car. And he had, as even Melissa's father seemed to know, a reputation that, while it might be unsavory to people like parents, held a tingling fascination for the girls of the town. Not only Florine's contemporaries, but other and much older girls.

Not Melissa. The very idea of his taking her to Florine's dance made her shudder. Or she thought that it did.

"I asked you," said Melissa's father, "if you know how to dance."

She started, realizing now that he had

spoken before, seeing that his book was again closed around his finger.

"Yes, Father. We used to—some girls and I used to practice in the gym after school. I've known how to dance for ages." She said it with an air and held her chin up. She did not tell him how, the minute a boy put his arm around her to dance with her, she stiffened all up and stepped on his feet and forgot everything she had learned about dancing. She did not tell him how often, how doggedly, when she was sure he and Aunt Catherine would not hear her, she had practiced alone in her room to radio music and with a small, straight chair as a partner.

MELISSA wondered why her father had suddenly decided to ask her all these questions and hoped that he was through now. It had been better when he hadn't noticed her at all.

She shook out the thick, pink cotton folds and stood up, holding the dress against her.

"It's finished," she said. "I have a band of pink and blue rosebuds to wear in my hair."

"Let's see." Her father stretched out his hand and plucked up a fold of the dress and felt it. "Ah, yes," he said. "Very pretty."

She would have left then, to go upstairs and lay the dress across her bed, ready to put on when supper was over. Her father's voice stopped her.

"Ah—" he said, and hesitated.

She waited, holding the pink stuff bunched in her arms.

"What about that brown thing you wear on Sundays?" he asked. "The velvet. Wouldn't that be more suitable?"

"Oh, no, Father." Because of his ignorance, she dared be lofty. "That's short and it has sleeves." She repeated a former statement with the same pride she had felt before. "This dance is formal."

"I see." He got up and came to her and felt the material again. "Where did you get this? Did your Aunt Catherine—?"

"Aunt Catherine gave me ten dollars for Christmas," Melissa explained. "She said I was to put it aside for graduation. I graduate in February and I'll have to have a dress then, a nice one. But when Florine asked me to her dance and said it was formal—"

He cut in on her. "Did you tell your aunt about needing a formal dress?"

Melissa hung her head. "Yes, Father. But she said the brown velvet was plenty good enough. She said I was too young, anyway, to wear a formal dress. So I bought this with the ten dollars. I had to, Father!"

"How old are you, Melissa?" His voice was gentle and he looked as if he was feeling ashamed that he had to ask her.

"I'll be twenty in June," she said, and winced, misunderstanding his look of amazement. She didn't know it was because he had lost track of the years. She thought it was because she was younger than any girl her age had a right to be. Younger and dumber, Melissa thought with familiar bitterness.

Then some small hint of what he had been probing



PAUL HAMLIN

It's A Date

The calendar proclaims it's spring—
Why should I doggedly protest?
Well, chums, I do not choose to sing
With mustard plasters on my chest.

I have a cold. My nose is red.
My feet are ice. Like fire, my head.
And while my back plays host to chills,
I will not toast the daffodils.

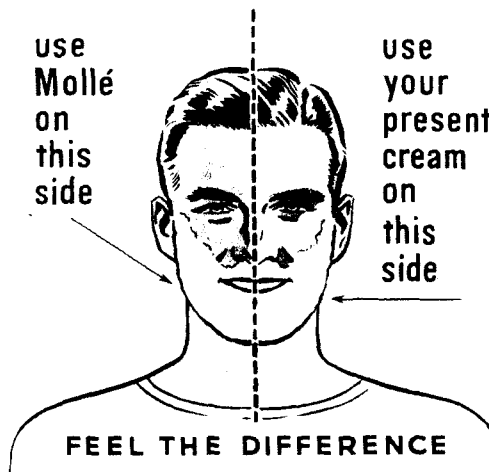
They cower timidly in pots—
Not yet do they bespangle lawns.
They know this hoax, this plot of plots,
And greet March 21st with yawns.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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for caught her and she said, "Father!" She held out the pink dress at arm's length and studied it. "Father, is it all right? You don't think it's funny-looking, or like a nightgown?"

"Of course not." He said it quickly and heartily and gave her two brisk little pats on the shoulder. "It's a lovely dress. You'll be belle of the ball."

She turned from him to the door and so did not see his frown. But as she reached her room upstairs, a door banged below and she heard her father's voice speaking to Aunt Catherine. He spoke at some length and he sounded angry.

A LITTLE later Aunt Catherine came upstairs to say that supper was ready. She could have called up from the hall below, as she usually did, but she came upstairs. She came into Melissa's room and looked at the pink dress and said that Melissa was clever to have been able to make it. She asked if Melissa would like to borrow her fur coat.

"It's stopped sleeting," she said, "but it's mighty cold."

As they went downstairs together, Aunt Catherine said, "You should have told me, Melissa. You should have made me understand." Aunt Catherine was reproachful. Aunt Catherine was passing the buck because she couldn't bear, alone, the blame for this.

Yet, after supper, when Melissa had dressed and had come into the sitting room to show them, Aunt Catherine felt her conscience ease. Under the bunchy, awkward lines of the pink cotton, the girl's slim figure showed in suppleness and grace. Her cheeks were pink with excitement and her big dark eyes shone with wistfulness and hope. She had not used lipstick—she owned none—but her mouth was warm and curved and waiting.

"You look lovely, Melissa, my dear," Aunt Catherine said thickly. "Just lovely."

But she knew that Melissa's appeal lay chiefly in her youth and that to the boys and girls at the party, themselves

young, it would hold no novelty and no allure. . . .

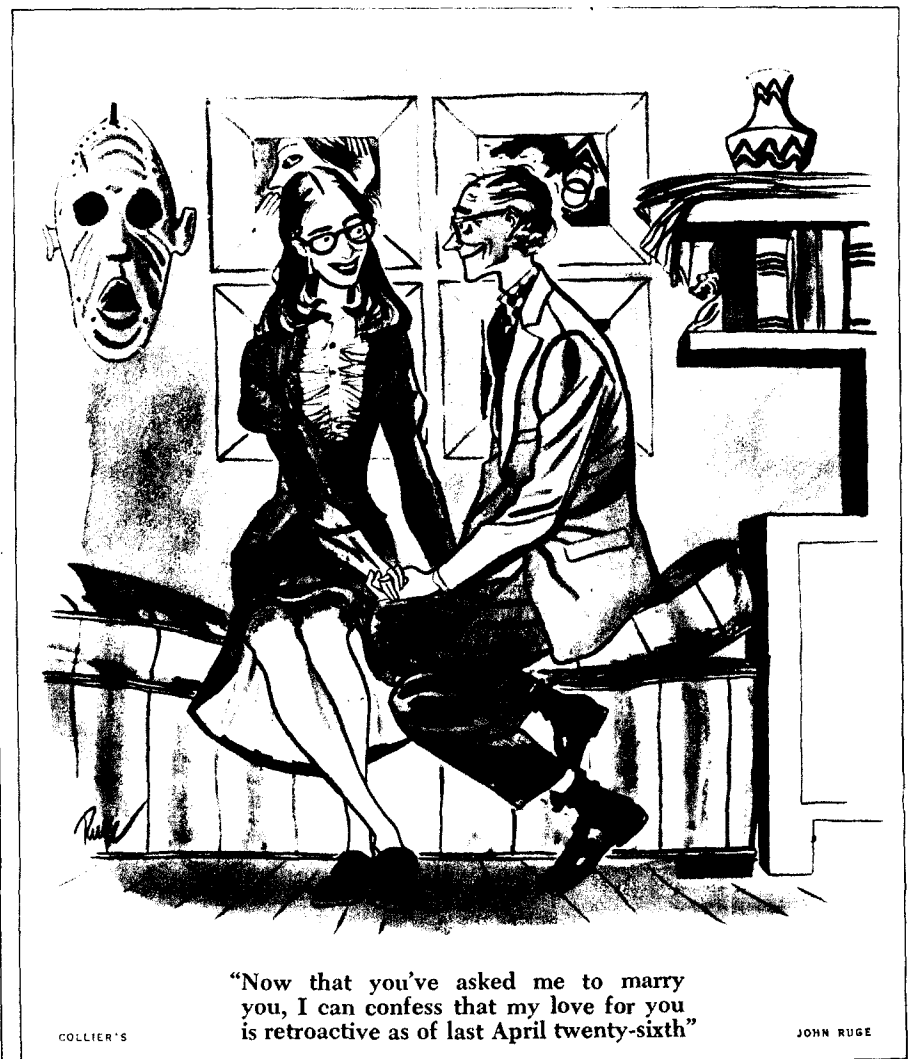
Melissa stood in the archway that led from the big drawing room to the hall in the Hardestys' home. It was near the stairs and she had, an hour or so ago, made the mistake of sitting on those stairs. Mrs. Hardesty's hostess eye had lighted upon her and she had sent Mr. Hardesty to dance with Melissa, and after that, Bub Hardesty had danced with her too, for the second time. Melissa had seen Mrs. Hardesty persuading him to.

So now she stood because it was, strangely, less conspicuous to stand. She tried to look bright and interested, as if it didn't matter whether she danced or only watched.

It was a good dance. There was even an orchestra: the piano and a banjo and a saxophone. There were festoons of twisted colored paper high around the walls; the Christmas tree still reared a green and pointed head between the front windows, and its electric candles were lighted and glittering. The boys and girls wore fancy paper hats and they had been provided with confetti to throw at one another, and with paper horns to blow when it would be midnight and the New Year. Some of them were not waiting for midnight to blow their horns but added their din now to the music and laughter.

Melissa held her paper hat in her hands. She watched the dancers and every now and then she remembered to tap her foot to the music. She smiled and nodded whenever she caught a girl's eye. She did not try to catch a boy's eye. That would have been like hinting, and the same pride that held her upright in the archway kept her from seeking a reluctant charity. In a way, it was crucifixion, but there was no one to blame but herself. She had known. It had happened before—the same thing every time she went to a party.

She had thought—had kidded herself—that it might be different this time, because it was formal and she was wearing a formal dress. The dress had seemed so



COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

Collier's for March 26, 1949



beautiful to her when she had planned and made it: the soft color like the inside of a rose, and the gleams of silver and the little nosegay at her waist.

But when she had left Aunt Catherine's coat upstairs in Florine's room and had come downstairs to the party, she had known almost at once that it was wrong. The girls' eyes had told her. And not one of them wore cotton. You just didn't, she knew now—not in winter. There was Florine in blue taffeta with pearl beads and earrings; there was Mary Ellen Tucker in bright red velvet; there was Lucille Cheatham in black velvet with her shoulders bare.

Aunt Catherine should have told her. But she *had*. Melissa remembered now her aunt's distress—remembered when it was too late to do any good. And with her face fiery, she remembered her father's question, "Is it a nightgown?" But they should have told her *in words*, if she were too dumb to catch hints. They shouldn't have let her come.

When she got home, however late it might be, she would burn the dress in the furnace. The very thought of it and of how she looked in it made her feel sick. The hours when she must stand there wearing it, chained in it, stretched ahead to the end of time.

BUT Melissa knew it wasn't the dress by itself. There had been other dances, informal ones, when Melissa's clothes had been enough like those of the other girls not to set her apart. Yet there had been the same standing alone in archways, the same watching and wondering and slow, seeping despair.

It was something else—some secret that the other girls had found the answer to, or had been born knowing.

She straightened her shoulders and set her teeth. She watched and listened and, after a time, she went upstairs again to Florine's room.

She went first to the bed to see that Aunt Catherine's coat was all right. She pulled it from under several others and spread it on top and smoothed the soft fur. Then she sat down at the dressing table and combed her hair and straight-

ened the band of pink and blue rosebuds and adjusted the silver bow at her neckline. She looked past the burning cheeks and the eyes that were brilliant with misery.

It's something they know that I don't, Melissa thought. *Oh, why don't I know it?*

She thought of Florine, tilting up her face to laugh at her partner, turning her head to call out to another boy. When Florine turned her head, her hair swished and shimmered on her shoulders. It seemed somehow like a silken challenge. When Florine laughed, she caught her lower lip in her teeth and looked sideways out of the corners of her eyes.

Melissa tried it, watching herself in the mirror. She tried swishing her hair. But it wasn't the same. With Florine, it looked easy and natural and charming. With her, Melissa, it just looked silly.

It was more than clothes and challenging hair and sidewise eyes. It was something inside, underneath, and deep. The motions alone were no good.

Like dancing, she thought. She knew how to do it; she was good at it—when she danced with another girl or the chair up in her room. But dancing with a boy—the instant he touched her, she forgot how, and she stiffened and stumbled. And somewhere here lay the key to the mystery.

She crossed her arms on the dressing table and leaned her hot forehead on them.

Tell me, she thought. Teach me what it is.



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from his cigarette onto the hearth. Melissa took in the lithe and, perhaps, studied grace of his pose, the practiced flippancy of his manner. She saw how his occasional glance at the party was one of indulgence.

She saw Mrs. Hardesty move close to Alex and speak confidentially, urgently, with one small, telltale gesture toward Melissa.

Melissa was terrified. Her breath came dry and gusty and she looked around quickly, searching a way of escape that would not seem either rude or foolish.

She felt the flutter that went through the girls; she saw their eyes on her in derision.

Alex Hardesty, their eyes said, was being shanghaied into dancing with Melissa, of all people. They would tease him about it later.

MELISSA'S heart thudded in her throat and her hands tore pieces from the fancy paper hat, but she held her head high and hardened her jaw. She didn't know that she was scowling too.

She braced herself against the wall and mumbled an ungracious, "How do you do," and barely remembered to nod as Mrs. Hardesty, the introduction achieved, bustled off with a word about refreshments.

Alex was smiling. It was a lopsided, world-weary smile. He raised one blond eyebrow as if he found the situation mildly amusing. Melissa noticed that his eyes were green and it increased her panic. There was something Mephistophelean about green eyes.

"You look as if you want to bite me," Alex said. "Nobody's making you dance with me, you know."

"Aren't they?" said Melissa, unthinking. If she broke away now and ran upstairs, it would be the end. She could never face the girls again, or anyone else in this town.

She sucked in her breath and said, "Thank you, I'd love to dance."

Alex laughed. "Lamb to the slaughter, if I ever saw one. Why are you afraid of me?" For some reason, he seemed rather pleased.

"I'm not," denied Melissa, still scowling.

Alex laughed again. He took the mangled paper hat from her and tossed it into a corner. He slipped his arm around the pink and silver waist and led Melissa through a few dance steps.

"Unlax, angel," he said softly. "You'll crack your vertebrae, and mine too." He held her more closely than any other boy had ever held her.

She caught a whiff of liquor—a faint

one—and tried to draw back, but he held her firmly and put his cheek against her hair.

"Your hair smells like wind in a clover field," he said.

Alex's line. She'd heard about it. She stumbled.

"I told you," he said. "Let yourself go. Don't think about your feet. Think about me. I'm the catch of the evening, didn't you know? And you're dancing with me—you, a scared little girl in a pink, homemade dress."

Melissa pushed back and looked at him. She was angry now and she didn't care any more.

"You don't have to dance with me," she said. "And I'd just as soon you wouldn't."

"Darling," he said, "you'll never get ahead that way. And stop scowling, why don't you? Tell me—what's your name? Melissa?—Tell me, Melissa, have you ever been kissed?"

Her eyes glittered at him suddenly, an unaccountable warmth ran through her veins. She forgot that the other girls were probably still watching. She forgot to worry about missing a step. From a new-stirring instinct, she let her lashes droop.

"What a question!" she said. "Dozens of times, of course."

Alex chuckled. "You're lying," he said. "But you're learning." A little later, he said, "You're dancing like a dream. I told you you would, soon's you coughed up that ramrod."

The music stopped and Alex held her wrist until it began again. They danced the next dance and the one after that, and Melissa knew, finally, what it meant to dance. But her pride still troubled her.

"I told you you don't have to," she said. "And plenty of the other girls are dying to dance with you."

Thus do the best of women, someone has said, sell their sex for nothing.

"Let 'em die," said Alex. "Harpies, that's what they are. But I'm an old and weary man and you're doing me good."

Alex was twenty-three. It may be that he was really enjoying himself in this role of roué that Melissa so generously and obviously bestowed upon him. Or it may be that he was only being perverse.

He sat with her at supper; he brought her food to her and waited on her and pampered her—and watched her shy relaxing with a feeling of having done something noble, like an adult Boy Scout.

Melissa, with a budding wisdom, recognized it for what it was, but she was not unaware of its advantages. She saw that the other girls weren't laughing at



"Oh! Now I remember! I forgot to pay my income tax. That's why I had that balance!"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



her now. She saw that Mrs. Hardesty, who at first had been sweetly patronizing, was looking at her now with a mixture of respect and disapproval. She saw that she had been right all along about her dancing. She could do it, but she was still unsure as to why she could, so suddenly.

These things she saw, but in her heart, undefined and as yet unrecognized, there was more. A world was opening its gates to receive Melissa.

It was nearing midnight. The orchestra played a waltz and the lights had been romantically lowered.

Melissa's feet were following Alex's smoothly; the warm feeling was running in her veins again.

"I'm going to kiss you," Alex said. "And don't look so alarmed. Everybody kisses everybody else at midnight on New Year's Eve."

The hands of the mantel clock were nearly meeting. He grasped her arm and dragged her through the archway to the back of the hall.

"Don't look so scared," he said again. "You told me you've been kissed dozens of times. Remember?"

She stood before him with her hands clasped tightly together. She was will-less and wondering, and ready at last.

Alex smiled his lopsided smile. He put his finger tips under Melissa's chin and, bending, he lightly kissed her quivering, waiting mouth. Then suddenly, he caught her close and kissed her hard.

Melissa trembled and her heart beat fast. And yet—she was obscurely disappointed. When a man kissed you, it was supposed to shake you—to your depths. You were swept away. You fell in love with him, automatically, and eventually you married him. No other way had ever been described in her mother's teachings or in the books her mother had given her to read.

But Melissa wasn't swept away. She was excited and even thrilled, but her head felt marvelously clear. Dimly, she began to feel a little proud of herself.

When Alex released her, she saw that his eyes were dark and strange. Her hands, against his chest, felt the thudding

of his heart. When he spoke, it was with his old air of amusement, but Melissa caught an unsteadiness in his voice.

"You're a right sweet child," said Alex and, by the stress he put on the last word, Melissa knew that he was trying to regain his previous, superior footing. At the moment, she felt older than he.

The veil of mystery was lifting and warmly, welcomingly, she glimpsed the powers within her that were unfolding in life and knowledge.

"We must go back to the other room," she said. "Your mother will be wondering."

ALEX took her home. At her door, he would have kissed her again. He did, in fact, plead with her to let him. But she held him off, lightly touching his cheek in a way she had seen Florine do with her suitors. She turned her head a little, so that her hair swished on her shoulders, and looked at him sidewise from the corners of her eyes.

"Thanks for everything," she said, and she closed the door between them.

She was startled to find that her father was still up. He came to the sitting-room door to meet her, wearing a robe and slippers. His hair was tousled. He held one of his dusty-looking books as if it had been his reading that had kept him up.

"Melissa," he said, "was it all right? Did you have a good time? Was—did they like your dress?"

She smiled. It was a smile that was part worldly and part motherly. "I had a wonderful time." She reached up and gently smoothed his tousled hair. "You were a dear to worry," she said. "But you needn't have."

She gathered up her pink cotton skirts and started up the stairs. She stopped and turned, and her hair swished on her shoulders.

"Go to bed," she commanded him. "It's late."

In her prim, narrow bed, she lay with her eyes closed, seeing against the lids the new green world that stretched away before her. She was not aware of her father's restless walking around in the next room, nor did she hear him when, every so often, he said, "H'm."



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Inside Sports

By BILL FAY

Thanks to Bill DeWitt, the American League has turned into a three-headed freak, with its clubs battling for first, fourth and last place



JACK KRAMER

VERN STEPHENS

Cashing in stars like Judnich, Stephens and Kramer may not be good baseball, but it's sure good business

HOP-SKIPPING around the spring training camps in Florida and California, you get the idea that this will be the closest race in American League history—for last place. The Chicago White Sox, eighth in '48, are taking nothing for granted. They know they'll have to play their worst to hold onto the cellar against the determined competition of the St. Louis Browns and Washington Senators.

Watch those Senators! They lost 18 straight in a magnificent stretch drive last summer, but faltered in September and finished seventh. Undismayed, owner Clark Griffith went right to work on winter trades and succeeded in weakening the club at several vital positions. If the Senators can go into September within five games of eighth place, they figure to out-lose the White Sox in the clutch.

After all, the White Sox aren't as old as they used

to be. They've dropped a few pensioners and picked up some frisky fellows under 35. The rookies may not be tired enough to lose consistently come September.

The battle for first place promises to be equally exhilarating with the champion Cleveland Indians fighting the New York Yanks and Boston Red Sox all the way.

Caught between the weak and the strong, the Philadelphia Athletics and the Detroit Tigers will joust for fourth place.

"It's really a tough situation," an American Leaguer admits glumly. "We have the three best teams in baseball—and the three worst. The Indians, Yanks or Red Sox could win the National League pennant without any trouble, but it's going to take years of rebuilding our weak teams to put the loop back into competitive balance."

Competition keeps the turnstiles clicking. The new American League system of running three

races (for first, fourth and last place) has interesting possibilities, but it is doubtful whether these intramural skirmishes will pay off as handsomely at the box office as the National League's imminent six-team pennant scramble, featuring the Boston Braves, Brooklyn Dodgers, St. Louis Cardinals, Pittsburgh Pirates, New York Giants and Chicago Cubs.

The man responsible for the lopsided American League pennant picture is baseball's new super-salesman, Bill DeWitt, part owner and general manager of the Browns. In two years, DeWitt (who started out as a three-dollar-a-week office boy for baseball's old supersalesman, Branch Rickey) has enriched the St. Louis treasury with \$1,000,000 from 17 player deals.

Significantly, \$650,000 of DeWitt's haul was accumulated by selling stars to the American League's power teams, the Indians, Yanks and Red Sox. "Sure, we've converted our best players into cash," DeWitt says frankly. "We've traded top stars like Jack Kramer, Vern Stephens and Walt Judnich, but you have to take in the money somewhere. Our home attendance last year was about 350,000—roughly, one eighth the home crowds of the Yankees or the Indians. As long as that one-to-eight ratio continues, we have to sell players to stay solvent."

DeWitt plowed a major share of his player profits back into the Browns' minor league farm clubs. Eventually, he hopes to sell the American League into balance again (at a reasonable profit, naturally) by developing marketable players for the woeful White Sox and Senators.

"We'll sell to anybody," DeWitt promises, "anybody who's willing to pay top prices, that is."

A hard businessman, DeWitt puts profits before pennants. Ask Branch Rickey, the businessman's businessman. In 1916, Rickey, then vice-president and business manager of the Browns, elevated 13-year-old DeWitt from pop vendor to office boy. Next winter, Rickey moved over to the Cardinals and invited DeWitt to come along. DeWitt held out for a 50 cent a week raise—and got it!

THE PRICE OF A PUTT

Sam Snead claims the first golf course in the United States was constructed near the Greenbrier, Sam's home club in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, in 1884. (Sport record books give the distinction of having the first course—a three-holer—to Yonkers, New York, and the first 18-hole course to Wheaton, Illinois.) Historian Snead still is the finest shotmaker in golf up to within four feet of the cup. After that, say the pros, "Poor old Sammy putts right out of the first reader." The pros estimate that missed short putts cost Snead \$5,000 a year.

THE BEAR GETS HORSESHOES

The Committee on International Horseshoe Promotion of the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association of America is sending one set of pitching utensils (consisting of four shoes, two stakes, one instructional leaflet) to each member of the United Nations. Soviet Russia is reportedly demanding three sets.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY



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PRIDE'S CASTLE

Continued from page 26

"Look, Tom," Warren said, "be reasonable. Mr. Dawson's got you."

"Reasonable! I took the beggar off the streets! I fed him, gave him clothes! I pay him twice what he's worth!"

"If," Henry Warren declared, "he can figure out a transaction this slick, he's worth twice whatever you pay him."

"All right, Pride, I'll give you twice what you paid for that trash. Fair enough?"

Pride shook his head.

"You'll pay me twenty-five dollars per share," he said quietly.

"That's twenty-five thousand dollars!"

Stillworth groaned. "You robber!"

"I wonder," Pride grinned, "what Bolley and Waters are going to call you, Mr. Stillworth?"

Stillworth sat down abruptly and drew out his checkbook. A glint of amusement appeared in his shrewd old eyes. "All right," he said, "all right. Twenty-five thousand it is."

Thomas Stillworth sat there before the desk with the pen in his hand. Then, suddenly, he began to laugh—a thin, high-pitched cackle. "Blast my soul, Pride," he gasped, "but you're a shrewd cuss! Took me, didn't you! Clear over the jumps!" He bent over his desk and wrote swiftly. Then he blotted the check and handed it to Pride. "Now give me those shares and get out of here," he said.

Pride handed over a transfer of the stock and left the room, but he lingered for a moment just outside the door.

"That man," Henry Warren said, "is going far."

"Don't doubt it," Stillworth said slyly. "Only, Henry, I'll tell you something. Vanderbilt is paying me one hundred dollars per share for this stock!"

Rage mounted up and beat about Pride's ears. He had been outsmarted after all. Then, slowly, his anger subsided. After all, twenty-five thousand dollars was twenty-five thousand dollars. A slow grin spread over his face. He took his tall hat from the rack and started for the door. On the way out, he thoughtfully purloined a checkbook from a desk. He'd use the Merchants and Seamen's, himself. After all, any bank good enough for Thomas Stillworth was good enough for him.

THE summer of 1870 passed. Outside Pride's window the air was crisp. Here and there among the leaves of the oak that shaded his window could be seen a spray of gold.

Pride studied himself in the full-length mirror. He had bought it and all the other furnishings when he had moved away from the Stillworth mansion and taken this fashionable bachelor suite. His coarse black hair had been well larded, his heavy mustache had been clipped into the fashionable "handle-bar" shape, and his evening dress was flawless.

Hell of a lot of difference from five months ago, Pride mused complacently. I didn't have a dime then. Now I have fifty thousand dollars. Black Tom's all right. Every tip he's given me has paid.

He went down the stairs. In the street he stood thinking for a moment, then raised his hand in a signal to a cab.

He had not seen Sharon in two months. He had, however, answered her letters faithfully, explaining to her that he was "all tied up" with business deals. But tonight he was going to see her. Tonight the uncertainty was going to be ended. One way or the other it was going to be ended and Pride himself did not know what his own decision would be. He loved Sharon and he hated to leave her. He did not love Esther; but Esther Stillworth was—fifty-two million dollars.

When the cab drew up before Sharon's shop, he got his first surprise. It was empty, and a card read: "Moved—across the street." He turned and looked. There was another shop with wide windows, through which he could see five young women busily sewing. Sharon was standing between the benches, dressed for the evening.

Pride broke into a wide grin as he entered. "Gosh, Sharon," he said, "this is great! I didn't know business was so good!"

"Yes, Pride," Sharon said gently, "I'm doing well. I've had to hire seamstresses—thanks to you."

"Thanks to me?"

"You," Sharon said, "sent—your Esther to me. She has been very kind. She brought all her friends."

"So Esther did come! Funny she never said anything to me. But then I don't see her much."

"You don't, Pride?" Sharon said, and Pride could hear the half-suppressed note of joy in her voice.

SHARON turned to the girls, and said, "You may go home now—take the rest of the evening off."

Joyfully, they rushed for their hats, for it still lacked two hours of the usual twelve-hour day.

Pride took Sharon's arm and led her to the waiting cab. "Booth's Theatre," he said, "Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street."

"Oh, that's the new one!" Sharon said. "It just opened last year. What will we see?"

"Romeo and Juliet," he said. "Booth's playing Romeo, and Miss Mary McVicker is Juliet. Think you'll like that?"

"Love it," Sharon murmured and nestled closer.

But in the theater Pride sat miserably and listened to Sharon's low sobbing. On the stage Miss McVicker was trying to obtain a drop of poison by kissing her Romeo's dead mouth. Then when she raised the dagger, Sharon buried her shuddering face against Pride's coat.

"Hush, honey," Pride whispered, "it's only a play—"

Afterward over their oysters at Delmonico's, Pride said, "It's all so silly. People don't die for love."

Sharon put down her oyster fork, and her heart was in her eyes. "Don't they, Pride?" she whispered. . . .

Riding home from the boardinghouse where Sharon lived, Pride sat morosely, his big head sunk upon his chest. He still had not asked Sharon to marry him. Instead, he had merely kissed her once or twice, quick, preoccupied kisses, and said good night. Sharon had stood there a moment, staring at him, and had said, very simply, "Good-by, Pride," and gone up the stairs.

Pride jerked upright on the leather seat. That was what she had said! Good-by—not, good night! She had stood there with her face full of longing and said, "Good-by, Pride," and in her voice was all the finality in the world. She knew she had lost him! All the way the thought had been nagging at the edges of his consciousness that there had been something wrong with their parting and now, finally, he had pinned it down. One word: Good-by. Not, "Good night, darling, when will I see you again?"

Well, he told himself angrily, if she wants it that way— But he could not delude himself. Sharon did not want it that way. She was simply, in her haunting sweetness, bowing to the inevitable Good-by, Pride, good-by, my lost love.

"Oh, damn!" he muttered. "I'll fix this I'll go to Esther and tell her it's no go. Then I'll go back to Sharon and—" He opened the trap in the top of the ca-

Collier's for March 26, 194

and called back to the driver. "The Stillworth mansion! Fifth and Thirty-eighth!"

At the Stillworth mansion Malchholm bowed grandly as he opened the door for Pride. Carelessly, as though he had practiced the gesture all his life, Pride passed over his hat, his cane and his gloves.

"Your cape, sir?" Malchholm inquired.

"No," Pride said gruffly, "I won't be here long."

Then he walked into the parlor. Esther got up from the piano and came toward him, her blue eyes softening and widening until Pride thought they were going to swallow her whole face. "Oh, Pride," she said, "how beautiful you are!" The next instant, she was in his arms.

How long old Thomas Stillworth must have stood there, his face purpling into near apoplexy, neither of them knew; but finally, they heard the choking gurgle of his breath.

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By MORTON SONTHEIMER

Making a mockery of the law are thousands of corrupt and incompetent judges in our lower courts. Morton Sontheimer takes you close up to these petty tyrants and begins a shocking, bitter tale

In Collier's next week

Esther drew away and looked at her father. "Pride and I are going to be married, Father," she said. "I hope you don't mind."

"Mind! I'll see you dead and in hell, first! Don't you know he's a cad and a blackguard and a scoundrel?"

Esther made an impish face.

"Yes, Father"—Esther laughed—"I do, but I love him."

Tom Stillworth collapsed weakly into a chair. "Never!" he gasped. "If you persist in this folly, I'll cut you off without a cent! Then see how devoted this buccaneer of yours will be!"

"Pride doesn't care about the money," Esther said confidently, "do you, darling?"

Pride did not answer. Instead, he stared down at her, his face wintry and bleak. And through his mind ran the one word: trapped! Caught by wanting money too much!

"Pride," Esther said, "answer me!"

"I think," Pride muttered, "I better be going."

"You—you beast!" Esther's voice was hoarse with fury. "You vile, unspeakable beast!" Then she slapped him hard across the face, swinging with all of her quite considerable force, left and right and left again, the palm of her hand making a sound like a small fusillade of pistol shots, and the great red splotches appearing upon his cheeks.

Pride caught her wrist. "Don't do that again."

"You could have lied!" Esther wept. "You know I don't care whether you want me for my money—as long as you do want me!" Then she collapsed against him in a shuddering heap.

"Hush," Pride murmured. "Hush, honey—please."

"Get out!" Tom Stillworth shrieked. "Don't come back!"

Collier's for March 26, 1949

"Don't worry," Pride said grimly, "I won't!"

He did not go directly home when he left the Stillworths'. Instead he wandered through the streets. The lights of a saloon caught his eye. He entered and put his foot on the brass rail.

Two hours later, he gave it up. Walking out into the street, he hailed a cab. Then he sat, brooding until the horse clopped up before the house where he lived.

As he got out of the cab, he looked up. The lights were on! Someone had turned on the gaslights in his apartment. He went up the stairs very quickly and opened the door.

Esther sat in his great chair looking up at him. She stood up. "I—I came to say I'm sorry. I behaved abominably. Please forgive me, Pride—please—"

"All right," Pride said, "I forgive you. Now get out!" He saw the tears gathering about her blond lashes.

"I love you, Pride," she whispered. "Must you always hurt me so? I—I talked to Father after you left. He was much more reasonable. He said he was only trying to protect me. Only I don't want to be protected from you, dearest. Not ever. I told him that. I told him I'd go on loving you no matter what happened—that I'd never marry anybody else on earth if I died an old maid. So he said to tell you that he would consent—when you showed him one million dollars you had made."

"A million dollars!" She came up to him and put her arms around his neck. "You can do it, Pride! I know you can! I'll help you. Please say you will."

Pride heard his voice, far off and deep, saying, "All right, Esther, I'll do it." And he groaned inside his heart, knowing he was really caught.

"Darling!" Esther wept, and going up on tiptoe, kissed him. Then she murmured, "Good night."

His hands came up slowly and fumbled at his cravat. He drew it off and tossed it over the back of a chair. Then as he started to take off his stiffly starched collar someone knocked on the door. He whirled, angry, and threw open the door.

"Damn it all," he began, "I told you—"

"Yes," Joseph Fairhill whispered, "just what did you tell her, Pride Dawson? I'd like very much to know."

Pride stood there staring at the younger man. "Come in," he growled. "A hallway's no place to talk."

FAIRHILL strode into the room, his gaze searching every corner, lingering upon the curtains.

"She," Pride said grimly, "is not here."

Joseph put his slim fingers into his waistcoat pocket. When he brought them out again, Esther's engagement ring rested lightly between them, glittering in the light of the gas jets. "You are responsible for this," he said softly.

"Want me to give her back to you?"

"You don't understand Esther. No one could give her back or take her away or do anything with her that she didn't want done. I want one thing only, Dawson—that you leave her alone, and give her time to come to her senses."

"You're saying," Pride growled, "that it's not sensible for her to be in love with me—that marrying me is downright foolish. Do you think I'm not good enough?"

"I know you're not good enough," Joseph said.

"Because I was poor, eh?" Pride said. "'Cause I haven't any 'family'?"

Joseph looked at the big man and there was no fear in his glance. "Family has nothing to do with it. I knew my grandfather—he lived to be ninety. I could watch Esther marry a ragpicker and be somewhat contented. But you're too much like my grandfather. I don't want

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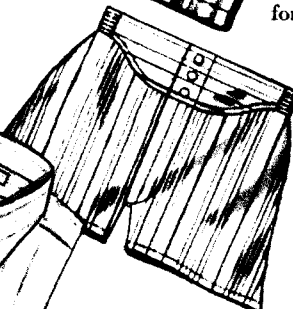
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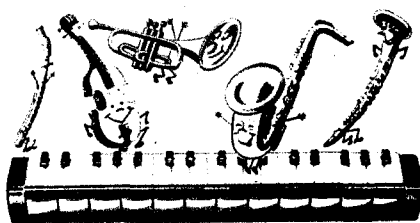
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to see the woman I love hurt and broken by the type of man you are."

"Noble, aren't you?" Pride growled. "No. I'm selfish. I think that if Esther has time to consider the matter, she'll come back to me."

"Suppose I don't give her time to think," Pride said. "Suppose I was to marry her right away, then what?"

"I," Joseph Fairhill said, "will ruin you."

Then he was gone, his footsteps echoing down the long hall.

IF PRIDE thought that Thomas Stillworth would tamely submit to a financial beating and the loss of his beloved daughter, he was soon to discover he was badly mistaken.

It started when Morrison, the broker, hinted to Pride that if Pride were to buy all the available stocks in an uncompleted and nearly defunct railroad, the Millville and Western Pennsylvania, he would have Black Tom at his mercy, because the old pirate had recently defrauded Bolley and Waters out of immense holdings of coal mines and steel mills in the town of Millville itself. With Pride in control of the only available railroad out of town, Black Tom would be forced to cut him in for a share of the profits or be faced with the prospect of being bottled up in Millville unable to ship his produce.

Pride, however, did not jump at this chance. He had already learned caution. The trouble was, he was unable to check adequately, because no one except Black Tom himself had the essential information. He was finally forced to question Esther. But she had only the vaguest idea about her father's operation. She believed and told Pride that her father was planning to rebuild a railroad for the exclusive use of his Pennsylvania holdings. What its name was, she did not know.

But this was enough for Pride. He bought on margin nearly all the outstanding stock of the Millville and Western Pennsylvania Railroad. And to his intense surprise and chagrin the stocks immediately proceeded to decline.

A month later, Pride Dawson was back almost to where he had started from upon his arrival in New York. That is to say he had exactly two thousand five hundred dollars left which he had no intention of touching, no matter how much Morrison cried for additional margin. He stood in the broker's office his face mottled with rage, and swore that he was completely insolvent.

"Yesterday," he roared, "I put up my last red cent for margin and still the damned thing drops! Why, you dirty—"

Morrison's round face was ashen with fear. "Mr. Dawson, Mr. Dawson," he implored, "control yourself! I told you the truth about this stock as far as I know it. I have nothing to gain by tricking you. Why, you've earned this office some of its biggest commissions! Look, Mr. Dawson, somebody's been manipulating this stock. And not for business reasons, either. Don't you see that nobody stands to gain by forcing a decline? Somebody is taking a deliberate loss himself in order to get you!"

"Suppose," Pride said, "that Tom Stillworth wants to force it down so he can get it for nothing?"

"There're limits even to that. It was low enough in the beginning. As low as it is now, Black Tom would have difficulty financing its rebuilding unless he wanted to do it out of his own pocket. Nobody would take the risk of putting up funds. And you know Stillworth—he's always cash poor. He couldn't finance it himself without liquidating some other holdings—which he'd never do. I suspect you have some other enemies."

"Yes," Pride said, "I have." If Tom Stillworth did not stand to gain by the M & WP debacle, that ruled him out and

left one other person—Joseph Fairhill. "I'm cleaned," he said. "What do I do now?"

"You don't have to do anything," Morrison groaned. "But I have to try to sell that worthless stock."

"The devil you do! Isn't it mine?"

"Technically, no. You failed to put up the required margin, so the stock reverts to my hands. Under the law, I should sell it. But frankly, Mr. Dawson, I hate to try it. I could never unload that stuff now. Yet, I have to sell it—the owners need the money, and I have to recover at least a part of their investment."

Pride looked at the broker. His mind worked slowly. I should buy it now, he thought. Morrison would sell it for two thousand and be glad to get it. It's no good—but I've got a hunch.

"If," Pride said suddenly, "I was to make you an offer, would you deliver me the stocks right now?"

Morrison looked at him in pure amazement. "But," he spluttered, "you just said—"

"Never mind what I said. I haven't



Dance Note

Worse than a wallflower,
More of a weed,
Is the girl with the muscles,
Determined to lead.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

any money to go on paying margin on a stock that's going to keep on dropping as long as I hold it on the cuff. But I got two thousand dollars for all the loose stock on that line providing I get it out-right, free and clear! What do you say?"

"That you're crazy, but I'll let you have the whole damned lot."

"I want it," Pride said, and drawing out his checkbook, wrote a draft for two thousand dollars.

Morrison took the check, and unlocking his safe drew out the heavy, gilt-encrusted stocks. He passed them over to Pride. "Here you are."

"Now," Pride declared grimly, "I got a job to do. I'm going to call on Little Joe Fairhill and show him it's not smart to ruin Pride Dawson!" He turned then and stalked from the office.

MORRISON sat down thinking: Joseph Fairhill! What on earth makes Dawson think it's Fairhill who manipulated that stock instead of Black Tom? Oh, well—all I'm praying for is five minutes of uninterrupted peace before my nerves give way!

But the broker was not to be spared further disturbance, for five minutes later Esther Stillworth ran in. This in itself was enough to give the little broker acute palpitations. In 1870 a lady simply did not run. But Esther Stillworth was running.

"Pride," she gasped, "where is he?"

"He—he just left, Miss Stillworth."

"Tell me where he is!" Esther panted.

"He said something about—paying a call upon Joseph Fairhill," the broker got out.

"Pride—going to see Joe?" Esther demanded. "Why?"

"Mr. Dawson took an awful beating in the market—due, I think, to someone's manipulating the stock. And not for financial gain, either. Mr. Dawson stated quite positively that Mr. Fairhill was responsible."

"Joseph," Esther whispered. "So it was Joseph! And all the time I thought that it was my father!"

And you were right, Morrison thought grimly. But what's to be gained by telling you so? Black Tom would ruin me so fast that—

"I helped ruin Pride," Esther said miserably. "He asked me about that railroad—it was the Millville and Western Pennsylvania, wasn't it?"

Morrison nodded.

"Pride asked me about it and I told him that Father was rebuilding the line. It was only this morning that I found out that Father isn't interested in that little road at all—that the line he's rebuilding is the Millville Valley Branch leading south to connect with the Pennsylvania itself. Oh, what a fool I've been!"

"Scarcely that," Morrison murmured. "But you can make up for any slight error you may have made a thousand-fold in Dawson's behalf."

"How?"

"By saving him from the gallows. He was walking when he left here. Now, if I were to get you a cab, and you were to hurry over to Mr. Fairhill's—"

THAT Esther was able to reach the Fairhill residence before Pride did was due entirely to two circumstances: Pride was in no hurry. And secondly, because he wanted his remaining five hundred dollars to last as long as possible; he did not take a cab to Fairhill's house, he walked the entire distance; it took him more than an hour.

Joseph himself opened the door to Esther's insistent knocking. When he saw her, his eyes lighted with sardonic joy. "I," he said, "am honored. And—"

"A fool," Esther finished for him. "Didn't you know you couldn't get away with it?"

"Come in, my dearest, and explain to me what it is I can't get away with."

Esther walked through the doorway. Inside the sitting room, she turned. "Didn't you know that Pride would kill you if you ruined him? Didn't you realize that I would marry him, even if he were blind and crippled as well as poor? Oh, Joe, why did you do it?"

"Softly, my dear Esther. In the first place, I didn't ruin Pride Dawson—though I am heartily glad he's done. I had no need to. Your own beloved pater accomplished that little task for me without my lifting a finger."

"So," Esther whispered, "It was Father."

"Who else? Who had the essential information? A month ago nobody knew about the mills at Millville—or the mines—except your father and his faithful enemies Bolley and Waters. It was only yesterday when your father relieved Bolley and Waters of their holdings that the story came out. How could Dawson find out about the M & WP unless Tom Stillworth wanted him to find out?"

"You needn't go on," Esther said quietly. "I'm convinced."

"And now that you are, what shall it be? Port? Sherry? Claret?"

"No! If we have to spend the evening in silly talk, let's go somewhere else. I'm in no mood for witnessing a murder."

"You expect me to run from Pride Dawson?"

"If you aren't an idiot—yes."

"Then I'm an idiot. That mountain of solid beef and low cunning doesn't frighten me at all. Besides—since you walked into my parlor, I'd like to ex-

Collier's for March 26, 1949

plore some of those new emotions of yours."

Esther backed away from him. "Don't you dare!"

Then swiftly, deftly, Joseph stepped forward and took her in his arms. He tightened his grip about her waist, and kissed her hard, trying deliberately to hurt her, so that it was a long time before she was able to free herself. When he had released her, he stepped back, his eyes widening in his pale face, staring over her shoulder, so that Esther knew at once that the comedy had played out too long, sinking into tragedy itself.

"Pride," she whispered, as she turned. "Pride—"

"A scoundrel," Pride said evenly, "and his tart. You two make a mighty pretty pair."

"Pride!" Esther gasped. "You don't understand!"

"Reckon I don't. I never met a woman like you before, hon. Never knew one who could play a part so well. You had me going. But I made it easy for you, didn't I? I ate up that bill of goods you sold me about that railroad your paw is not building. I lost my shirt believing in you. Hell, I feel sick." He turned upon Joseph, smiling grimly.

"Well, little Joe, you've won. And you can thank her for saving your miserable life. I was going to kill you, but I have a better idea now. I'm going to let you live—live and have her—with her pretty white face and real pink mouth that can't shape anything but lies. Birds of a feather. And I hope you enjoy yourselves." He turned then and strode away from them, closing the door very softly behind him.

A FEW days later, to his vast astonishment, Pride found himself back in the employ of Thomas Stillworth. The old financier came to Pride and offered him a handsome salary to undertake the task of breaking a strike in the town of Millville. Knowing Black Tom, Pride was sure that the strikers were entirely justified, but he took the job. He was somewhat reassured by the fact that Stillworth had hired Tim McCarthy to help him. What Pride did not know was the fact that Tim had not been told the exact nature of their mission.

Though even Pride's strong stomach was sickened by the hideous poverty of the miners and millworkers, he went to work. The workers, led by Stepan Henkja, a highly educated central European, stood firm. So Pride went back to Pittsburgh and returned with a carload of detectives.

They found the strikers drawn up before the mill gate and there were words and a brief flurry of blows and someone

threw a lump of coal. Then, though Pride roared at them to stop, the detectives opened fire and six men lay dead in the snow.

So ended the great Millville strike—but Tim McCarthy who had been Pride's friend, walked up to him and smashed his fist into Pride's face and walked away without a word.

Afterward, in the semidarkness of his room, Pride Dawson tried hard to keep from thinking. The dried blood from his mashed lips tugged at his mouth, and his heart was bitter. He became aware, after a time, that someone was knocking at his door. Slowly, stiffly, he turned to the door and opened it.

"Well," Esther whispered, "aren't you going to ask me in?"

HE STOOD there a moment longer, looking from her slim form clad in a great-coat of Russian sable, with a Cossack fur hat crowning her silvery blond hair, to the team that stood before the sleigh, their breaths pluming under the night sky.

"I almost had to buy that thing to get here," she said. "The train stalled just across the bridge."

Wordless, Pride stood aside and held open the door. Esther came in and sat down at once before the fire. The snowflakes clung to the rich fur, making her a little unreal, like a princess out of the northern fairy tales.

Clumsily Pride poked up the fire.

"Pride. I—I've come to you. I'm not going back. Not alive. There's an explanation for what you saw. You must believe me, Pride. Morrison told me you were out to kill Joseph. I couldn't let that happen. Oh, my darling, do you think I could bear to stand by and let you be hanged? Besides, Joseph was innocent! It was Father who ruined you, Pride! I have proof, and he admitted it to me himself!"

Pride looked at her, his eyes widening in his battered face. "Your—your paw! Why?"

"Because he didn't want me to marry you."

"I see," Pride muttered thickly and turned his face toward the fire.

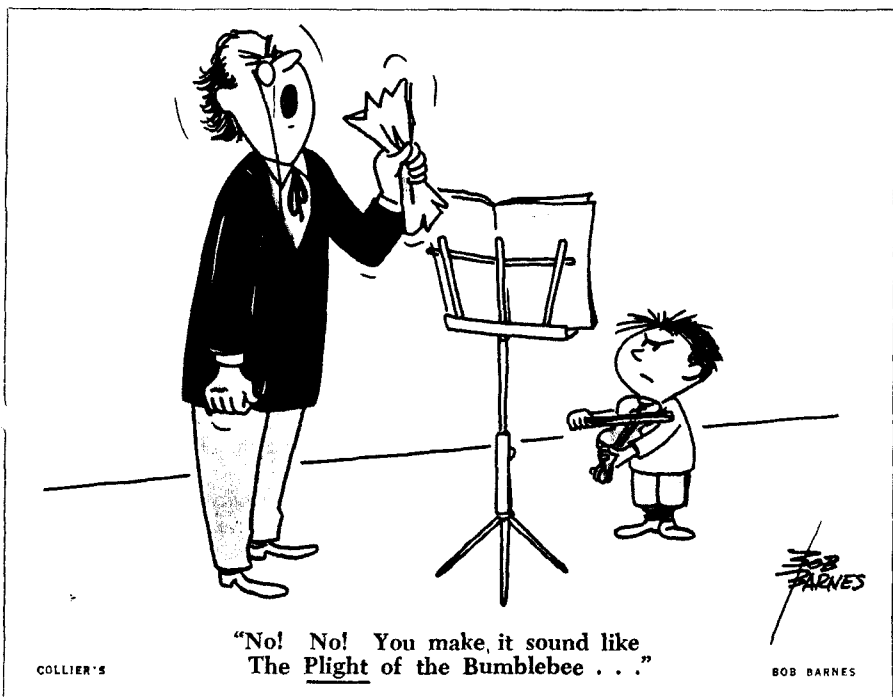
Esther gave a little gasp and sprang up at once. "You're hurt! Your face!"

"Don't talk about my face," Pride said. "Men have been killed here to-night, Esther. Poor men, hungry men. And I killed them!"

"I know. I heard about it. One of the detectives told me. And you didn't kill them, Esther. The man admitted that you tried to stop them from firing."

"And that," he growled, "will give those women back their husbands?"

She stood up then and came toward



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Repeat Performance

A WELL-DRESSED MAN came into a restaurant, selected a table, then proceeded to order bowl after bowl of nourishing, hot Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal. After he had consumed four bowls, he called the manager over.

“Surely you remember me,” he said, puffing on a cigar. “I came in here about a year ago, had four or five bowls of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, then confessed I didn’t have the money to pay for it. Remember how you kicked me out into the street?”

The manager replied nervously, “Why yes, sir, I recall that.”

“Well,” said the well-fed man, “I’m afraid I’m going to have to trouble you again.”

(ADV.)

him. “Pride,” she whispered, “don’t think about it now. Not any more tonight. Afterward you can make amends. But tonight is mine. No, ours.”

“No!” Pride said hoarsely. “No!”

“Pride,” Esther whispered. “Please, Pride.”

She bent and picked up his coat. “Then we’ll go and find a minister. Do you love me now, Pride? Tell me, do you?”

“Yes,” he muttered. And in a curious way he did. He loved her as he had loved many women: happily, thoughtlessly. Not as he loved Sharon. That was with his heart, perhaps even with his soul.

“There isn’t,” he told her flatly, “any preacher in this town who would marry us. Not after what happened.”

“Then we’ll go to another. There’s one about ten miles farther north. Come, Pride.”

They found a minister in the next town, who heard their vows in dressing gown and slippers and a red flannel nightshirt while his wife stood by and held the lamp. Pride stilled their look of wonder at the fabulous richness of Esther’s attire, and the battered, battle-scarred appearance of his own face, with a twenty-dollar bill.

“Yes,” the minister said in answer to Pride’s query, “Missus Tompkins takes roomers—she’s down to the end of the street.”

Missus Tompkins was a lean, iron-jawed female who had to be thawed by Pride’s waving the marriage certificate under her nose before she would let them in. Then she sent her grown son out to stable the horses and made supper for them, late as it was. The supper was good, but Pride could not eat.

When they were leaving the dining room, Missus Tompkins and her son showered them with rice. Then they climbed the stairs to their room together. Inside, a fire had been laid. It was cackling merrily, throwing a glow of warmth through the room. A great four-poster bed had been made, and Pride glanced at it with a gaze as bleak as the winter night.

“Help me off with my things,” Esther said.

Pride’s hands upon the lacing of her boots were clumsy and cold. He drew them off finally and she stood up in her stocking feet. Then she opened her bag and drew out a gossamer nightdress.

“Turn your back,” she said to Pride.

When he looked again she was propped up among the pillows, her hair spread out over her shoulders like a white gold veil. Still Pride stood there.

“Come here,” she whispered.

Suddenly, convulsively, Pride brought up his big hands. “I can’t!” he said hoarsely. “Tonight I just can’t!”

Then he turned his back and walked away from her. At the door he did not even pause, but went on down the stairs and out into the icy night.

TIM MCCARTHY sat in his dingy little flat in New York reading the paper. In actuality, he was searching the help-wanted columns in hopes of finding a job. Lucy, his wife, looked anxiously over his shoulder, while little Lance played upon the floor. At last, in desperation, Tim had sent for them, and Lucy had come, preferring poverty with her Tim to ease without him.

It was then that they both saw the story of Esther and Pride’s elopement. “Elopement of Heiress!” the story ran. “Tom Stillworth prostrate at news!”

They both turned to each other with the same word on their lips. “Sharon!” they said.

Tim had introduced Lucy to Sharon only a short time before, but already they had developed an almost sisterly affection for each other. Now, looking up from the paper, Lucy’s eyes were big with fear.

“Go to her, Tim!” she said. “Bring her

here if she’ll come. Get along with you—and take a cab!”

The cab drew up before the door of Sharon’s little establishment, and Timothy got down quickly and went in; but Sharon was not there.

“She said that she was going to see Father Shannon,” one of the girls told him. “She was terribly upset over something. Something she read in the paper.”

He made his way as quickly as he could to the rectory and sought out the old priest.

FATHER SHANNON received him gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eyes. “Ah, Timothy, lad,” he said, “’tis strange indeed to see your face. These many Sundays I’ve looked for it among the worshipers.”

“I’m sorry, Father,” Tim said quickly, “but I’ve not time to talk of my sins, today. Sharon—Miss O’Neil. Was she here? Have you seen her?”

“Ah, there’s a good lass! Such goodness of heart. But no, I haven’t seen her. Not since early Mass last Sunday.”

“Have you read this?” Tim thrust the newspaper into Father Shannon’s hands.

The old priest fumbled in the folds of his robe and came out with a pair of spectacles. He adjusted them and began to read, mumbling the words through half closed lips as he did so. Then he straightened up, frowning.

“She was in love with this man, wasn’t she?”

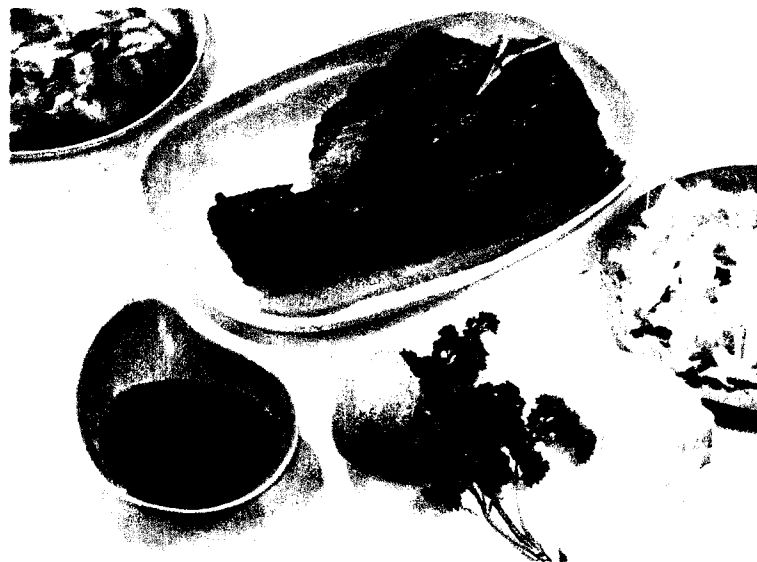
“Yes,” Tim said bitterly. “Pride Dawson is a murderer and a blackguard and a scoundrel. But that’s not what I’m worried about. Sharon left her shop this morning to come to you. She should have been here hours ago—and it’s snowing again, Father.”

“I see,” Father Shannon said slowly. Then he stood up. “Come, Tim,” he said, “we’ve got to find her.”

(To be continued next week)

EATING—IN OR OUT

WITH CHARLOTTE ADAMS



TONY VENTI

Steak Livingston from Wagon Wheel Grill, Chicago, Illinois

“GO TO the Wagon Wheel Grill at 400 North Wells Street in Chicago and order Steak Livingston,” a friend told me. So I found the tavern in question—across from the back door of the Merchandise Mart—and did as I’d been told.

The place is simple and unpretentious with a big bar in one room and red-leather-covered seats in booths surrounding the walls of the other.

Dinners at the Wagon Wheel range in price from \$1.75 to \$2.25. Entrees include steak, chicken, veal scaloppine, etc. If you are in

the know, you will order Steak Livingston, the great speciality of the house; it costs \$4 and doesn’t even appear on the menu.

The minute a big wooden bowl of crisp lettuce with a plain dressing, faintly exuding garlic, was brought to our table for tossing, I suspected that all the food would be good. When I tasted it, I was sure.

Here are recipes for Livingston sauce and the potatoes which accompany steak thus served. You can easily make them at home and, though simple, the results are wonderful!

Sauce for Steak Livingston

¼ pound butter; 1 tablespoon lemon juice; 1½ tablespoons finely chopped parsley.

Melt the butter and brown it slightly. Put in the lemon juice and parsley and cook until parsley is dark (5-10 minutes). Pour hot over broiled steak. Serves 3.

Ring Potatoes

3 medium potatoes; dash of salt, pepper; vegetable oil for frying.

Pare and slice the potatoes paper-thin. Put the slices into a skillet so that they pile about one inch high. Salt and pepper. Add oil enough to come about halfway up the potatoes. Fry at fairly high heat until the bottom side of the potatoes is nicely browned. Turn the whole cake with two spatulas and then brown the other side in the same way. This takes about 20 minutes. Serves 3.

If you wish to receive this Sauce for Steak Livingston recipe printed on a file card, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier’s Food Editor, Box 9, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. Start your collection of Collier’s Food Recipes now.

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IT PAYS TO BE OLD—IN CALIFORNIA

Continued from page 28

It is quite possible for thousands of people in other parts of the country to move to California and hitch onto the pension rolls at once. All they have to prove is that they are over sixty-five and lived in California five years out of the past nine. This lets in thousands of persons who worked in California war plants, airplane factories and shipyards for five years and then went back home to the East and Middle West.

Furthermore, if a person can prove he lived in California for any ten years out of the past 15, he can get a full pension at sixty-three. He need not have lived in the state since 1945, if he lived in it ten years before that. These pensions, starting at sixty-three must be paid in full by the state; federal pension payments are not made to anyone under sixty-five.

No wonder the Californians, celebrating the centennial of the 1849 gold rush, contemplate the new rush with mixed emotions.

Before the new scheme went into effect in January of this year, California was paying out relief checks to more than 390,000 people—contrasted with 215,000 similar payments in New York, which has nearly one and one-half times the population. Under the new law, it was expected there would be around 750,000 people dependent on the taxpayers. In some counties, pension applications have doubled already. And in Los Angeles County, where applications for state checks totaled 980 the first two weeks of 1948, the figure for the same period this year was 5,440!

Proposition No. 4, which became the new pension law, was one of 19 on the ballot. It had little or no organized opposition, while its friends worked with fanatical zeal. They lined up not only the aged, and some of the blind, but appealed to sons, daughters, nieces and nephews, who were helping their old relatives, to "relieve yourselves of this burden." Including benefits for the blind—which many of the blind organizations fought—won a lot of public sympathy.

At that, the proposition won by only 36,488 votes out of a total of 3,602,778 cast. It carried heavily in southern California, which has a large immigrant population, and lost in the north, where most of the population is native born.

The Governor Was Surprised

Quite a few California politicians who had more or less endorsed pension schemes in bygone years were aghast when the full impact of Proposition No. 4 hit them. Among them was Governor Earl Warren.

As a candidate for the governorship in 1942, Warren had announced that: "Senior citizens of California . . . are entitled to pensions not as charity or a dole, but as a matter of right, as something they have earned in their productive years by their contributions to the upbuilding of the community. I do not believe a senior citizen should have to be in need to secure a pension."

That last line marks a great change in what may be called pension philosophy. Until a few years ago, the general idea was that pensions should go to those needing them. Now, everybody is to get one, whether he needs it or not; and people who old-fashionedly save money against their declining years are just suckers.

Plans are under way to repeal the law, but meanwhile the pensioners are organizing, not only to get the age limit reduced to sixty, but to increase the amount of the pension. But veteran politicians aren't sure the law can be re-

pealed, considering the solid pension bloc that will fight to the end.

There was some talk of holding up operation of the law by court action, but the plan's sponsors threatened that any attempt by public officials to interfere with Proposition No. 4 would be grounds for malfeasance charges.

The most recent effort for repeal has come from the California Council for the Blind which asked the Attorney General's office to title an initiative repealer and allow it for circulation to get the signatures needed to put it on the ballot. The organization announced that Governor Warren will be asked to call a special election if the necessary signatures are obtained.

Eying the million-strong pension bloc, some practical politicians who were against the present bonanza plan have now gone over to the If-you-can't-beat-'em-join-'em school.

Two Views of "Actual Need"

Originally, the supergenerous plan allowed the pensioners a \$30-per-month outside income but that went out when the federal government stepped in. The Federal Bureau of Public Assistance, which doles out millions of dollars to states to help pay pensions, balked when it came to this provision. The federal law says that pensions may be paid only to those "in actual need," and California's social welfarers couldn't convince Uncle Sam that a person with a good home, a boxful of jewelry, all the other items exempt as personal property and a \$30-a-month income was "in actual need."

Three other Western states have their pension plans so "liberalized" that some experts see them heading for bankruptcy. Oregon voted to instruct its legislature to pass a pension law that, financial houses asserted, would impair the state's credit. Washington voted \$60-a-month pensions, "relieved" relatives of responsibility and added free funerals. In Colorado, where pension payments were eating huge bites out of tax levies at \$83 a month for every pensioner, an attempt to reduce the payment to \$50 was defeated.

"Father" of the new California pension setup is Hollywood-born George H. McLain, a onetime motion picture actor and formerly a partner in his father's street-contracting firm, which failed back in 1931. A plump, mustached fellow, wearing heavy-rimmed glasses, he says he's forty-seven years old.

McLain spent some years around Los Angeles trying to be elected a state assemblyman, failed consistently and

THERE ARE OLDER THINGS THAN WAR

By BENJAMIN SIEGEL

When the American Corporal Walker fell in love with Bruna Pasqui he didn't know that the Italians didn't like their girls to go with soldiers, any kind of soldiers. But he soon learned—the hard way.

In Collier's next week

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**IT'S A
DAN RIVER
WRINKL-SHED
COTTON**

about eight years ago became an organizer for the famous Ham and Eggs pension program of the Allen boys. But Ham and Eggs, like Thirty Dollars Every Thursday and Dr. Francis E. Townsend's "Plan," failed at the polls and McLain abandoned it to start his own plan.

He had one great asset: Many state social welfare workers were notoriously curt and cold-blooded with pension applicants, most of them taking the position that pensions are charity. This had infuriated many old people, especially those who had arrived from other states with the notion that California was handing out largess with a liberal hand. It also annoyed relatives who were brusquely told it was their duty, if they were able, to look after their aging mothers and fathers instead of throwing them to the taxpayers.

McLain thereupon organized his Citizens Committee for Old Age Pensions. Organizations of blind people protested that they wanted none of his help, but they got it anyway. Thomas M. Hawthorne, of the Los Angeles County Club of the Blind, quotes McLain as saying: "Do you know of a five-letter word that has more sentimental appeal than B-L-I-N-D?"

Sentimental appeal was McLain's chief stock in trade. Meetings of old people who were supporting his cause took on the aspect of revivals, with jazzed-up hymns sung to the accompaniment of a hillbilly trio. The collection baskets went around after a long prayer. Members of the committee paid a \$4-a-year fee, plus \$1 a year for a magazine.

McLain also ran a ten-station radio program which always opened with the phrase: "Howdy, folks, this is George McLain: Are you with me?" His exhortations invariably included direct appeals to the Almighty.

In addition, the committee set up a help bureau, which aided people to make out pension applications and fight them through bureaucratic red tape. There was no charge for these services, although an applicant could become a life member of the committee for \$75—as a great many did.

Fees for Pensions Now Okay

One possible reason for this free service was because the state law specifically forbade anyone getting a fee for helping a person get a pension. This provision has been thoughtfully wiped out in the new law. Now, anyone can go to work unsnarling red tape for any fee he can get.

The California law was unique in that it specifically named the person to fill the \$12,000-a-year office of "Director of Social Welfare." This person turned out to be red-haired, blue-eyed, freckled Myrtle Williams, for eight years secretary-treasurer of the Citizens Committee for Old Age Pensions. In her new position, Mrs. Williams is a veritable czarina with power to decide who shall and who shall not have a pension.

Claiming to be "conservative," the fortyish Mrs. Williams started her \$12,000-a-year career by announcing she was going to streamline the social welfare setup. The first result of this was a demand for three new deputies at from \$7,500 to \$9,000 a year. She issued a bulletin to the county welfare directors which stated that henceforth they should not give out any information for publication without first clearing it with her office. The pensioners feared the enormous rush to get on the pension rolls might sway public opinion against them.

But practically every county director defied the Williams mandate and continued to give out figures.

Another of Mrs. Williams' bulletins stated that the county directors must notify relatives who have been contributing to the support of the needy aged that

they no longer need to help support such persons.

Before the 1948 election the Townsendites and the Ham and Eggers both tried to get onto the ballot with pension schemes, but failed for one reason or another. Both of them lost members and support to the Citizens Committee, which got enough signatures to insure a vote. The Townsendites fought the scheme bitterly; the Ham and Eggers folded up, temporarily at least. The Citizens Committee moved ahead.

The campaign to put over the new pension plan cost the committee \$190,034. Of this, the committee paid only \$130,338 and their supporters are being exhorted via radio and print to make up a deficit of \$59,696.

Accusations—and a Lawsuit

As head of the Citizens Committee, McLain has been charged with many things, among them "conspiring with doctors, lawyers, dentists, funeral directors and insurance men to overcharge the old folks and make the state pay for it." He denied the charges and asserts the accusations were made by C. A. Herbage, deputy director of the California State Welfare Department—and is suing Herbage for a million dollars, alleging slander. There also are accusations that McLain has become wealthy.

He says this is not true and has made his income tax returns public to prove that he has never made as much as \$2,000 a year as a pension planner. He also says his wife is forced to work in a department store to maintain the family budget.

With the McLain-Williams scheme having won at the polls, many people imagined that George had worked himself out of a job while Mrs. Williams had been voted into one. They figured wrongly. The votes had hardly been counted when McLain came up with a new plan: 100 state-built-and-maintained clubhouses "for the social and recreational necessities" of the new armies of pensioners who may tire of life in the New Utopia. There is, as yet, no estimate of the cost of this program. Nor is there any estimate of the cost of a McLain-sponsored "extension" of the new law to support needy children.

To battle for McLain's new plans, the committee puts out a monthly, eight-page tabloid which is partly supported by advertising from dentists, funeral parlors, "cosmic ray" cures and other medical nostrums. This is the National Pension Advocate. Its cartoons usually glorify McLain; one in the December, 1948, edition showed him being crowned with a laurel wreath by grateful pensioners.

The pensioners and their "relieved" relatives now form a sizable voting bloc in California, the other Coast states and Colorado. Many of the old people have been sold the idea, by the pensioners, that the state owes them a pension "for having raised families and worked for years." The old American idea that children have some duty toward their parents has been abolished by the law.

Even the liberal Los Angeles Daily News has become worried about a "potential political bloc" of a million older citizens, all intent on raising pensions higher and making them easier to get.

"Such a bloc," the News said recently, "raises to the nth power a new type of politician: the age-pension demagogue, the 'pass-the-biscuits' leader, the Ham and Eggs leader, the Thirty Dollars Every Thursday leader who can make a good thing out of the deep yearnings of senior citizens for security and independence."

Whether foes of the new California gold rush will be able, in face of this powerful new bloc, to get pension plans back on a more conservative basis remains to be seen.

Collier's for March 26, 1949

CHURCHILL'S NEW BATTLE FOR BRITAIN

Continued from page 13

seal our fate in world history and close by our own actions, amid self-inflicted gloom and squalor, the marvelous story of Britain's greatness."

To this thunder, his antagonists say, "Churchill belongs to another age. He's finished."

True, Churchill's military and political careers have been so incredibly long that they link the modern with the Victorian. Churchill led a cavalry charge against Egyptian dervishes in 1898—then lived to take a hand in the development of the atomic bomb. He made his maiden speech in 1901 to a House of Commons of Conservative true blue, then lived to see its political tinge shade

To be in the House of Commons and watch him close up in action is even more fun.

On the front bench, reserved for His Majesty's Loyal Opposition, Churchill slouches with a fixed scowl on his round face. Later, during debate, his pink cheeks will crease into a smile that reminds you of his own observation, "All babies look like me." But as we look now, the corners of his mouth are turned down in gloom.

Word that Churchill will speak jams the House's tiny galleries. The two sets of red leather benches, that front each other across ten feet of space like two facing state-fair stands, are filled with expectant Members of Parliament. World correspondents draw lots for the handful of press seats and outside, at St. Stephen's gate in St. Margaret's Street, a crowd queues up in the hope of glimpsing "Winston."

When Churchill rises before the table that separates him from the government ministers on the Labor front bench, you are surprised at his modest stature, for he looks about five feet seven. His eyes twinkle at bulky Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin across the way, who, arms folded, sits like a ponderous and spectacled Buddha awaiting the worst. For today Churchill is to raise the devil about foreign affairs.

Unobtrusive Mr. Attlee

At Bevin's side is Prime Minister Clement Attlee or rather Mr. Attlee's bony bald pate, for the Prime Minister is slumped down on the end of his spine, and only the top of his head and the rims of his spectacles show. Mr. Attlee's self-effacement, even in the House, has inspired some murderous Churchillisms. Hearing that Attlee had called off a trip to Australia, Churchill said, "When the mouse is away, the cats will play." (The cats, presumably, were Mr. Attlee's fellow Socialists.)

Amidst pin-drop silence Churchill adjusts his notes before him and begins. The defiant wartime growl that millions heard hasn't changed in four years.

Churchill uses few gestures to punctuate the stately flow of spoken literature. One reason is that he dislocated a shoulder as a young man and an unexpected gesture or sudden move can dislocate it again. Occasionally he brings his hands up to his coat lapels. And sometimes, when he thinks something specially good is on the way, he removes his spectacles and waves them in small circles.

This gesture signaled the memorable "Blood, sweat and tears" phrase. Now, to the accompaniment of his waving glasses, as he begins his speech on foreign policy, Churchill the Empire defender chides the Irish for cutting the final tie to England with the scathing phrase: "Ireland is to be partitioned together and thus excluded into the British Commonwealth." The House roars.

Churchill rolls on as if he were making it all up as he goes along, and few realize that this speech took two painstaking days to prepare, and that every word of it is written down, double spaced on the large sheets on the box before him.

Though he is an amazing conversational virtuoso, Churchill doesn't trust himself to make an extemporaneous address. He dictates his speeches and revises them, and the typewritten script must always be there, although he seems hardly to look at it. There's a good reason.

As a young M.P. he used to memorize his speeches. One day, orating magnificently before a full House, he stopped



Despite murderous cigars, Churchill at 74 is pink and rosy, still a powerhouse

into Socialist pink. Full of years and honors, the war leader has been out of power for four years, and the temptation to write him off is greater than ever. But Churchill is unpredictable.

When George Bernard Shaw visited Stalin before the last war, he was asked, "And how is Mr. Winston Churchill?"

Since Churchill had then been out of power for some years, Shaw thought it safe to reply, "He's finished."

"Not that old war horse," said Stalin. "When the English are in deep trouble, they will call him again."

When the time of deep trouble came, England did call Churchill. The old war horse served so well that at Yalta, Stalin was able to lift his glass and say that history showed few examples where the courage of one man had been so important to the future history of the world.

When peace came, England's voters dismissed him (as Churchill says) "in the moment of victory, in one foolish afternoon." Yet in or out of power, he is still a power in England. A legend in his own lifetime, he is the most potent crowd collector in Britain. Britons are emotionally attached to "the old gentleman," and he is emotionally attached to them. When Churchill went on wartime tours of inspection to view the bombing damage, he'd burst into unashamed tears at the misery of the English people. Today, with a new fight on, the people feel about Churchill as Franklin Roosevelt did, who once cabled him: "It is fun to be in the same decade with you."

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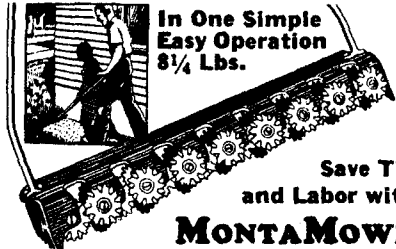


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dead. The next word wouldn't come. Back to the start of the sentence Churchill retreated. Again the word wouldn't come. Desperately, young Churchill went back to the start of the paragraph, speaking quickly, hoping to crash through. But the word wasn't there. Red-faced, humiliated, he sat down to sympathetic murmurs of the House. Years, honors, nothing cured him. After that he always had his full speech before him.

Churchill's colleagues never know when he'll show up and take over speeches on which they've sweated. No one knew until the last moment today, for instance, that he'd show up for this particular speech on foreign policy. R. A. Butler, brilliant wartime Cabinet minister and the Conservatives' intellectual powerhouse, had toiled on a major statement. But Churchill, deep in his memoirs, had unearthed a 1945 letter to Stalin which he thought the house, and the world, ought to hear. At the last moment, he asked Butler to withdraw.

The letter to "my friend Stalin," written before the Nazis collapsed, predicted in detail the present cold war. Churchill reads it to the House:

"... do not, I beg of you, my friend Stalin, underrate the divergencies which are opening about matters which you may think are small, but which are symbolic of the way the English-speaking democracies look at life."

As Churchill growls out this further evidence of his prescience in world affairs, the House listens in awed silence. He gets down to the main business of his speech and, persistent as a bull, he torments Bevin and the Socialists for their "self-sufficiency, arrogance and conceit" in not consulting him on foreign affairs. For his blunt tongue, Socialists call him "the rudest man in England."

As Bevin, his gored opponent, rises to protest, Churchill sits down like a boxer retiring to a neutral corner. He looks impishly over the top of his glasses, his circular visage bisected by an ear-to-ear grin. His shoulders are hunched, like those of a child suppressing intolerable glee. For all his years, Churchill is in many ways one of the youngest members of the House.

Overshadows His Colleagues

To the younger men beside him on the Opposition benches, the old master's overpowering brilliance is not an unmixed blessing.

"Very little can grow under that great oak," one Tory M.P. told this writer sadly. "He so overshadows and dominates everything that few of the boys can spread their wings."

For the loyal Anthony Eden, the Number Two Conservative, the task of playing crown prince to Churchill's king has been a particularly thankless one. The spotlight is ever on Churchill, and since the master's intellectual vigor continues to blaze undiminished, Eden is beginning to know how it feels to be crown prince too long. Yet it may be the younger Conservatives, working in the shadow of Mr. Churchill, who will stem the Socialist tide in 1950.

To understand the struggle for political power in England you must realize first that the Conservative party, by American standards, is hardly conservative at all. The Toryism of the younger Conservative leaders like R. A. Butler, Anthony Eden and Oliver Stanley differs little from President Truman's Fair Deal. The Conservatives are solidly behind the social services that have turned England into a welfare state (although they criticize social service administration). And all Conservatives, young and old, are outraged that the Socialists should take credit for them.

Listen to Mr. Churchill:

"All these (social) schemes were devised and set in motion... before the Socialists came into office. I have worked

at national insurance schemes almost all my life and am responsible for several of the largest measures ever passed (including National Health Insurance in 1912). The main principles of the new national health scheme (free medical aid to everybody) were hammered out in my National Coalition government. . . . Thus the benevolent social policies, of which the Socialists vaunt themselves, were not conceived by them but were only the legacy which they grasped from a Conservative House of Commons."

How then do the Conservatives differ from the Labor party Socialists? Chiefly in their attitude toward industry. The Socialists have turned the coal mines, railroads and the Bank of England into state enterprises and have voted to nationalize the steel plants.

The big question is: Where do the Socialists go from here? They may call a halt to let the state digest what it has already gobbled. Or they may go on to nationalize the insurance companies, the shipyards and even the land. It all depends on who wins the struggle between left and right within the Labor party, and of course, the election of 1950.

Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council (a Cabinet post) and reputedly the heir to Prime Minister Attlee, told this writer, "I've convinced our people to go slow."

"Put this down in your books," he said. "The tempo of the next Parliament will slacken. I keep telling them, 'We have a great deal to do to consolidate what we've already nationalized. We've got to make things work, because the one thing the British won't forgive is a muddle.'"

Conservatives answer that Middle-of-the-Roaders Morrison, Attlee and Sir Stafford Cripps can't restrain their leftist colleagues who argue that the way to win elections is with more Socialism, not less. But the Conservatives have their troubles too. How will they counter the siren song of Socialism? What have they to offer to the masses of industrial workers and their wives who are using the ballot to gain economic as well as political power? That's where the young Conservatives around Mr. Churchill come in. They have an answer. Summed up in a slogan, it is this: not Socialism—but a property-owning Democracy.

Anthony Eden put it this way:

"There is a difference between the government owning things and people owning them. When the government owns a factory or a mine, does the worker really feel 'This is my show'? Or does he feel he has a greater stake if he owns property himself, his own home or a share in a factory?"

Out of this thinking, a counterattack on Socialism emerges. Its chief weapons: proposals by the Conservatives to help a man own his own house or a piece of

land or a small business, to help employees acquire shares in companies that hire them. As a further counter to Socialism, the younger Conservatives urge the alternative—government regulation. "The days of *laissez faire* are finished," David Eccles, who's destined for the Cabinet if the Conservatives win next year, told me. "The voter is determined to... escape the hazards of unregulated industrialism."

"Most of us Tories are for government regulation," said Oliver Littleton, Minister of Production during the war.

Based on these beliefs, the Conservatives' domestic policy line will be framed by Anthony Eden and R. A. Butler, who would be regarded as left of center in America, and by Oliver Stanley, a wartime Cabinet member and also a "progressive Conservative."

Will party leader Winston Churchill accept this line?

Ability to Rebuild Doubted

The Socialists who, like everybody else, revered Churchill as a war leader, charged during the 1945 elections that Churchill, grandson of a duke, was not the man to build a postwar England worthy of the wartime sacrifices of the common man. A magnificent war leader, but a Tory, was the Labor orators' line.

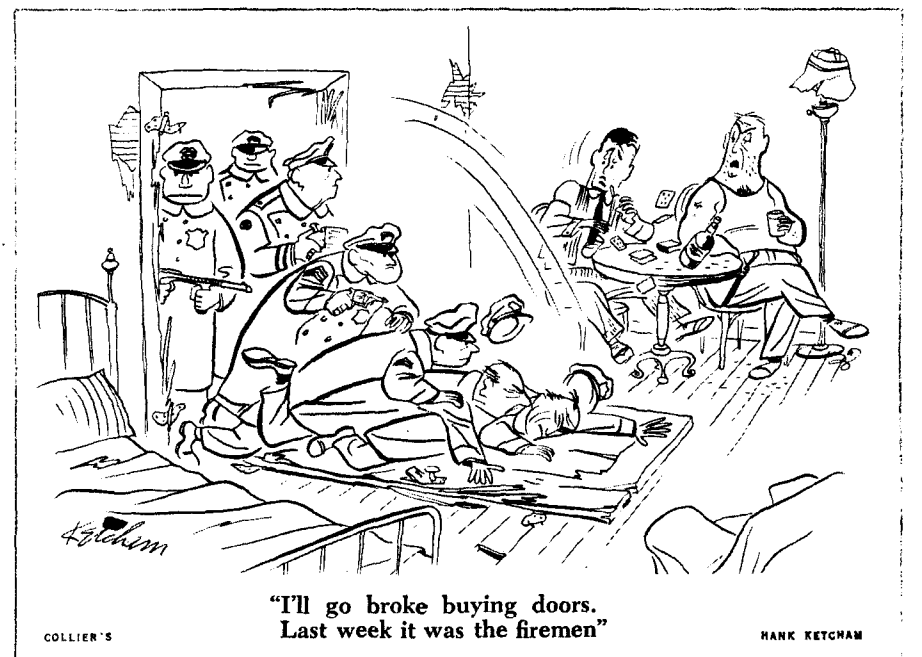
Actually, Churchill's long career, far from being true-blue Conservative, has covered so wide an ideological territory that he has been called a "one-man coalition." He was branded a radical in the days of Lloyd George. Yet the Tory label, pinned on him by Labor, stuck so well that even Conservatives began to ask whether Churchill, the unreconstructed imperialist, wasn't a liability rather than an asset to the party. And so Churchill, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, did not become first in peace. But in their coming struggle with the Socialists, the Conservatives know that they have a major weapon in him.

Oliver Littleton, the kind of solid Briton who makes you feel, "There'll always be an England," summed it up:

"When young Conservatives say to me, 'When are we going to get rid of Churchill?' I say, 'Boys, you must realize we have a 16-inch battleship, and that nobody else has one. It's very irritating to have a 16-inch battleship go off to Plymouth to fire salvos at the sea gulls, but it's good to have it on hand when you really need it.'"

And so Churchill will be on hand to accept the party policy of his younger colleagues, to invent explosive phrases for that policy and to hurl them in 16-inch broadsides at the Socialist positions.

Should Churchill be returned to power in 1950, there would be no more na-



ionalization of industry. But there'd be no retreat from the Socialism that has entrenched itself either. For the Conservatives have pledged themselves not to repeal the nationalization of the mines and the railroads.

Meanwhile, Mr. Churchill, out of power, keeps himself occupied.

Similarly out of power in the thirties, Churchill has written that he busied himself with writing and bricklaying, so that he never had a dull moment from morning till midnight, "and with my happy family around me dwelt at peace within my habitation."

In his happy habitation (whether in the country at Chartwell, in Kent, or in London at 28 Hyde Park Gate) Churchill gets up, but not out of bed at 7:00 A.M. A tireless traveler, but not one to take an unnecessary step, Churchill stays abed until noon, a habit he learned from Lloyd George. To the bed comes valet-butler William Greenshields with breakfast and the morning London papers, all nine of them, including the Communist Daily Worker. Then, with a relay of four secretaries, Churchill proceeds with his top priority job, his memoirs.

Since 1946, he has reeled off three fat volumes. Here is how he does it. Churchill fought the war on paper, dictating some million words of telegrams, strategy outlines, "prayers" to the military and civilians. Every chat had its chit (paper record). No detail was too minute or written comment. An example:

From the Prime Minister to the navy: Backgammon would be a good game in the wardroom, gun room and war-ant officers' mess . . . it whiles away twenty minutes, whereas cards are a much longer business."

Bound in hundreds of volumes, Churchill's wartime dictation, along with government documents, provides the raw material for a shelf of books. Any writer could give his right arm for such magnificent research material, accurate and straight from the horse's mouth. A general, a naval commodore and a historian sort out the significant stuff. Churchill digests it. Then in bed, from the back of his car, or marching up and down in his study—whenever the spirit moves him—he dictates his book.

Careful Literary Processing

Churchill writes by revision. The first rough dictation is revised three or four times before the draft goes to the printer. Back in triple-spaced proofs, they are corrected and redrafted four or five times again. Churchill's corrections reveal a jealous regard for his native English. Example: "Page 372, line 39; for 'associated with' read 'associated in.'" After nine or ten successive and complete revisions and resets, the polished words are not only worth their weight in gold but cost it too. One publisher estimated the cost at \$2 a word.

The morning's work done, Churchill rolls his pink bulk out of bed (he even wears pink bathrobes). If he is at Chartwell, where he spends Friday through Monday, he may zipper himself up in his ren suit, slap a ten-gallon hat on his head and call for his jeep. As Squire Churchill hoists himself into this vehicle he cocks his eye (and cigar) at the flag-staff atop his red-brick manor house. Everything's in order. The pennant of the Warden of the Cinque Ports flutters in the breeze, a signal to the country and that the guv'nor is at home.

Churchill takes a hand in everything going. When a brush fire broke out at the estate recently, Churchill, about to go down to lunch, seized his luncheon rest, Arthur Sulzberger, of the New York Times, and rattled off to the scene in good old La Guardia style. While the fire grew cold, the statesman, who had directed vast armies, put all his resources into the command of the local firemen, while his hungry guest looked on.

Collier's for March 26, 1949

Churchill, making the rounds of Chartwell, usually carries some tools with him. A leak here, a break there finds him prepared. On every hand is evidence of his prowess as a bricklayer: the two cottages which he built almost singlehanded, the kitchen garden walls, and crowning all, a tiled swimming pool.

After lunch, he may ride out over his 360-acre farm where his son-in-law, Captain Christopher Soames, raises pedigreed dairy shorthorns. "I have taken to farming by proxy," says Churchill, "and I think if I had heard about it when I was young I probably would never have gone into politics at all." To conserve strength and time for his books and politics, he sees few visitors these days, and even old friends see little of him.

A Devotee of the Siesta

At about four or five in the afternoon, Churchill undresses and climbs into bed for a nap that may last until dinner. As a youthful military observer of Spain's war on Cuban rebels, he was impressed with the Spaniard's sensible habit of calling off hostilities every afternoon for a three-hour siesta. Later, as a Cabinet minister he was reminded of the siesta habit by a private secretary (now Sir Edward Marsh) who took a nap every day after lunch. At first Churchill heaped scorn on his subordinate, then he started curling up himself.

At dinner, Churchill is the paterfamilias of a sizable and devoted family. There is Mrs. Churchill, daughter Mary and her husband Captain Soames and daughter Sarah and son Randolph. Churchill has no small talk, and will either address himself to his food and drink taciturnly or hold forth in lengthy and often brilliant, serious discourse.

Churchill's drinking has been much discussed and has grown into legendary draughts. At the Casablanca Conference, Harry Hopkins discovered him having, with his breakfast in bed, a bottle of wine. When Hopkins commented on this, Churchill retorted:

"I have a profound distaste on the one hand for skim milk, and no deep-rooted prejudice about wine, so I have reconciled the conflict in favor of the latter."

To this resolve Churchill has kept, although close friends say that the continuous highball at which Churchill sips is well watered. Pink and rosy at seventy-four, he smokes murderous cigars continually. These are sent to him by overseas admirers, since cigars are scarce and costly in England. Both in conversation and while painting, Churchill is likely to get so absorbed that his cigar snuffs out. He has fixed two lighted candles on his easel so that neither painting nor smoking need be interrupted.

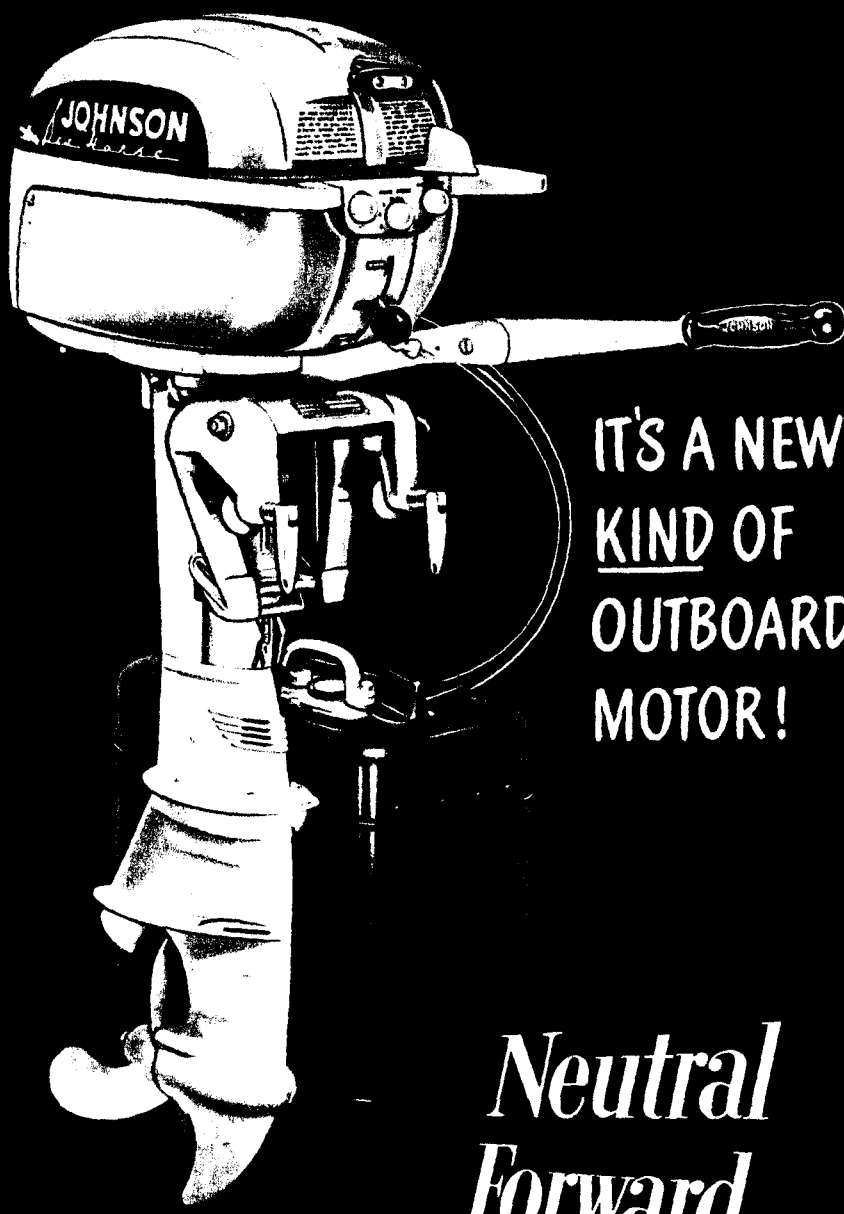
On Sunday nights the Churchill household sees movies. A movie operator, a Socialist by the way, comes over to Chartwell from Limpsfield. Workers on the estate and farm, and guests—about forty in all—gather in the drawing room. Churchill sits in the front row. He was particularly fond of movie star Leslie Howard who was shot down over the Atlantic by the Germans. The actor, smoking a cigar when entering the plane, was believed to have been mistaken for Churchill.

Other evenings, when not dictating speeches or memoirs, Churchill will lose himself in his family and in six-pack bezique or more recently, in gin rummy.

His family, fearing the wear and tear of the war years, has pleaded with Churchill to retire from politics.

Ambitious young Conservatives agree too, that 50 years of glorious service are enough. The Socialists would like to see their most formidable antagonist removed from the scene.

But Churchill? A historian himself, he remembers that Gladstone, another "Grand Old Man," was Prime Minister at eighty-four.



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The men and the boys who serve in these state forces are the best we have. They are the fellows who enlist to do what is required to save our skins and our civilization in war and in peace.

The roots of admiration and affection and pride for the companies and regiments that compose the National Guard go down deeply into our historical traditions.

That is why so much anger was aroused when the Gray Committee recommended the National Guard be federalized. In all our wars the National Guard has borne the brunt of our defense.

Collier's is against federalizing the National Guard for many fundamental reasons. First of all, ours is a federal and not a national government. The difference is far more than a matter of words. It is the difference between a Nazi or a Communist state and a free state.

The American idea is to give the federal government only as much authority as the states cannot successfully administer. We have always thought that local governments and states should do what they could to govern the country. Where the state turned out to be too small the federal government has stepped in.

The federal idea has worked well up to now. The United States, and not any other government, was invited in to settle the first World War.

The industrial might of the United States was the factor that finally determined the issue in the second World War. Industrial might was something that came out of our federal system. Without the freedom, personal initiative and individual enterprise that make possible the prodigious production of the United States, we might not have the industrial might that makes American production possible.

We are against federalizing the National Guard for the same reason that we are opposed to federalizing other general activities. We don't think that public education ought to be federally controlled. We don't think education should be federalized, for the very simple reason that any national government would be tempted to use public schools as a medium of propaganda for whatever doctrines it wanted to preach.

That is precisely what Bismarck did in the old Germany. Thus he sowed the seeds for World War I. That is what the Kaiser Wilhelm did and made World War I certain. That is what Adolf Hitler did. That is what the Russian Communists do. That is what any strong central government having ideas it wants to make popular is tempted to do. That is precisely why federally controlled education in the United States could be dangerous. And that finally is why Collier's is opposed to the federalization of education.

The federalization of the National Guard is open to similar objections. The Constitution laid the foundation of the National Guard. From the very beginning both the states and the federal government have shared the control and the expenses of maintaining the National Guard. Since 1787 the Congress has had the duty of prescribing the training and the discipline of the National Guard. In times of war the National

Guard becomes a part of the United States Army. But the states have enduring control. The states choose the officers. The roots of the National Guard regiments go back to the states. So nobody at Washington can indulge in military speculations with the idea of using the National Guard. In peace the Guard belongs to the states and not to the federal government.

Thus no American has to be afraid of his own soldiers. If we lived in Russia we would know that the Red Army would do what the Communist government wanted, right or wrong. We don't have to worry about our National Guard.

Collier's believes it is better to safeguard what we have. The Defense Department has a problem in being prepared against a surprise attack by Russia or by any other enemy. A peace-loving people such as we Americans are always at a disadvantage in dealing with an aggressive imperialist government. But when attacked and aroused free men have been good fighters. We think the young men of today have lost none of the vigor, courage and enterprise of their elders.

Our view is that the Defense Department will have to do the best it can with existing law. The Congress will appropriate many billions for defense in case we are attacked. We shall surely come through victorious in the end if we should be forced into a war we did not want.

The big thing is to retain the free way of life that makes America the envy of all other peoples. There are short cuts to efficiency but if we run even a small risk of sacrificing our freedoms by taking them, the risk is too great. Let's not federalize the National Guard or any other governmental enterprise that can be successfully operated by state or local governments. . . .

W. L. C.

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*9 out of 10 Imperial buyers
have bought Imperial before...
and they're buying it again!*

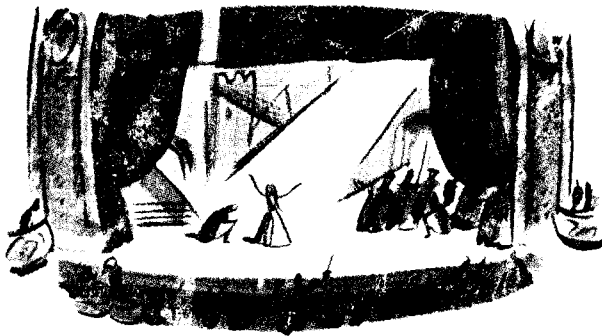


It's good to know... **IMPERIAL**
is made by Hiram Walker

91 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good. 86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskeys in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

Gladys Swarthout

One of America's most popular singers...star for many years of the Metropolitan Opera, motion pictures, concert, radio and recordings.



Virginia MacWatters

She has scored brilliant successes with the New York City Opera Company, at Covent Garden in London, and in concert.

The famous mezzo-soprano and opera's brilliant, new coloratura agree...

Camels for Mildness!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

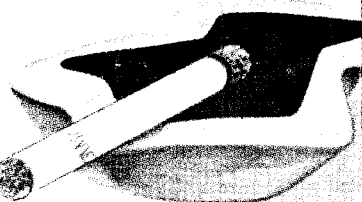
NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

MILLIONS of people who have smoked Camels for years already know about Camel's cool, cool mildness. If you're not among those Camel smokers... if you've never given Camels a real, day-to-day trial... start *your own* 30-day test of Camel mildness *today!*

Try the mildness and rich, full flavor of Camels in your own "T-Zone" (that's T for Taste and T for Throat—your proving ground for cigarette mildness...for smoking enjoyment). Put Camels to the test—and see how mild a cigarette can be!

Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



I AGREE, MISS SWARTHOUT—EVER SINCE I MADE THAT 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST, IT'S BEEN CAMELS WITH ME!

AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!

According to a Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!